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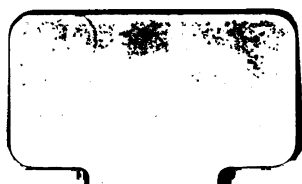
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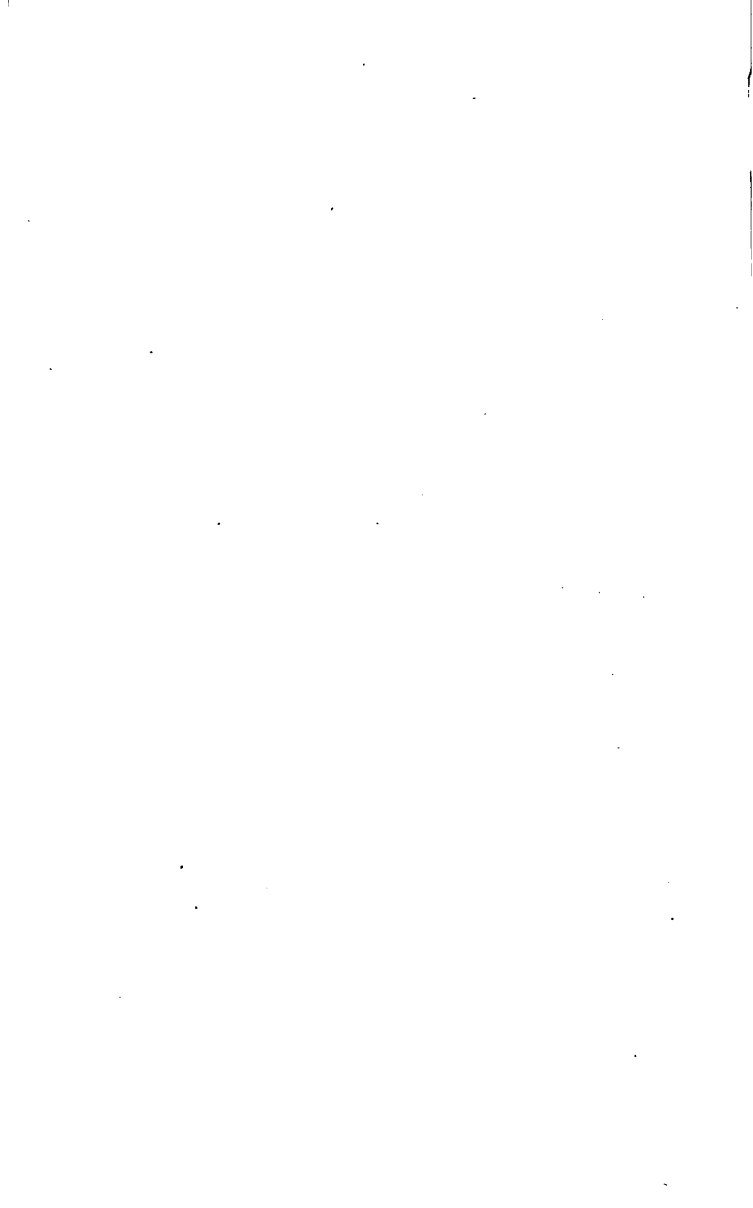
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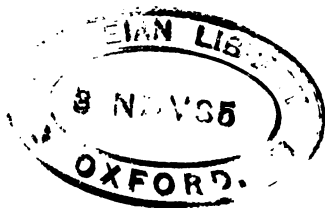
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## P R E F A C E.



IN this book—the last of the series—it has been thought well to introduce the young reader to some of the best authors in our language. For this purpose extracts from acknowledged English writers have been largely used ; and the Editor would here express his obligation to the various authors and publishers who have kindly allowed him the privilege of using these extracts. There are, however, many stories in this volume which are ‘not to be found in any of the books.’

The spellings at the head of each lesson have been retained, but the practice of dividing them into syllables was thought hardly necessary for boys and girls who can read this book.

W. T. G.



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*The italics indicate poetry.*

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# STORIES FOR STANDARD VI.

## LESSON I.

### STORIES OF ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS.

#### I. EARLY MARITIME DISCOVERIES.

acquisitions, gains	indefatigable, not yielding		
auspices, patronage and	to fatigue		
care	labyrinth, full of windings		
bona-fide, real	monopoly, exclusive possession		
futile, of no importance	sagas, heroic tales		
hummocks, large masses of	sequel, that which follows		
floating ice	surmised, suspected		
hypothesis, supposition	turbulent, restless, disturbed		
inadequately, not equal to the purpose			
allusion	Lieutenant	Norwegian	perpetuated
enthusiasm	maritime	paralysed	predecessors
expeditions	mineralogical	perilous	Scandinavians

Since the return, in 1876, of the two ships, the *Alert* and the *Discovery*, from the North Polar regions, with their marvellous stories of adventure, and their valuable acquisitions to scientific knowledge, considerable attention has been turned towards Arctic explorations, and an unusual interest awakened in the subject. The object of

these six lessons is to create, in the older boys and girls, an interest in and sympathy with those brave spirits to whom we are indebted for our knowledge of the icy regions of the 'far north.'

Of course, on a subject like this, very few people can speak from *experience*; it does not fall to the lot of many to see the turbulent sea frozen into huge mountains of ice, and yet such scenes only mark the *beginnings* of travels we shall note in these lessons. Our information has been gathered partly from a large number of books, and partly from conversations with a *bona-fide* traveller. In short lessons like these it will not be possible to do more than give a mere outline, but it will help us to a better understanding of the subject if we divide it thus:—

1. The earliest attempts at maritime discovery in the direction of the Arctic seas before the year 1845.

2. The various British expeditions since the year 1845. This portion will deal principally with the ill-fated attempt of Sir John Franklin to discover the North-West Passage, together with the various searches made for that noble seaman, carried on under Government auspices and by private enterprise.

3. A brief review of explorations carried on by foreign countries during the same period, *i.e.* during the last thirty years.

4. A more detailed account of the late expedition under Captain (now Sir George) Nares and Captain Stephenson.

It may be as well to say at the outset, that although this last expedition was sent out chiefly to reach what we call the North Pole, yet very few expeditions have had that particular point as their

goal ; in fact, only *two* well-directed *British* expeditions have aimed at it, viz. the recent one under Captain Nares, and one in 1827 under Parry, which will be noticed in their proper places. We are indebted mainly for our knowledge of the Arctic regions to those adventurous spirits who, during the last 300 years, have endeavoured to discover what is known as the *North-West Passage*, and to which allusion will be made in these lessons again and again. Much information, however, has been obtained from those Arctic whalers and seal fishers whose voyages extend over two or three years at a time.

In the minds of most people, Arctic discoveries are not dated back more than 300 or 400 years ; but the Norwegian sagas inform us that so remote as the 9th or 10th century—that is, a thousand years ago—the Northmen had discovered unknown countries in the south and west of Greenland. We shall not stay to notice these accounts, but begin our story somewhere about the close of the 15th century ; just, however, noting that 200 years before Columbus was born, parts of the American continent were known to the ancient Scandinavians.

Every reader of history will know that towards the close of the 15th century, by the extravagant stories of the wealth of the East Indies and China, and by the monopoly which the Spanish and Portuguese ships had of the Cape of Good Hope route to those countries, eager attention was turned to find out a north-west passage. Here we notice that a different spirit began to actuate voyagers in this direction. The old Northmen had undertaken their perilous enterprises from a spirit of adventure (and possibly of plunder), but the new sailors were actuated by motives of trade and com-



merce. In later times the object has again changed ; men have gone these long dreary voyages, not so much for financial gain as to extend the domains of knowledge and add to their country's fame.

The work of Arctic exploration may be said to have been commenced in the year 1553, by *Sir Hugh Willoughby*. The futile attempts of the



SHIP BLOCKED IN THE ICE.

Cabots and some others, about fifty years before, to find a passage to India by the north-west, induced a company of London merchants to fit out three vessels, under the command of Willoughby and Richard Chancellor, to find out a passage to that country of riches by the north-east. The ships were separated. That of Chancellor reached Arch-

angel, where he laid the foundation of that commercial intercourse between this country and Russia which has continued to increase ever since ; but the frozen bones of Sir Hugh Willoughby, and all his crew, were found, a year afterwards, on the bleak ice-bound shores of North Russia. This expedition is not an unfair sample of scores of others which have been organised. The story opens with great enthusiasm and high hopes, but the sequel is one of peril, suffering, hardships, and death, but not unmixed with good.

The sad end of Sir Hugh had a depressing effect on the spirits of sailors for some time, but about twenty years afterwards anxiety exhibited itself to solve the mystery of the North-West Passage. *Martin Frobisher*, from 1576 to 1578, made no less than three voyages, the results of which may be summed up in one sentence: he penetrated to the entrance of Hudson Strait, and gave his own name to the strait a little to the north of it. Some glittering mineralogical specimens which he picked up, and which raised high the hopes of the gold-seekers, turned out to be of no value at all except as ballast. One remarkable fact is worth mentioning—some of the relics left by Frobisher in these regions were picked up in a fair state of preservation nearly 300 years afterwards by Captain Hall. The preservative power of cold is something wonderful, as we shall have occasion to notice by and by.

Except for a very remarkable saying which an American poet (Longfellow) has perpetuated in connection with the event, we should pass over without notice the melancholy termination of an expedition, led by *Sir Humphrey Gilbert*, with a view to colonize Newfoundland. Every schoolboy has read how—

- 'Eastward from Campobello  
Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed ;  
Three days or more he seaward bore,  
Then, alas ! the land-wind failed.
- 'Alas ! the land-wind failed,  
And ice-cold grew the night ;  
And never more, on sea or shore,  
Should Sir Humphrey see the light.
- 'He sat upon the deck,  
The Book was in his hand ;  
"Do not fear ! Heaven is as near,"  
He said, "by water as by land."

*Captain John Davis* was the next to make the attempt to cross the threshold of the ice realm. Like Frobisher, he made three voyages, and carried his discoveries 250 miles farther north than any of his predecessors, that is, to 72° N. lat., in the year 1587. He gave his name to that strait which is the highway to the Polar Sea, and made considerable discoveries along the west coast of Greenland.

We must pass over several expeditions sent out by the Dutch and others, and just notice briefly the name of *Hudson*. His discoveries were of real and vast importance. He undertook four voyages. During the first he proceeded due north as far as 81½° ; his second attempt was less fortunate. During his third voyage (undertaken in the Dutch service) he discovered the river which bears his name. His last voyage, which was in other respects the most successful, ended in his death. Having entered the great inland sea called after him, his crew broke out into mutiny, cast Hudson, his son, and seven seamen, into an open boat, which was never heard of again. A couplet says :

'Of all the sea-shapes death has worn, may mariners never know  
Such fate as Hendrick Hudson found in the  
labyrinth of snow.'

*William Baffin*, who made voyages in 1614 and 1616, is the next name of importance: He headed his ships into the waters known as Baffin Bay, and made the important discovery of a water passage or open sea course leading still farther north. This he named Smith Sound, after Sir Thomas Smith, the governor of the East India Company.

His statement of this open passage was generally disbelieved at the time, and for a hundred years after; but subsequent voyages have redeemed his credit, and proved the truthfulness of his account. Your attention is specially called to this Smith Sound, because geographers are now pretty well agreed that this is the only practicable approach to the North Pole.

It is perhaps well to explain one fact here. On a map of this region you will find many places marked by the name of Fox. Now, as we shall have to mention that name later on,—it being the name of the ship in which M'Clintock sailed in search of Franklin,—it might be surmised that these places were named after the gallant little ship. Such, however, is not the case; they bear the name of a navigator (Luke Fox) who visited these regions about the year 1630.

For about a hundred years after this period very little was done in the way of Arctic discovery, until interest was aroused by the British Government offering a reward of £20,000 to any one who should discover the North-West Passage. Several journeys were made overland to the American shores, during

which many of the mighty rivers were traced ; others attempted to approach Hudson Bay from the *east* by sailing through Behring Strait. Among the names of those who took part in these journeys are the well-known names of Captain Cook, the celebrated navigator ; Lord Nelson, then a young midshipman ; and Mackenzie, who discovered the Mackenzie River in 1789.

Just about this time, unfortunately, a dark cloud hung over political Europe. For a time the French Revolution, with all its complicated evils, paralysed maritime energy, and arrested attempts at discovery. When the peace of Europe was once more established, the spirit of Arctic enterprise was revived, and two illustrious names were introduced upon this field of labour—Sir John Ross and Sir Edward Parry. Before noticing their expeditions, let your attention be called to the great difficulties which Arctic navigators had to encounter previous to this period. All reference to the *ice-difficulty*—which is, of course, *the* difficulty, with its fields and floes, its bergs and barriers, its glaciers and hummocks—is purposely omitted until you are taken in imagination on one of these voyages, and then you will see the almost impassable barrier which the ice king places in the way ; but there were other difficulties that beset the task of the early explorers, which have been partly removed since. Their vessels, at the best, were but ill-conditioned craft, badly constructed, and inadequately manned ; you would hardly now-a-days trust yourselves in them for a coasting voyage round our own island. The art or science of navigation was but little known, their sailing charts very unreliable, and none of the modern expedencies against hunger, cold, and scurvy were thought of. Comparatively speaking,

the voyages of modern date were easy, and yet *these* are among the bravest exploits of man.

But to return. In 1818 two expeditions were fitted out at the expense of the British Government. One was commanded by Captain John Ross, with Parry as his lieutenant. Their instructions were beautifully simple—they were told to find the North-West Passage. The other expedition, led by Captain Buchan, with Lieutenant (afterwards Sir John) Franklin as second in command, was ordered to the North Pole. It will be sufficient to say that they found neither the North-West Passage nor the North Pole; and, save remarking that Ross reached as high as Smith Sound, and gave names to the two dark bold headlands that guard its entrance after his two ships, the *Alexander* and *Isabella*, the expedition accomplished very little. But the *consequences* were more fruitful. Ross had somewhat hastily arrived at the conclusion that what is marked on the map as Lancaster Sound was merely a bay or inlet, whilst Parry had a strong opinion that it had an outlet westward. This opinion he strongly expressed to his commander, and more publicly on their return to England. Each hypothesis had its supporters; the dispute waxed hot; the result being that Parry was upheld by the British public, and in the following year, 1819, he was despatched with two ships, the *Hecla* and *Griper*, to explore Lancaster Sound. We cannot dwell on his difficulties in crossing the ice-pack, how he had to saw a passage through the ice for his ship; suffice it to say that he proved that the sound was not a land-locked bay or inlet. He proved that the mountains which Ross thought he saw stretching across the inlet about 20 miles off, and which he had actually named the Crocker Mountains, existed only in imagination.

About this time, too, several *overland* expeditions were started from Fort York and other places. One, under the command of Sir John Franklin, and accompanied by Dr. Richardson, Messrs. Back and Hood, had for its object the exploration of the north coast of America, with the hope of meeting Parry's ships, should he make for the coast. The account of this expedition, had we space for it, would be deeply interesting, although it is the same sad story of hardship, suffering, devotion, and death.

Parry was again sent out, with the ships *Hecla* and *Fury*, in 1821, with instructions to go this time by way of Hudson Strait. This attempt went to prove that the North-West Passage could not be effected through *this* opening. He therefore returned to England; but in 1824 he set sail again, this time to push his way forward through Regent's Inlet. This journey was full of interest, for it led to the conclusion that the North-West Passage could only be made through Regent's Inlet or Barrow Strait, a conclusion which has been amply confirmed by later discoveries. The *last* voyage of Sir Edward Parry may be summed up in the following extract: 'In 1827, the indefatigable Parry started with an expedition for the north shore of Spitzbergen. It was characterized by his daring attempt to cross the pack-ice in light boats and sledges—the former being used in the water-ways and pools, the latter in traveling over the frozen plains. Nothing but the strongest enthusiasm could have rendered this enterprise possible. When the explorers arrived at a gap in the ice, they launched their boats and embarked. On reaching the opposite side they landed, and by sheer force hauled up the boats; a laborious process, occupying so much time, and making such demands on the men's strength, that only eight miles were

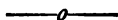
accomplished in five days. They could not travel except by night on account of the glare of the snow, which threatened them with blindness. Breakfasting soon after sunset, they laboured for some hours, then made their chief meal; and towards sunrise halted, lit their pipes, wrapped themselves up in their furs, and laid down to rest. You must not suppose that the ice-fields of the Polar regions are as smooth and level as the frozen surface of an English river. They are intersected by "lanes" of water, and broken up by rugged hummocks of ice, which can be crossed only with extreme difficulty. In spite of every obstacle, Parry pressed on, ambitious to reach the 83d parallel of latitude. But at last he became aware of the startling circumstance, that faster than *he* moved forward the *ice* was carrying him backward; in other words, it was slowly drifting southwards beneath his feet, and bearing him and his party along with it. In latitude  $82^{\circ} 45'$  (or about 17 miles short) he gave it up; for though they had travelled nearly 300 miles over the rugged ice and through half-frozen water, they had advanced no more than 172 miles from the *Hecla*, which was their starting point.'

This drifting with the ice has always been a formidable difficulty; many a ship, nipped by the ice, has found itself in the early summer, when the ice has broken up, scores of miles to the *south*, although no perceptible movement in that direction was felt—the whole sea of ice, with its crystal piles, has been slowly and silently moving towards the regions of the temperate zone. We have a very striking instance of this in the second voyage of Sir John Ross, undertaken in 1829: being caught in the pack-ice, his ships made just 7 miles advance in two



years. We will conclude this lesson by remarking that during this voyage Sir James Ross, who accompanied his uncle, crowned himself with fame and honour by discovering the exact position of the Magnetic Pole—about  $70^{\circ} 5' \text{ N. lat.}$  and  $96^{\circ} 46' \text{ W. long.}$  The official account of this second voyage is published in two large folio volumes, and takes up about a thousand pages.

THE EDITOR.



## LESSON 2.

# STORIES OF ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS.

## II. SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

anticipate, take before the proper time	equipped, furnished fully
authentic, genuine	exchequer, treasury
cairn, a heap of stones	founded, sunk
circumnavigate, sail round	perusal, reading
cui bono? what good will it do?	summarize, sum up briefly
dispiritedly, disheartened	transatlantic, beyond the Atlantic

anxiety	expenditure	melancholy	organised
encountered	impassable	miraculous	speculations
enthusiastic	intelligence	mystery	unquenchable

The second part of our subject is so long that it has been deemed desirable to divide it into three lessons. These will deal principally with the unfortunate expedition sent out under Sir John Franklin, and the various searches instituted for him.

We have already seen that after hundreds of years

had passed away ; after many a good ship had been crushed in the ice or foundered at sea ; after unheard-of hardships and the sacrifice of brave lives ; after all the attempts of heroic adventurers, ambitious discoverers, and selfish and greedy men, still, as late as 1845, the North-West Passage was a mystery to be solved. Still the problem was propounded : Could a ship sail from Europe, along the coast of North America, to reach the Indies or China ; or did the lands stretch northwards to the Pole, as some supposed ; or did the ice-fields of the frozen sea present an impassable barrier, as others affirmed ?

Early in 1845, two ships, the *Erebus* and *Terror*, under the respective commands of Sir John Franklin and Captain Crozier, set sail under favourable circumstances. The ships were carefully equipped for the voyage, the crews, numbering 137 men, were carefully selected, and a three years' provision store laid in. Sir John Franklin, from his previous experience and well-known ability, was well fitted to take the chief command.

Gladly sailed the gallant ships from the Thames on that spring morning ; but the *rest* of the story will never be told on earth, for but little of those two vessels and their noble crews was ever heard again. The only positive intelligence we have is, that about the 25th of July they were seen by some whalers, struggling with the ice, at the mouth of Lancaster Sound ; after which no tidings from the living were heard. Darkness, like a funeral pall, seems to have settled upon them. Although the searches after these ships brought much melancholy information to light, the exact fate of the crews and their commander will probably never be known until that day when the sea shall give up

its dead, and even the icy fingers of the frozen monarch unlock themselves and yield the secrets so long contained within their grasp.

When three years had passed without receiving intelligence from the exploring parties, considerable alarm was felt ; the discovery of the North-West Passage was forgotten, and the anxiety was for the safety of Sir John Franklin and his men. And yet, strange to say (if we may anticipate a little), the very search after them resulted in *finding* the long-sought-for North-West Passage, which had baffled at least 125 well-directed attempts, extending over a period of 300 years.

The British Government offered a reward of £20,000 to any one (no nation excluded) who should find and relieve the lost explorers. Lady Franklin, the devoted wife, from her own private means, sent out again and again parties in search of her husband. In the year 1850 at least a dozen ships must have been out on this exciting mission ; and in order to ensure success, if possible, the plans of operation were laid in several directions. Dr. Rae made for Banks Island, *overland* ; Captains Collinson and M'Clure took through Behring Strait, and were to sail *eastward* ; several went direct to Lancaster Sound to follow in Franklin's track ; whilst others directed their courses to such points as favoured *their* speculations on the matter. To follow the accounts of all these, or even of many of them, would more than fill this book ; for, up to 1853, at least thirty vessels were engaged in the search, at a cost of something like a million pounds paid out of the national exchequer. We can, therefore, only summarize the results, and pick out one or two of the expeditions that have the greatest interest attached to them.

The first trace of the missing vessels was found by Captain Penny of the *Lady Franklin*, on Beechey Island. He found a cairn filled with meat tins, and three graves, upon which were inscribed the names of the ships *Erebus* and *Terror*. By pre-arrangement many of the searching vessels from the west met at Beechey Island, and during the winter (while the ships were laid up) numerous sledging parties were organised and sent in all directions. The conduct of the crew of one vessel in particular (the *Advance*, an American brig, under Lieutenant De Haven) was most daring and praiseworthy; so enthusiastic was the surgeon, Dr. Kane (of whom you will read more in the next lesson), that they styled him 'the mad Yankee.' He firmly believed that Franklin had pushed through Wellington Channel into the Polar Sea; others thought he had sailed west, and was ice-bound in Melville Island. No traces further, however, of the lost navigators could be found, and the ships of this detachment returned dispiritedly home.

Meanwhile Collinson and M'Clure had been engaged more successfully (in one respect) in the search from the *eastward*; that is, they had entered the Arctic Ocean through Behring Strait. To make a long story short, M'Clure in his ship the *Investigator* had solved the great geographical problem of the North-West Passage. The account of this voyage, as published by Mr. Murray, and written by Sherard Osborne, is of unusual interest, and will well repay a careful perusal. In a few sentences we will sum up the result. After the passage of Behring Strait, the ice presented greater difficulties than had been encountered on the opposite coast of America. Pressing on eastward, M'Clure discovered Banks Land, and a water passage between this and

Prince Albert Land. He spent the winter near the north opening of this strait, which he named Prince of Wales Strait, and then discovered the grand secret that the frozen sea beyond was but the channel that divided Banks Land from Melville Island, this last-named island having been already reached by Parry and M'Clintock. This, he surmised, would be a water-course for ships when the ice broke up. Such was actually found to be the case, and the key to the problem which had puzzled the maritime world for centuries was found. We have not space to follow the account, which goes on to describe the misery and hardships which the brave crew and braver commander of the *Investigator* endured for two more seasons, until the providential (almost miraculous) relief of Lieutenant Pim, from the ship *Resolute*, lying off Melville Island, secured their safe return to England. What concerns us just now is, that no authentic record of the fate of Franklin and his crew could be found.

And now that the north-west mystery has been cleared, comes the question, *Cui bono?* What advantage to commerce or wealth has it brought? Simply none at all. It would take longer to make the journey to India by it, under the most favourable circumstances, than to circumnavigate the whole globe. Science has undoubtedly reaped many benefits from it; but has that been worth the vast expenditure of time, money, and men? Upon such a question as this there is much difference of opinion, of course; but it is well to consider the price that has been paid for some of the knowledge we possess.

Poor Lady Franklin all this time was in great suspense. She still hoped against hope; but the

crushing news came that the British Government, seeing the poor results obtained from so large an expenditure of money and men, had resolved to risk no more lives in what was considered a fruitless search. But 'hope springs eternal in the human breast,' and Lady Franklin, with an unquenchable love and a dauntless zeal, resolved to spend the remainder of her private fortune in one more attempt. She purchased a strongly built little screw ship called the *Fox*, equipped it for the dangerous voyage, and gave it in charge of Captain M'Clintock.

We must now go back three or four years to notice an expedition sent out by our American friends. Although this division of our subject has only to do with *British* expeditions, our transatlantic cousins are so British in their language and race, that we have included one sent out from the United States of America. But this we must reserve for our next lesson.

*Ibid.*



## LESSON 3.

STORIES OF ARCTIC  
EXPLORATIONS.

## III. DR. KANE AND DR. HAYES.

apex, point		fiord, bay or inlet	
ardent, burning, intense		i.e. ( <i>id est</i> ), that is	
aurora borealis, certain		ingenuity, cleverness	
lights of various colours		philanthropic, loving man-	
seen in the northern parts		kind	
of the heavens		radiant, shining	
ejaculated, exclaimed sud-		subsequent, succeeding	
denly			
conspicuous	gigantic	insignificance	perpetual
disappointed	glacier	narrative	precautions
generosity	hemisphere	perils	successful

With a noble generosity and true philanthropic spirit, Mr. Grinnell, a New York merchant, in 1853 fitted out once more his brig *Advance*, and placed it under the command of Dr. Elisha Kane, whom we noticed a few pages before as 'the mad Yankee.' His company counted only eighteen officers and men, including Dr. Hayes the surgeon, who played a conspicuous part in a subsequent expedition as well as in this. You will remember that Kane had a strong opinion that poor Franklin had pushed his way into the Polar Sea by way of Wellington Channel; and, believing that the coast of Greenland extended far to the north, he determined to sail as high as possible to the north of Baffin Bay, and then to seek for the lost explorers still farther north by means of boats and sledges. By looking at a

good map as you follow the course of this story, you will see the additions to geographical knowledge for which we are indebted to this singularly bold enterprise of Dr. Kane.

After calling at a Danish settlement (Fiskerness)



DR. ELISHA KANE.

for fifty dogs and a native driver, the difficulties of the expedition may be said to have begun when the ship entered Melville Bay. This bay is noted not only for the number, but for the gigantic size of its icebergs. Many a good ship, after a successful capture, has been caught itself, and crushed like



a band-box between two enormous masses of ice. By patience and skill he managed to clear a passage, and passing between Capes Alexander and Isabella, entered Smith Sound. At Littleton Island he established his first *cache*, or depot for stores, to use on his return journey. To prevent them from being dug up by the claws of the Arctic fox or Polar bear, the lifeboat was stored with provisions, blankets, etc., then buried, and covered over with stones and moss and snow to the height of several feet; over all this water was poured, so as to convert the whole into one solid frozen mass. And yet, with all this care and precaution, many explorers have found these caches rifled of their contents by the strength and ingenuity of the Polar bear. On this island, to their astonishment, they found some human remains; proving at once they were not the first dwellers in this far north land. The burying customs of the Eskimos (for so the natives in this part are called, those in the south being Greenlanders) are somewhat curious, and worth a passing notice. The ground is too hard for graves, with their rude implements, and so they place their dead in a sitting posture, and enclose them in a sack of skins; they then place stones around and above them, where they remain from age to age.

Proceeding still north, Kane found a shelter for some time in a small bay which he called Refuge Harbour. Several sledge journeys from here resulted in the discovery of a large river fed by an interior glacier, and several headlands, which he named, but which are not important. In September he had steered his ship as far as Renssalaer Harbour, where he resolved to winter, and not a moment too soon; the winter came on so rapidly that in a few hours they were completely frozen in. In less

than a month the sun had almost disappeared ; a faint light of the stars, and an occasional gleam from the aurora borealis, being their only light until February—four long dreary months of night. During the winter most of the dogs died, and the men suffered from scurvy, owing to the want of fresh meat. With the returning sun in February, several sledges were sent on in advance to establish depots, so that explorations could be carried on with vigour. Dr. Kane's journal is full of interesting particulars, but our space will only permit us to glance at his main discoveries.

With seven of his men he followed up the ice-belt and discovered the Great Glacier, which is called after the illustrious German traveller, Humboldt. Glaciers may be briefly described as rivers of ice, some of them of immense magnitude, formed in valleys and ravines. Fancy to yourselves some mighty torrent frozen suddenly in its course, and you will have a fair idea of a glacier. Moving slowly downwards towards the coast, the fore part continually breaks off by its own weight, and floats away into the sea as icebergs (*i.e.* mountains) or as ice-floes (*i.e.* islands). Dr. Kane says 'it is impossible to convey in words any adequate idea of this mighty glacier. Its curved face measures 60 miles in length, and presents a grand wall or front of glistening ice, kindled here and there into dazzling glory by the sun. Its form is that of a wedge, the apex lying inland, at perhaps "not more than a single day's railroad travel from the Pole." Thus it passes away into the centre of the Greenland continent, which is occupied by one deep unbroken sea of ice, 1200 miles in length, that receives a perpetual increase from the watershed of vast snow-mantled mountains. A frozen sea, yet a sea in

constant motion, rolling onward slowly, laboriously, yet surely, to find an outlet at each fiord or valley, and to load the seas of Greenland and the Atlantic with mighty icebergs, until, having attained the northern limit of the land, it pours out a mighty congealed torrent into the unknown Arctic space.'

This journey was full of dangers, and nearly ended fatally for Dr. Kane. It effectually termi-



A GLACIER.

nated his search in *this* direction, so he planned his future sledge parties in the direction of north and west. Dr. Hayes and a seaman succeeded in crossing the channel, and explored the coast for a distance of 200 miles southwards; then crossed the ice at Franklin Pierce Bay, and made their return by the ice-belt to the ship in Renssalaer Harbour. This *ice-belt*, which has been mentioned several times, is a belt of ice which in Arctic regions clings to the

shore, and in the far north never breaks up. It forms a broad platform, lifted above the level sea, sometimes 20 or 30 feet high and 120 feet wide.

While Hayes was going west, another expedition, called the north-east party, was sent out, and they discovered that Smith Sound opened into a great sea or basin, which they named Kane's Sea. Sledging across the frozen basin to the foot of the Great Glacier, where Kane had previously left a cache of provisions, William Morton (who led the party) was sorely disappointed to find the place completely rifled by bears. Not daunted, they pushed their way onward in a northerly direction, and saw, to their astonishment, that out of Kane's Sea was a broad expanse of open water, spreading still northwards, with passages sometimes 15 miles between the huge masses of floating ice. This was Kennedy Channel. A bay to the east they named Lafayette Bay, and two small islands beyond after Sir John Franklin and Captain Crozier. At Cape Constitution their progress was arrested; so Morton says he fastened a flag to his walking-staff, and planted it on the 'highest northern land, not only of America, but of the globe.' By some unfortunate delay in getting their ships afloat upon the breaking up of the ice, they were kept as prisoners of the ice king a second winter; and as scurvy had broken out among them, and their provisions ran low, their position was trying in the extreme. Dr. Kane's enthusiasm and ardent love of nature, even in her severest aspects, kept up his spirits to the last. He seemed specially struck with the beauties of an Arctic sky. In his journal he says: 'I am afraid to speak of some of the night scenes. I have trodden the deck and the floes when the life of earth seemed suspended—its movements, its

sounds, its colouring, its companionships ; and as I looked on the radiant hemisphere circling above me, as if rendering worship to the unseen Centre of light, I have ejaculated in humility of spirit, "Lord, what is man that Thou art mindful of him!" And then I have thought of the kindly world we had left, with its revolving sunshine and shadow, and the other stars that gladden it in their changes, and the hearts that warmed to us there, till I lost myself in memories of those who are not, and they bore me back to the stars again.'

Through the whole of this narrative there is a beautiful tone of devoutness, quite refreshing to read. And no wonder ; if man must ever feel his own insignificance, and yet his high destiny, surely it must be in those dreary wastes and vast solitudes, which are scarcely ever broken by the human voice. How true are the words of the Psalmist, 'He giveth snow like wool ; He scattereth the hoar-frost like ashes ; He casteth forth His ice like morsels : who can stand before His cold ?'

In May 1855, Kane resolved to abandon his ship, and take southwards in boats and sledges. For nearly four months was this little party exposed to all the perils of an Arctic voyage, sometimes boating, sometimes sledging, until at last they reached Upernavik, where they took ship for the Shetland Isles. But what of Sir John Franklin? Not a relic had they found. Mystery, doubt, suspense, almost despair, began to fill the minds of those interested. Still Dr. Kane had done a noble thing, and earned for himself a place among the bravest and boldest.

*Ibid.*

## LESSON 4.

STORIES OF ARCTIC  
EXPLORATIONS.IV. THE SEARCH FOR SIR JOHN  
FRANKLIN.

adamantine, not to be broken	oomiaks, boats for women
anonymous, without the name	orthodox, proper, right
dissensions, disagreements	resplendent, very bright
florid, flowery, brilliant	route (pron. <i>root</i> ), way, journey
grandiloquent, full of grand language	strand, shore
kajaks, boats (like canoes) for men	succumbing, sinking under ultimately, at last wotting, knowing

delicacies	impenetrably	paralysis	scientific
document	indebted	remnant	survivors
enthusiastic	obelisk	sapphire	variegated

It is now time we took up the story of the *Fox*, which was interrupted to notice the spirited enterprise of Dr. Kane. Captain M'Clintock was well fitted to take charge of the expedition, having been for eight or nine years constantly engaged in one or other of the search parties. This expedition proved most successful. They obtained positive traces of the lost explorers, and proved beyond a doubt that Sir John Franklin and his crew had perished long, long before. They found out that the two ships, the *Erebus* and *Terror*, had passed their first winter at Beechey Island, had afterwards gone south-west, entered Peel Channel, and

were caught in the ice off King William Land. A document which was found stated that Sir John had died on the 11th of June 1847; and thus he was spared the fearful miseries his companions had to endure. You will remember reading that Dr. Rae had started on an overland route towards the mouth of the Great Fish River, and thence to Banks Land. From the information he gathered, in addition to that obtained by Captain M'Clintock, we learn 'that upon Franklin's death the survivors (105 of them) abandoned the ships, and under the guidance of Captain Crozier started for the mouth of the Great Fish River, but miserably perished for the most part by the way, many of them dropping dead as they walked. Several relics were brought back to England,—relics which proved only too truly that their owners were beyond the reach of human help. And so ended the search after Sir John Franklin, so far as England was concerned.

Some years ago *Punch* had a few touching verses on this subject by an anonymous writer :—

'The Polar clouds uplift—a moment and no more,  
And through the snowy drift we see them on the  
shore,

A band of gallant hearts, well-ordered, calm, and  
brave,

Braced for their closing parts,—their long march  
to the grave.

'Through the snow's dazzling blink into the dark  
they've gone :—

No pause: the weary sink, the strong can but  
strive on,

Till all the dreary way is dotted with their dead,  
And the shy foxes play about each sleeping head.

' Unharm'd the wild deer run, to graze along the  
strand,  
Nor dread the loaded gun beside each sleeping  
hand.  
The remnant that survive onward like drunkards  
reel,  
Scarce wotting if alive, but for the pangs they  
feel.

' The river of their hope at length is drawing nigh—  
Their snow-blind way they grope, and reach its  
banks to die !  
Thank God, brave Franklin's place was empty in  
that band !  
He closed his well-run race not on the iron strand.

' Not under snow-clouds white, by cutting frost-  
wind driven,  
Did his true spirit fight its shuddering way to  
heaven ;  
But warm, aboard his ship, with comfort at his  
side,  
And hope upon his lip, the gallant Franklin died.

' His heart ne'er ached to see his much-loved  
sailors ta'en ;  
His sailors' pangs were free from their loved  
captain's pain.  
But though in death apart, they are together  
now—  
Calm each enduring heart, bright each devoted  
brow !'

Had we more space at command, it would be  
interesting to notice at length the account of another  
American undertaking, led by Dr. Hayes, who  
(you will remember) went out as surgeon in Dr.



Kane's ship. To him we are indebted for much information on the manners and habits of the Eskimos, and for much scientific knowledge. He pushed his discoveries in the same direction as Dr. Kane, and succeeded, in May 1861, in reaching as high north as latitude  $81^{\circ} 35'$ , the most northern point of *land* yet attained. The whole of his journal is written in a florid style, and is full of beauty. His description of an iceberg is as follows:—  
'Solemn, stately, and erect, in tempest and in calm, it rides the deep. Through its broken archways the waves resound, and thunder against its adamantine walls. In the morning it is veiled in clouds as impenetrable as those which shrouded the fair form of Arethusa, in the beautiful Greek fable; at noon the sun equips it in silver armour; in the evening it is resplendent with all the glowing colours of the sunset; and in the silent night its surface reflects the heavenly orbs. Drifting snows whirl over it in winter; sea-gulls make it their haunt in summer. Its lofty spires are touched with the last rays of expiring day; and when the long darkness has passed, it catches the first faint glow of returning light, and with gilded crest announces the coming of the morn. The elements combine to do homage to its matchless beauty. Its loud voice is wafted to the shore, and the echoes carry the sound into the heart of the remotest hills. The sun steals the "veil of radiant fountains" which shimmer over it in spray and foam in the summer winds; and the rainbow hangs out its many-tinted banners on its lofty crest. With wreaths of soft vapour it is garlanded by the air, and all around it the waters shine with the rare glory of emerald and sapphire. Onward, onward, to fulfil its destiny, it sails along the blue pathway of the sea, heedless of varying

winds, heedless of passing seasons. And in the course of time, succumbing to the universal law of nature, it sinks back slowly into the all-absorbing waters, from which, long ages ago, it took its rise. Of this great law it is indeed a noble monument, and to the changes of time a more solemn witness "than the Egyptian pyramids or the obelisk of Heliopolis." Before man came upon the world which had been so carefully prepared to receive him as its lord, the crystals of which that iceberg is built up were dewdrops sparkling in the sun, and snow-flakes falling through the air, like feathers from the wings of unseen spirits.' There! The description of Dr. Hayes is so poetic and grandiloquent that it is a pity we have not a real iceberg to look at. No doubt, in passing through life, you will meet with numbers of *human* icebergs, that have not one-half the redeeming features of the one just described.

Another journey which Dr. Hayes made to Greenland in 1869 is full of instruction and interest, but we must pass it by, as it does not belong immediately to our subject. Should any of you wish to know all about the Greenlanders and their country, you will find the completest information in the account of this voyage of Dr. Hayes in 1869.

We will conclude this portion of our subject by a short notice of the expedition under Captain Charles Francis Hall (another enthusiastic but unfortunate American), which was sent out, not only in search of Sir John Franklin, but to reach the North Pole. After a very prolonged cruise, and by the most careful investigation of evidence, Captain Hall arrived at the conclusion that Franklin and his gallant band had mostly perished in King William Land; and that some had made their way to the Great Fish River, but ultimately

perished too. Upon his return to America, in 1868, he expressed himself confidently that the North Pole *could* be reached by way of Smith Sound. In response to his earnest appeals, the *Polaris* was fitted out in 1871, and placed under his command. The American flag which had been carried by De Haven, Dr. Kane, and Dr. Hayes, and which had waved each time nearer the Pole, was given to him, to plant this time by the very throne of the ice king. And poor Hall did his best, under the most depressing circumstances. It was his highest ambition to reach the Pole, and in the attempt he sacrificed his life.

In less than two months from the time of starting he had reached the old winter-quarters of Dr. Kane; another day more and he had steamed into what was called Kane's 'Open Sea,' but which proved to be a land-locked bay, and which he marked on his chart by the name of his ship—Polaris Bay. The season was so exceptionally favourable, that the steamer still threaded its way until latitude  $81^{\circ} 38'$  had been reached, and the *Polaris* was comfortably 'housed' for the winter in what the captain gratefully called Thank God Harbour. Oh, the joy and excitement of marking on a blank chart lands and seas not known before, and of giving names to headlands and bays according to your fancy or taste! Poor fellow! he was only permitted to make one sledge journey. On his return from that he appeared to be smitten with paralysis, and in a few days died. They buried him in a desolate spot in that far off northern land; and with the death of their leader died their hopes of success. The project of reaching the Pole was at once abandoned. The fate of the *Polaris* after this; the adventures of the crew in their

# THE SEARCH FOR SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.



SLEDGE TRAVELLING.

escape from these frigid regions; the unhappy dissensions among officers and men; the questionable conduct of the officer who took the command, and the investigation into the matter by the Board of Inquiry,—are all matters of interest, but we cannot dwell upon them.

Perhaps a few lines can be spared for some particulars about seals, as observed by Captain Tyson, who joined the *Polaris* at Disco Island, in the capacity of assistant navigator. According to his account, when a seal is caught by the Eskimos it is divided in one orthodox fashion. 'First the blanket is taken off—that is, the skin, which includes the blubber. Then the body is opened carefully, in such a way as to prevent the blood being lost. It is placed in such a position that the blood will flow into the internal cavity; this is carefully scooped out, and either saved for future use or passed round for each to drink a portion. The liver and heart are considered delicacies, and divided as equally as possible, so that all may partake. The brain is also a dainty, and either reserved or equally divided. The eyes are given to the youngest child. Next the flesh is equally apportioned. Sometimes the person who distributes it cuts it up as fairly as he can, and then, standing with his back to the pieces, another person calls out the names of the company in succession, and each receives his portion, without the distributor being able to display any favouritism. The entrails are usually scraped, and allowed to freeze before they are eaten. The skins are generally saved for clothing, and also for many other domestic purposes, such as the construction of kajaks and oomiaks, the reins and harnesses of dog-sledges, and for tents; in fact, to almost everything which

the Eskimos use or wear the seal furnishes something. Even the membranous tissues of the body are frequently stretched and dried, and made into semi-transparent windows for the snow huts. The small Greenland seal is a very pretty creature in the water; its fur is a shiny white, beautifully variegated with black and obscure dark spots on the back and sides; its weight is about 50 or 60 lbs. The largest kind of seal is the hooded or bearded seal, which is very ponderous in its action. When assailed, it makes a revolution, and goes down like a whale, head foremost; while the small seal drops backward, tail down, the head disappearing last.

*Ibid.*

—o—

LESSON 5.

## STORIES OF ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS.

### V. FOREIGN EXPEDITIONS.

alternately, by turns  
catastrophe, calamity  
chaotic, confused  
chasm, deep opening  
compliment, expression of  
regard  
cordiality, sincerity, warmth

elements, fire, air, earth,  
and water  
hurtled, moved violently  
incessant, unceasing  
preliminary, by way of  
preparation  
subside, become quiet  
suffice, be enough

achievements  
adequate  
anticipate  
average

characterized  
comparatively  
contributed  
diameter

hauling  
insecure  
knapsacks  
perilous

pitiable  
practicability  
promontory  
separated

The British nation has not won *all* the honours of Arctic discovery; Germany, Prussia, Holland.

Sweden, Denmark, Austria, and Russia have each contributed more or less to our knowledge of the icy regions. We can only notice briefly two or three of them, and need not go farther back than the last nine or ten years.

Germany deservedly occupies a prominent place, principally through the exertions of the world-known geographer, the late Dr. Petermann. A letter of his, which appeared in the daily papers in December 1876, showed that he firmly believed in the practicability of reaching the North Pole by the east coast of Greenland. An expedition, sent out principally at his instance, in 1868, was not successful; yet the vessel reached a little beyond the 81st parallel, off Spitzbergen.

A second expedition was decided upon, and liberally subscribed to by the chief cities of Germany, to be under the same command (viz. Capt. Koldewey); but this time to consist of *two* ships, and to advance by the east coast of Greenland into the unknown Arctic regions. Two ships were accordingly fitted out, the *Germania* and the *Hansa*—the latter under the command of Capt. Hegemann, the former under Capt. Koldewey, who was also to guide the expedition. About six weeks after their departure from Bremerhaven, the two ships were separated from each other in the darkness whilst struggling with the ice, nor were they ever brought together again. The narratives of the crews from this point are extremely interesting; that of the *Hansa* in particular affords a story of adventure and wonderful escape scarcely to be equalled in any book of fiction. It is almost impossible in this lesson to give even a digest of the account so as to give you an adequate conception of it. We will, however, try to follow the *Hansa* for a little while. After

leaving her companion ship, as just named, about lat.  $75^{\circ}$  N., Captain Hegemann had an incessant struggle with the ice for nine weeks. When some 20 miles or so from the Greenland coast, his vessel got pressed in between the ice, and drifted southward along with an enormous ice-field. After getting



ENCAMPMENT ON ICE.

liberated from this, they still found it impossible to gain the coast (which might have been gained had the vessel been a steamer), so they moored their ship to another large ice-field. Very soon they were completely frozen in. At this time they were perhaps only 30 miles from land; but between



the edge of their ice-field and the land was an open strait. The great pressure of the ice against the ship threatened it with destruction; therefore they adopted the precaution of building a house upon the ice. For this purpose they used coal and other fuel, and made their mortar of water and snow. Into this house they carried provisions and stores for two months, in case any sudden destruction of the vessel should take place.

All this time the ice-field was drifting to the south some 7 or 8 miles a day. Several times they went across to its western edge, and were within a few miles of the shore, a lane of water running between. They might, perhaps, have crossed in boats, but the discoveries of Captain Scoresby years before on this coast led them to believe that they would not find any Eskimo settlements. Their only safety appeared to be in keeping on the ice-field, which was surely drifting between Greenland and Iceland, until they were much farther south and nearer human help. The dreaded catastrophe at length arrived; the ship, crushed by the enormous pressure, began to sink, and soon became a wreck. In the bitter cold, they carried as much as possible from the sinking ship, and secured three boats, as a last resource should their floating prison break up.

They had now time to examine the field of ice on which they were likely to pass the winter. They found it some 7 miles in circumference, with an average diameter of 2 miles, and a thickness of 45 feet; such a mass of ice it is difficult to imagine. The coal house was then their only refuge, but even in this they managed to keep up Christmas, and be as merry as could be expected. Early in January they heard terrific noises, and felt violent motions;

they found the field had been broken, and now was only one mile across, and their house not 200 steps from the edge. They were so near the coast as to mark every outline, and several places they named in passing them ; one was called New Year's Island, another Bay of Horrors, a third Cape Buchholz, after their surgeon, and another Cape Hildebrandt, the name of an officer. No sign of human habitation appeared, no friendly sail of whaling vessel came in sight ; their situation became perilous. An extract from the journal of the 11th of January will give you some idea of their position : ' This morning Hildebrandt alarmed us with the cry, " All hands turn out ! " The cry was seconded by the chaotic noises outside. Forth we rushed, clad in our furs, and provided with our knapsacks. What a sight presented itself to our astonished eyes ! The elements seemed to be let loose ; a driving wind blew from the north-east ; the snow fell in blinding showers ; the floe around us was crashing and splitting, and the sea rolled heavily upon it. The ice-raft which had been our safety threatened to become our destruction. Between our hut and the wood-pile, a space of about 20 yards, opened a huge chasm, through which the waves poured in furious tumult ; and our floe, now greatly reduced in size, rocked to and fro like a small skiff. It was with difficulty we saved our boat *Bismarck* ; and even the whale-boat we saved only by hauling it up into the middle of the floe. The large boat, being beyond our strength, we lost. We could not but believe that our end was come. We grasped each other's hands and uttered a sad farewell. Then we sought the shelter of our boats, and while the cold snow fell around us, and the wind hurtled through the air, we waited patiently and sadly.

Our little raft of ice was an island tossed about in a boisterous sea. But towards evening the billows seemed to subside, and the ice closed in together and became packed again. Once more we seemed to have escaped death. With thankful hearts we took a little food, threw ourselves on our beds, and endeavoured to find strength in sleep.'

After many terrible days and nights,—in fact, they were 200 days upon this ice-field,—they were at last carried by the current almost as far as Cape Farewell. They then deemed it prudent and necessary to leave the ice-raft, which had been gradually diminishing and becoming insecure, and take to the boats. By alternately toiling at the oars and dragging their boats over rough hummocky ice, they succeeded in reaching a barren island, in a very exhausted condition, having been four weeks in crossing that short distance from their late floe. After much renewed privation, and many other dangers, they were enabled by a merciful Providence to reach Frederichstahl, a Danish settlement, where the Moravian missionaries have a large establishment. We need not follow them farther, although their adventures were by no means concluded, except to say that they reached home in safety, but in a pitiable plight, after an absence of fifteen months.

Meanwhile, what had the *Germania* been doing? A few sentences must suffice for an answer. After hopelessly looking for the *Hansa*, Captain Kolde-  
wey made for the north-west, and passed Pendulum Island and Shannon Isles, spots which had been visited by others fifty years before. Farther north he found it impossible to go with his ship. Along with Lieutenant Payer, however, he made some long and important sledge journeys; reached as

high as the 77th parallel, and named a promontory Cape Bismarck. Towards the south he discovered a large sound, which he named Franz Joseph Fiord, after the Emperor of Austria ; and called the whole territory King William Land, as a compliment to the King of Prussia. This notice must conclude our account of the expedition sent out by Germany.

The name just mentioned above—Lieutenant Payer—has now to be mentioned in connection with another expedition. Accompanied by Lieutenant Weyprecht, he led what is known as the Austro-Hungarian expedition. From a paper of his which was read before the Royal Geographical Society in London, in November 1874, we think his discoveries are as important as any yet recorded. Having made a preliminary voyage in 1871, in the sea between Nova Zembla and Spitzbergen, which he found comparatively free from ice as high as lat. 79° N., he formed the opinion that a more careful voyage in that direction, and along the Siberian coast, would be of immense importance. Consequently, a steamer, the *Tegethoff*, was liberally fitted out in 1872, and despatched on the voyage. Lieutenant Weyprecht commanded the ship; Payer took charge of the sledging operations, and generally of the whole expedition. Both men were well chosen. Payer was an excellent seaman ; and besides his experience in the two expeditions we have named, he had been for years distinguished as an Alpine explorer. Each of them received a gold medal—the only gold medals of the year—from the British Geographical Society, at the annual meeting in May 1875, for the enterprise and ability displayed.

The *Tegethoff* was joined by Captain Carlsen, an experienced Norwegian whaler and old Arctic 'salt,'

who was to act as pilot. The open sea, however, of the year before was now filled with ice, and the ship was imprisoned in it for two winters. Payer performed many sledge journeys, and made numerous discoveries along the Siberian coast. His principal feat was a seventeen days' sledge journey to the north, where he discovered a hitherto unknown land, which he named Franz Joseph Land. He reached lat.  $82^{\circ} 5' N.$ , and traced the coast-line as far as  $83^{\circ}$ , naming a headland there Cape Vienna, and the land beyond Petermann Land, after the famous geographer before mentioned.

In presenting the medals to these two leaders (through their representative, Count Von Beust, the Austrian ambassador), Sir Henry Rawlinson characterized the expedition as one of the most remarkable that had ever been made in the Arctic regions. He said: 'It has attracted our admiration in this country as a noble instance of combined daring, skill, and endurance. We are further indebted in some degree to its successful termination for having stimulated our own Government to send forth the *Discovery* and *Alert*. We sincerely congratulate Austria on the achievements of her gallant children, and I request your excellency, in presenting the Founder's Medal to Lieutenant Weyprecht, and the Patron's Medal to Lieutenant Payer, to assure them that their English brethren hail them with cordiality and joy as fellow-labourers in our common field of geographical discovery and research.'

In 1871, a private expedition of the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia contributed some valuable information on the currents and sea temperature off the north coast of Asiatic Russia.

*Ibid.*

## LESSON 6.

STORIES OF ARCTIC  
EXPLORATIONS.

## VI THE EXPEDITION OF 1875-76.

<b>amputated</b> , cut off	<b>pernicious</b> , highly injurious
<b>impracticable</b> , not to be done	<b>predilection</b> , preference
<b>incubus</b> , weight, like a nightmare	<b>premises</b> , propositions in an argument
<b>meteorology</b> , science which treats of the atmosphere, etc.	<b>tender</b> , small vessel with provisions, etc.
<b>minus</b> , short of	<b>thermometer</b> , instrument for measuring the temperature
<b>Palaecrystic</b> , ancient ice	<b>trended</b> , stretched, curved

<b>accumulation</b>	<b>congratulating</b>	<b>dramatic</b>	<b>martial</b>
<b>alternately</b>	<b>contagious</b>	<b>fallacious</b>	<b>nautical</b>
<b>appropriately</b>	<b>diametrically</b>	<b>festivities</b>	<b>preliminary</b>
<b>artificially</b>	<b>disastrous</b>	<b>geological</b>	<b>prostrated</b>

By a reference to a map of the world you will see that there are four principal routes to the North Pole:—

1. By Behring Strait. The journey of M'Clure and many others proved that this was thoroughly impracticable, the ice presenting more difficulties than in any other sea.

2. The Smith Sound route, which was so successfully followed up by Kane, Hayes, and poor Captain Hall.

3. Through Barentz Sea, between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla; also followed up with considerable success (as we have just read) by the Austro-Hungarian expedition.



4. Through the Spitzbergen Sea and by the east coast of Greenland. The late Dr. Petermann was strongly of opinion that this is *the* way, and in a letter to the papers (8th December 1876), after congratulating Captain Nares upon his safe return to England, says: 'If Captain Nares' expedition had done nothing else than fully to explode the pernicious views connected with Smith Sound, it would be entitled to the greatest credit. The Smith Sound route had been artificially puffed up, exploration in that direction had attained a power of habit, and the predilection for Smith Sound became contagious, and an incubus on Arctic research. Sent out to attain the Pole by sledges to be drawn by fine plucky seamen along a land of fiction, it required the greatest moral courage to return home sooner than expected, and with results diametrically opposed to fallacious premises, on which the whole plan of the expedition had been founded. Had Captain Nares, instead of coming home this year, sailed round Cape Farewell, and tried the *other* side of Greenland, in the wake of Sir Edward Parry's yet unsurpassed brilliant summer trip of 1827, or Captain David Gray's thirty years' whaling along the shores of East Greenland, I am fully convinced he would have finished the North Pole just as well as that terrific Palæocrystic Sea; or as when the equator, then so much feared by all the world, was first crossed by Diaz 430 years ago. Had the expedition proceeded that way even this summer or autumn, it would no doubt have been welcomed back by the British nation more than it has been; but then there was the duty to fulfil, and the instructions to follow.'

We need not enter into the reasons why our own geographers and scientific men are not of the same



opinion as the writer of the above letter. After due investigation of all the facts and theories that could be brought together, it was agreed that the Smith Sound route presented the least difficulties of approaching the North Pole.

The two ships *Alert* and *Discovery*, accompanied by H.M.S. *Valorous* as tender, left Portsmouth harbour, amid the deafening cheers of thousands of spectators, on 29th May 1875. The expedition was in charge of Captain Nares, who took command of the *Alert*, with 62 men; Captain Stephenson taking command of the *Discovery*, with 58 men. You may now fancy yourselves on board the *Alert*, and enter into all the difficulties, dangers, and delights of the voyage, as far as imagination can supply the place of the actual trip.

The voyage as far as Disco Island was accomplished in an ordinary manner. Here the *Alert* took on board 30 dogs and a driver; and the *Valorous*, having transferred its stores, etc., took leave of the two ships. Leaving Godhaven on 15th July, the two ships passed up Baffin Bay, and crossed Melville Bay (which is generally much encumbered with ice), without any great difficulty. This part is called the Middle Pack. Successfully rounding Cape York, they entered North Water, and an unusually good passage brought them into Smith Sound. Now their serious difficulties commenced. The ice was very closely packed; the greatest skill and attention were required. A moment's delay when an opening in the water presented itself might prove disastrous. Captain Nares exercised the greatest vigilance, as you may gather from the fact that he lived for more than thirty days alone in the 'crow's nest' during the passage. This 'crow's nest' is a kind of barrel-

shaped look-out fixed in the top-gallant masthead. Fancy being up there in that intense cold, amid winds and sleet that cut to the very bones!



CAPTAIN NARES.

As they approached Lady Franklin Sound, the ice was not more than five or six feet thick, and easily cut through. Finding a well-sheltered bay

above this sound, in  $81^{\circ} 44'$  N. lat., the *Discovery* here cast anchor for the winter; this was farther north than had been attained by any ship before. The *Alert* steamed on some 60 miles farther (of course you are following in imagination), until the ice absolutely choked up the bay. There being no friendly harbour or sheltered bay, the *Alert* was secured inside a kind of embankment formed of grounded ice, which they appropriately named Floe Berg Bay.<sup>1</sup> A great disappointment was felt by all when they saw that the land, instead of extending north for a hundred miles more, as they fondly hoped, trended sharply to the west. Right before them in the direction of the North Pole lay a vast sea of ice, the accumulation of centuries. The idea of an open Polar Sea was proved a myth; in its place was this 'Ancient Sea of Ice,' or 'Palæocrystic Sea,' as it is called, with its huge masses, sometimes 120 feet thick, 15 feet being above the water-mark.

At once sledging parties were formed, and provisions were deposited at a headland named Cape Joseph Henry, for the succeeding year's sledge journeys. Even from this preliminary trip the party came back minus several toes, the result of frost-bite. An attempt was made to establish communication with the *Discovery*. Lieutenant Rawson tried twice—once in September, and again in October; but the difficulties were so great that, making an advance of only seven miles in ten or eleven days, he returned and gave it up for the winter.

On the 12th of October the sun disappeared, and was not seen again for 142 days. Every

<sup>1</sup> Captain Nares gave the name *floe-berg* to stranded masses of ice broken off from an ice-floe.

arrangement had been made for this long winter, and the five months passed more cheerfully than we should suppose. The claims of religion were not forgotten ; divine service was conducted daily. Bodily exercise was a vital necessity, so a space for about a mile was cleared, and lined with meat tins to prevent collision in the darkness ; this outdoor exercise being continued daily throughout the winter, except on two or three occasions, notwithstanding the extreme cold. All sorts of amusement and recreation were instituted ; and in the evening classes were held in almost every subject, from the ABC to the highest branches of navigation and nautical astronomy. Thursday was their grand day ; the entertainment was of a better description, and heartily entered into by officers and men. It was generally opened by a scientific lecture from one of the officers, after which came some dramatic representation or a concert, Lieutenant Aldrich presiding at the piano. The programmes were printed by their own press, and announced that these entertainments were under the distinguished patronage of Captain Nares, the members of the Arctic expedition, and all the nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood, with a notice that 'sledges might be ordered by nine o'clock.' On March 2, 1876, at their last performance, Captain Nares gave a lecture on the 'Palæocrystic Sea and Sledging Experiences,' at the close of which the whole company joined in singing a chorus composed by one of the crew.

And so they passed merrily through the long winter, keeping up the 5th of November and Christmas day with the usual festivities, the good understanding between officers and men greatly contributing to the success. The cold was some-

thing intense, the index showing sometimes  $-72^{\circ}$ , or 104 degrees below freezing point. The ordinary thermometer was frozen for a month together, and the men had to be completely encased in skins to prevent frost-bite. Animal life ceased to exist, and the most northern breeding-places of birds had been passed.

In March (1876) a communication with the *Discovery* was effected, but a sad event happened. Petersen, the interpreter, was seized with illness, and was only carried back alive to the *Alert* by the extreme tenderness and devotion of Lieutenant Rawson and Mr. Egerton. To retain heat in the poor fellow's body they alternately lay by his side, at great risk to themselves. Both feet were amputated ; in two months after he died.

Early in April, just after communication had been established between the two ships, the sledging forces were organised and set to work in real earnest. These consisted of three parties, and each had two sledges. One was destined for the north, under Commander Markham and Lieutenant Parr ; one for the west, under Lieutenant Aldrich ; and a third, under Lieutenant Beaumont of the *Discovery*, was sent over to Greenland to explore eastward.

A few lines will suffice to follow each party. The principal interest attaches to the northern detachment, which we will take up first. It separated from the western party at Cape Joseph Henry, and pushed on due north. On the 8th of June (*i.e.* seventy-two days after) the good folks of the *Alert* were startled to see Lieutenant Parr return *alone*. His tale was alarming. By a painful march of twenty-two days he had travelled 35 miles to fetch relief for his comrades, who were, for the most

part, stricken down with scurvy, and in a sorry plight. It is needless to say relief was promptly sent; but one man had already died, and the rest were prostrated. And what had they done? In those seventy-two days they had neared the Pole by only 73 miles, to accomplish which they had to travel over 500 miles; this, of course, was taken up in picking (pick-axing) out a way, and returning to drag up their sledges. No traces of land were seen; and the British flag was hoisted on the Palæocrystic Sea, still 400 miles from the North Pole.

The western party was more successful, as we might have expected from the continuation of land. Lieutenant Aldrich explored the coast for 200 miles. Not returning on the day appointed, a relief party was sent out to meet them; and only just in time. The same story; stricken with scurvy, two only out of seven at the dragging ropes.

The Greenland division under Beaumont explored the coast as far as 50° 40' W. longitude; but this party also broke down, and the relief found two men dragging their four helpless companions, two at a time, at the rate of half a mile a day.

When Captain Nares had all his crew on board again (at least those that were alive), he decided that further progress was impossible, and resolved to return to England. On 20th July signs of breaking up of the ice were seen, and the *Alert* was relieved from last season's ice by blasting. On 11th August she joined the *Discovery*, and together they made their way home.

The discoveries above named were not the only ones. Lady Franklin Sound and Petermann Fiord were thoroughly explored, so that the entire of

Smith Sound is now known, except Hayes Sound. Near the winter-quarters of the *Discovery* a seam of coal was found, and other rich contributions to geological science. Remains of ancient Eskimo were found as high as lat. 82°. The breeding-place of a rare Arctic bird, the knot, was discovered. All sorts of experiments were made in magnetism, electricity, meteorology, etc.; and great stores gathered in to enrich various departments of science. Many interesting facts were brought to light; one of them being that the *teetotallers* of the expedition stood the rigours of the climate best.

We have now tried to give a brief sketch of Arctic explorations, a subject full of interest, and full of heroes. Some people may be disposed to say, with the famous mathematician after reading through Milton's *Paradise Lost*, 'It's all very fine, but what does it *prove*?' If nothing else, these Arctic voyages have brought out some of the finest and noblest qualities of human nature. No one can read these stories in detail without being struck with the true heroism of these men,—their tenderness, their devotion, their self-sacrifice, and, above all, their noble estimate of duty. For *military* glory, men have been willing to lay down their lives; to have their names emblazoned on the scroll of martial fame, no sacrifice was counted too great; but the heroes of our lessons, without the exciting elements of battle and blood, have earned a name among the best and bravest of Britain's sons.

*Ibid.*



## LESSON 7.

## A VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.

Aurora, goddess of the morning	hieroglyphic, an allusion to their writing, which is by pictures and figures
caitiff, vile, base	Mammon, the god of riches
devastating, wasting, destroying	maws, stomachs
emblem, figure, picture	ope, poetic form of <i>open</i>
exiled, banished	receding, retreating, going back
halcyon, quiet, peaceful	refulgent, shining, splendid
Hesperides, the daughters of Hesperus. They possessed the garden of golden fruit	spectacle, sight

adamantine	feudal	Kamtschatka	Pennsylvania
desecrated	gorgeous	Labrador	sepulchre
expanse	Hercules	launch	venturous

Emblem of eternity,  
 Unbeginning, endless sea !  
 Let me launch my soul on thee.  
     Sail, nor keel, nor helm, nor oar,  
     Need I, ask I, to explore  
     This expanse from shore to shore.

Eager fancy, unconfined  
 In a voyage of the mind,  
 Sweeps along thee like the wind.  
     Where the billows cease to roll,  
     Round the silence of the pole,  
     Hence set out, my venturous soul !

See, by Greenland cold and wild,  
 Rock of ice eternal piled ;  
 Yet the mother loves her child.



Next, on lonely Labrador,  
Let me hear the snow-falls roar,  
Devastating all before.

But a brighter vision breaks  
O'er Canadian woods and lakes ;  
These my spirit soon forsakes.  
Land of exiled liberty,  
Where our fathers once were free,  
Brave New England, hail to thee !

Pennsylvania, while thy flood  
Waters fields unbought with blood,  
Stand for peace as thou hast stood.  
The West Indies I behold,  
Like the Hesperides of old,—  
Trees of life, with fruits of gold !

South America expands  
Mountain-forests, river-lands,  
And a nobler race demands ;  
And a nobler race arise,  
Stretch their limbs, unclothe their eyes,  
Claim the earth, and seek the skies.

Gliding through Magellan's Straits,  
Where two oceans ope their gates,  
What a spectacle awaits !  
The immense Pacific smiles  
Round ten thousand little isles,  
Haunts of violence and wiles.

But the powers of darkness yield,  
For the Cross is in the field,  
And the light of life reveal'd ;  
Rays from rock to rock it darts,  
Conquers adamantine hearts,  
And immortal bliss imparts.

North and west, receding far  
From the evening's downward star,  
Now I mount Aurora's car,—  
    Pale Siberia's deserts shun,  
    From Kamtschatka's headlands run,  
    South and east, to meet the sun.

Jealous China, strange Japan,  
With bewildered thought I scan :  
They are but dead seas of man.  
    Lo ! the eastern Cyclades,  
    Phoenix-nests, and halcyon seas ;  
    But I tarry not with these.

Pass me now New Holland's shoals,  
Where no ample river rolls ;  
World of undiscover'd souls !  
    Bring them forth ; 'tis heaven's decree :  
    Man, assert thy dignity ;  
    Let not brutes look down on thee.

Either India next is seen,  
With the Ganges stretched between ;  
Ah, what horrors here have been !  
    War, disguised as commerce, came,—  
    Britain, carrying sword and flame,  
    Won an empire, lost her name.

By the Gulf of Persia sail,  
Where the true-love nightingale  
Woos the rose in every vale.  
    Though Arabia charge the breeze  
    With the incense of her trees,  
    On I press o'er southern seas.

Cape of Storms, thy sceptre's fled,  
And the Angel Hope instead  
Lights from heaven upon thy head.

St. Helena's dungeon-keep  
Scowls defiance o'er the deep  
From her heights of rocky steep.

Mammon's plague-ships throng the waves ;  
Oh, 'twere mercy to the slaves  
Were the maws of sharks their graves !  
Hercules, thy pillars stand,  
Sentinels of sea and land ;  
Cloud-capt Atlas towers at hand.

Mark the dens of caitiff Moors :  
Ha ! the pirates seize their oars,  
Fly the desecrated shores.  
Egypt's hieroglyphic realm  
Other floods than Nile's o'erwhelm ;  
Slaves turned despots hold the helm.

Judah's cities are forlorn,  
Lebanon and Carmel shorn,  
Zion trampled down with scorn.  
Greece, thine ancient lamp is spent ;  
Thou art thine own monument ;  
But the sepulchre is rent.

And a wind is on the wing,  
At whose breath new heroes spring,  
Sages teach, and poets sing.  
Italy, thy beauties shroud  
In a gorgeous evening cloud,  
Thy refulgent head is bowed :

Yet where Roman genius reigns,  
Roman blood must warm the veins ;  
Look well, tyrants, to your chains.  
Feudal realm of old romance,  
Spain, thy lofty front advance,  
Grasp thy shield, and couch thy lance.

At the fire-flash of thine eye,  
Giant bigotry shall fly ;  
At thy voice oppression die.  
Lusitania, from the dust  
Shake thy locks ; thy cause is just,  
Strike for freedom, strike and trust.

France, I hurry from thy shore ;  
Thou art not the France of yore ;  
Thou art new-born France no more.  
Sweep by Holland like the blast ;  
One quick glance at Denmark cast ;  
Sweden, Russia—all is past.

Elbe nor Weser tempt my stay ;  
Germany, beware the day  
When thy schoolmen bear the sway.  
Now to thee, to thee I fly,  
Fairest isle beneath the sky  
To mine heart, as in mine eye !

I have seen them, one by one,  
Every shore beneath the sun,  
And my voyage now is done.  
While I bid them all be blest,  
Britain, thou'rt my home, my rest ;  
My own land, I love *thee* best.

MONTGOMERY.



## LESSON 8.

**THE BELLS.**

clangour, rattling sound  
 crystalline, clear  
 ditty, song  
 euphony, agreeable sounds  
 expostulation, act of rea-  
 soning  
 Ghouls, supposed demons  
 which feed on the dead

monody, a mournful ode or  
 poem chanted by one person  
 monotone, one unvaried  
 sound  
 pæan, song of triumph  
 Runic, of the ancient Goths  
 tintinnabulation, tinkling  
 sound  
 turbulency, disturbed state

alarum  
 clamorous  
 horrified

impels  
 melancholy  
 melody

merriment  
 musically  
 palpitating

rhyming  
 voluminously  
 wrangling

Hear the sledges with the bells—  
 Silver bells!

What a world of merriment their melody foretells!  
 How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,  
 In the icy air of night!  
 While the stars, that oversprinkle  
 All the heavens, seem to twinkle  
 With a crystalline delight.  
 Keeping time, time, time,  
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
 To the tintinnabulation that so musically swells  
 From the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells,—  
 From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells—  
 Golden bells!

What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!  
 Through the balmy air of night  
 How they ring out their delight!

From the molten-golden notes,  
 And all in tune,  
 What a liquid ditty floats  
 To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats  
 On the moon!

Oh, from out the sounding cells  
 What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!  
 How it swells;  
 How it dwells

On the future; how it tells  
 Of the rapture that impels  
 To the swinging and the ringing  
 Of the bells, bells, bells,  
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
 Bells, bells, bells,—  
 To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells—  
 Brazen bells!  
 What a tale of terror now their turbulency tells!  
 In the startled ear of night  
 How they scream out their affright!  
 Too much horrified to speak,  
 They can only shriek, shriek,  
 Out of tune,

In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,  
 In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic  
 fire,

Leaping higher, higher, higher,  
 With a desperate desire,  
 And a resolute endeavour,  
 Now—now to sit or never,  
 By the side of the pale-faced moon.  
 Oh, the bells, bells, bells!  
 What a tale their terror tells  
 Of despair!

How they clang, and clash, and roar !  
What a horror they outpour  
On the bosom of the palpitating air !  
Yet the ear it fully knows,  
By the twanging,  
And the clanging,  
How the danger ebbs and flows ;  
Yet the ear distinctly tells,  
In the jangling,  
And the wrangling,  
How the danger sinks and swells,  
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the  
bells,—

Of the bells,  
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
Bells, bells, bells,—  
In the clamour and the clangour of the  
bells !

Hear the tolling of the bells—  
Iron bells !  
What a world of solemn thought their monody  
compels !

In the silence of the night,  
How we shiver with affright  
At the melancholy menace of their tone !  
For every sound that floats  
From the rust within their throats  
Is a groan.  
And the people—ah, the people !—  
They that dwell up in the steeple,  
All alone,  
And who tolling, tolling, tolling,  
In that muffled monotone,  
Feel a glory in so rolling  
On the human heart a stone.

They are neither man nor woman,  
They are neither brute nor human—

They are Ghouls ;  
And their king it is who tolls ;  
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,  
Rolls

A pæan from the bells !  
And his merry bosom swells  
With the pæan of the bells !  
And he dances, and he yells ;

Keeping time, time, time,  
In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
To the pæan of the bells,  
Of the bells:

Keeping time, time, time,  
In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
To the throbbing of the bells,  
Of the bells, bells, bells,—  
To the sobbing of the bells:

Keeping time, time, time,  
As he knells, knells, knells,  
In a happy Runic rhyme,  
To the rolling of the bells,  
Of the bells, bells, bells,—  
To the tolling of the bells,  
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
Bells, bells, bells,—

To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.





## LESSON 9.

**THE VISION OF MIRZA.**

<b>affability,</b>	<b>kindness</b>	<b>of</b>	<b>harpies,</b> a species of eagles
<b>manner</b>			<b>jollity,</b> merriment
<b>consummation,</b> end, comple-			<b>Oriental,</b> belonging to the
<b>tion</b>			<b>East</b>
<b>cormorants,</b> large sea-birds,			<b>scimitars,</b> short curved
<b>noted for their voracity</b>			<b>swords</b> used in the East
<b>dissipated,</b> scattered			<b>soliloquies,</b> discourses with
<b>genius,</b> an imaginary spirit			<b>one's self</b>
<b>accommodated</b>	<b>captivating</b>	<b>innumerable</b>	<b>myriads</b>
<b>adamant</b>	<b>contemplation</b>	<b>manuscripts</b>	<b>pinnacle</b>
<b>avarice</b>	<b>inexpressible</b>	<b>melodious</b>	<b>prodigious</b>

When I was at Grand Cairo, I picked up several Oriental manuscripts, which I have still by me. Among others, I met with one entitled 'The Visions of Mirza,' which I have read over with great pleasure. I intend to give it to the public when I have no other entertainment for them; and shall begin with the first vision, which I have translated word for word as follows :—

On the 5th day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, surely, said I, man is but a shadow, and life a dream. Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes

towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him, he applied it to his lips and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceedingly sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from anything I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in Paradise, to wear out the impressions of the last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

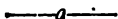
I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius, and that several had been entertained with music who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts by those transporting airs which he played to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, 'Mirza,' said he, 'I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me.'

He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, 'Cast thine

eyes eastward,' said he, 'and tell me what thou seest.' 'I see,' said I, 'a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it.' 'The valley that thou seest,' said he, 'is the Vale of Misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great tide of eternity.' 'What is the reason,' said I, 'that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?' 'What thou seest,' said he, 'is that portion of eternity which is called time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now,' said he, 'this sea that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it.' 'I see a bridge,' said I, 'standing in the midst of the tide.' 'The bridge thou seest,' said he, 'is human life; consider it attentively.' Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which added to those that were entire made up the number about a hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. 'But tell me further,' said he, 'what thou discoverest on it.' 'I see multitudes of people passing over it,' said I, 'and a black cloud hanging on each end of it.' As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and upon further examination, perceived that there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon but they fell through them into the tide; and immediately

disappeared. These hidden pitfalls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.



## LESSON 10.

**THE VISION OF MIRZA.***(Continued.)*

I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at everything that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of a speculation stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them; but often when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed and down they sank. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimitars in their hands, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors which did not seem to lie in

their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

The genius seeing me indulge myself on this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it. 'Take thine eyes off the bridge,' said he, 'and tell me if thou yet seest anything thou dost not comprehend.' Upon looking up, 'What mean,' said I, 'those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and among many other feathered creatures several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches.' 'These,' said the genius, 'are Envy, Avarice, Superstition, Despair, Love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life.'

I here fetched a deep sigh. 'Alas,' said I, 'man was made in vain! How is he given away to misery and mortality, tortured in life, and swallowed up in death!' The genius being moved with compassion towards me, bade me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. 'Look no more,' said he, 'on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it.' I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one-half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it; but the other appeared to me a vast

ocean; planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the genius told me there was no passage to them except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. 'The islands,' said he, 'that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea-shore; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching farther than thine eye, or even thine imagination, can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them; every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared that will convey to thee so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him.' I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands.

At length said I, 'Show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant.' The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me. I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating, but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it.

ADDISON'S *Spectator*.

LESSON II.

# GINEVRA.

**alabaster**, a kind of semi-transparent marble, generally white

**ambush**, concealment

**Bologna**, a town in Italy

**decorum**, propriety of conduct

**heirloom**, a piece of furniture which descends with the heir

**Modena**, another town in Italy

**nuptial**, marriage quest, search

**cypresses**  
**gaiety**

**indulgent**  
**legacy**

**lustre**  
**religiously**

**tenantless**  
**trophies**

If thou shouldst ever come by choice or chance  
To Modena, where still religiously,  
Among the ancient trophies, is preserved  
Bologna's bucket,<sup>1</sup>  
Stop at a palace near the Reggio gate,  
Dwelt in of old by one of the Orsini.  
Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,

<sup>1</sup> Said to have once been the cause of war between Bologna and Modena.

And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,  
Will long detain thee, but ere thou go,  
Enter the house,—prythee, forget it not,—  
And look awhile upon a picture there.

'Tis of a lady in her earliest youth,  
The very last of that illustrious race.  
He who observes it ere he passes on,  
Gazes his fill, and comes and comes again,  
That he may call it up when far away.

She sits, inclining forward as to speak,  
Her lips half open, and her finger up,  
As though she said 'Beware!' her vest of gold  
Brodered with flowers, and clasped from head to  
foot,

An emerald stone in every golden clasp;  
And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,  
A coronet of pearls. But then her face,  
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,  
The overflowings of an innocent heart,—  
It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,  
Like some wild melody!

Alone it hangs,  
Over a mouldering heirloom, its companion,  
An oaken chest, half eaten by the worm,  
But richly carved by Antony of Trent,  
With Scripture stories from the life of Christ.

She was an only child; from infancy  
The joy, the pride of an indulgent sire;  
The young GINEVRA was his all in life,  
Still as she grew, for ever in his sight;  
And in her fifteenth year became a bride,  
Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,



Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.  
Just as she looks there in her bridal dress,  
She was all gentleness, all gaiety,  
Her pranks the favourite theme of every tongue.  
But now the day was come, the day, the hour ;  
Now frowning, smiling, for the hundredth time,  
The nurse, that ancient lady, preached decorum ;  
And in the lustre of her youth, she gave  
Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.

Great was the joy ; but at the bridal feast,  
When all sat down, the bride was wanting there.  
Nor was she to be found. Her father cried,  
" 'Tis but to make a trial of our love !'  
And filled his glass to all ; but his hand shook,  
And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.  
'Twas but that instant she had left Francesco,  
Laughing and looking back, and flying still,  
Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger.  
But now, alas ! she was not to be found ;  
Nor from that hour could anything be guessed,  
But that she was not !

Weary of his life,  
 Francesco fled to Venice, and forthwith  
 Flung it away in battle with the Turks.  
 Orsini lived ; and long might you have seen  
 An old man wandering as in quest of something,  
 Something he could not find—he knew not what.  
 When he was gone, the house remained awhile  
 Silent and tenantless, then went to strangers.

Full fifty years were past, and all forgot,  
When, on an idle day, a day of search  
'Mid the old lumber in the gallery,  
That mouldering chest was noticed; and 'twas said

By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra,  
 'Why not remove it from its lurking-place?'  
 'Twas done as soon as said; but on the way  
 It burst, it fell; and lo! a skeleton,  
 With here and there a pearl, an emerald stone,  
 A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold.  
 All else had perished, save a nuptial ring,  
 And a small seal, her mother's legacy,  
 Engraven with a name, the name of both,  
 'GINEVRA.'

There, then, had she found a grave!  
 Within that chest had she concealed herself,  
 Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy;  
 When a spring-lock, that lay in ambush there,  
 Fastened her down for ever!

SAMUEL ROGERS.

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 LESSON 12.

## THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON.<sup>1</sup>

<b>calcined</b> , reduced to a powder by the heat	<b>ignited</b> , set on fire		
<b>conflagration</b> , great fire	<b>impetuous</b> , rushing with violence		
<b>consternation</b> , alarm	<b>niche</b> , recess in a wall		
<b>demolition</b> , destruction	<b>subterranean</b> , under the ground		
<b>despondency</b> , state of being without courage or hope	<b>surheated</b> , heated to excess		
<b>effigies</b> , images of persons	<b>vehemently</b> , with great force		
<b>avaricious</b>	<b>deplorable</b>	<b>prodigious</b>	<b>tenacious</b>
<b>calamitous</b>	<b>intoxicated</b>	<b>scaffolds</b>	<b>universal</b>
<b>computation</b>	<b>moveables</b>	<b>sumptuous</b>	<b>utensils</b>

1666. *Sept. 2d.* This fatal night about ten began that deplorable fire near Fish Street in London.

<sup>1</sup> This extract is taken from Evelyn's *Diary*, and is given as a specimen of the style of writing in the 17th century. The author lived from 1620 to 1706.

*Sept. 3d.* The fire continuing after dinner, I took coach with my wife and son, and went to the Bank-side in Southwark, where we beheld that dismal spectacle, the whole city in dreadful flames near the water-side; all the houses from the bridge, all Thames Street, and upwards towards Cheapside down to the Three Cranes were now consumed.

The fire having continued all this night (if I may call that night which was as light as day for ten miles round about, after a dreadful manner), when conspiring with a fierce eastern wind in a very dry season, I went on foot to the same place, and saw the whole south part of the city burning from Cheapside to the Thames, and all along Cornhill (for it kindled back against the wind as well as forward), Tower Street, Fenchurch Street, Gracechurch Street, and so along Bainard's Castle, and was now taking hold of St. Paul's Church, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly. The conflagration was so universal, and the people so astonished, that from the beginning I know not by what despondency or fate they hardly stirred to quench it, so that there was nothing heard or seen but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their goods; such a strange consternation there was upon them, so as it burned both in breadth and length the churches, public halls, exchange, hospitals, monuments, and ornaments, leaping after a prodigious manner from house to house and street to street, at great distances one from the other; for the heat, with a long set of fair and warm weather, had even ignited the air and prepared the materials to conceive the fire, which devoured after an incredible manner houses, furniture, and everything. Here we saw the Thames covered with goods floating, all

the barges and boats laden with what some had time and courage to save, as, on the other, the carts etc., carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strewn with moveables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away. Oh the miserable and calamitous spectacle, such as haply the world had not seen the like since the foundation of it, nor be outdone till the universal conflagration !

All the sky was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven ; the light seen above forty miles round about for many nights. God grant my eyes may never behold the like, now seeing above 10,000 houses all in one flame ! The noise and cracking and thunder of the impetuous flames, the shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like a hideous storm ; and the air all about so hot and inflamed, that at last one was not able to approach it, so that they were forced to stand still and let the flames burn on, which they did for near two miles in length and one in breadth. The clouds of smoke were dismal, and reached upon computation near fifty miles in length. Thus I left it this afternoon burning, a resemblance of Sodom or the last day. London was, but is no more !

*Sept. 4th.* The burning still rages, and it has now gotten as far as the Inner Temple, all Fleet Street, the Old Bailey, Ludgate Hill, Warwick Lane, Newgate, Paul's Chain, Watling Street, now flaming, and most of it reduced to ashes. The stone of St. Paul's flew like granados,<sup>1</sup> the melting lead run-

<sup>1</sup> Or *grenades*, hollow balls of metal filled with powder, generally thrown from the hand among an enemy after being lit by means of a fuse ; the *grenadiers* were so called from being employed to throw these hand-grenades.

ning down the streets in a stream, and the very pavements glowing with fiery redness, so as no horse nor man was able to tread on them, and the demolition had stopped all the passages, so that no help could be applied. The eastern wind still more impetuously drove the flames forward. Nothing but the almighty power of God was able to stop them, for vain was the help of man.

*Sept. 5th.* It crossed Whitehall; oh the confusion there was then at that court! It pleased his majesty to command me, among the rest, to look after the quenching of Fetter Lane, and to preserve if possible that part of Holborn, whilst the rest of the gentlemen took their several posts (for now they began to be-



THE MONUMENT.

stir themselves, and not till now, who hitherto had stood as men intoxicated, with their hands across), and began to consider that nothing was likely to put a stop but the blowing up of so many houses as might make a wider gap than any had yet been made by the ordinary method of pulling them down with engines. This some stout seamen proposed early enough to have saved nearly the whole city, but this some tenacious and avaricious men, aldermen, etc., would not permit, because their houses must have been of the first. It was therefore now commanded to be practised, and my concern being particularly for the hospital of St. Bartholomew, near Smithfield, where I had many wounded and sick men, made me the more diligent to promote it; nor was my care for the Savoy less.

It now pleased God, by abating the wind, and by the industry of the people, infusing a new spirit into them, that the fury of it began sensibly to abate about noon, so as it came no farther than the Temple westward, nor than the entrance of Smithfield north; but continued all this day and night so impetuous towards Cripplegate and the Tower as made us all despair. It also broke out again in the Temple, but the courage of the multitude persisting, and many houses being blown up, such gaps and desolations were soon made, as, with the former three days' consumption, the back fire did not so vehemently urge upon the rest as formerly. There was yet no standing near the burning and glowing ruins by near a furlong's space.

The coal and wood wharfs, and magazines of oil, rosin, etc., did infinite mischief, so as the invective which a little before I had dedicated to his majesty and published, giving warning what might probably

be the issue of suffering those shops to be in the city, was looked on as a prophecy.

The poor inhabitants were dispersed about St. George's Fields and Moorfields, as far as Highgate, and several miles in circle, some under tents, some under miserable huts and hovels, many without a rag or any necessary utensils, bed, or board; who from delicateness, riches, and easy accommodations, in stately and well-furnished houses, were now reduced to extremest misery and poverty.

In this calamitous condition I returned with a sad heart to my house, blessing and adoring the mercy of God to me and mine, who in the midst of all this ruin was, like Lot, in my little Zoar safe and sound.

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LESSON 13.

## THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON.

(Continued.)

*Sept. 7th.* I went this morning on foot from Whitehall as far as London Bridge, through the late Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, by St. Paul's, Cheapside, Exchange, Bishopgate, Aldersgate, and out to Moorfields, thence through Cornhill, etc., with extraordinary difficulty, clambering over heaps of yet smoking rubbish, and frequently mistaking where I was. The ground under my feet was so hot that it even burnt the soles of my shoes. In the meantime his majesty got to the Tower by water, to demolish the houses about the graff, which being built entirely about it, had they taken fire and attacked the White Tower, where the magazine of powder lay, would undoubtedly not only have

beaten down and destroyed all the bridge, but sunk and torn the vessels in the river, and rendered the demolition beyond all expression for several miles about the country.

At my return I was infinitely concerned to find that goodly church St. Paul's now a sad ruin, and that beautiful portico (for structure comparable to any in Europe, as not long before repaired by the king) now rent in pieces, flakes of vast stone split asunder, and nothing remaining entire but the inscription in the architrave, showing by whom it was built, which had not one letter of it defaced. It was astonishing to see what immense stones the heat had in a manner calcined, so that all the ornaments, columns, friezes, and projectures of massy Portland stone flew off, even to the very roof, where a sheet of lead covering a great space was totally melted; the ruins of the vaulted roof falling, broke into St. Faith's, which being filled with the magazines of books belonging to the stationers, and carried thither for safety, they were all consumed, burning for a week following. It is also observable that the lead over the altar at the east end was untouched; and among the divers monuments, the body of one bishop remained entire.

Thus lay in ashes, that most venerable church, one of the most ancient pieces of early piety in the Christian world, besides near one hundred more. The lead, iron work, bells, plate, etc., melted; the exquisitely wrought Mercers' Chapel, the sumptuous Exchange, the august fabric of Christ Church, all the rest of the Companies' Halls, sumptuous buildings, arches, all in dust; the fountains dried up and ruined, whilst the very waters remained boiling; the voragoes of subterranean cellars, wells, and dungeons, formerly warehouses, still burning in



stench and dark clouds of smoke ; so that in five or six miles traversing about I did not see one load of timber unconsumed, nor many stones but what were calcined white as snow.

The people who now walked about the ruins appeared like men in a dismal desert, or rather in some great city laid waste by a cruel enemy ; to which was added the stench that came from some poor creatures' bodies, beds, etc. Sir Thomas Gresham's statue, though fallen from its niche in the Royal Exchange, remained entire, when all those of the kings since the Conquest were broken to pieces ; also the standard in Cornhill, and Queen Elizabeth's effigies, with some arms on Ludgate, continued with but little detriment, whilst the vast iron chains of the city streets, hinges, bars, and gates of prisons, were many of them melted and reduced to cinders by the vehement heat. I was not able to pass through any of the narrow streets, but kept the widest ; the ground and air, smoke and fiery vapour, continued so intense that my hair was almost singed, and my feet insufferably surheated. The bye-lanes and narrower streets were quite filled up with rubbish ; nor could one have known where he was, but by the ruins of some church or hall that had some remarkable tower or pinnacle remaining. I then went towards Islington and Highgate, where one might have seen 200,000 people, of all ranks and degrees, dispersed and lying along by their heaps of what they could save from the fire, deploring their loss, and, though ready to perish for hunger and destitution, yet not asking one penny for relief, which to me appeared a stranger sight than any I had yet beheld. His majesty and council indeed took all imaginable care for their relief, by proclamation for the

country to come in and refresh them with provisions.

In the midst of all this calamity and confusion, there was, I know not how, an alarm begun that the French and Dutch, with whom we are now in hostility, were not only landed but even entering the city. There was in truth some days before great suspicion of those two nations joining, and now that they had been the occasion of firing the town. This report did so terrify, that on a sudden there was such an uproar and tumult that they ran from their goods, and taking what weapons they could come at, they could not be stopped from falling on some of those nations whom they casually met, without sense or reason. The clamour and peril grew so excessive that it made the whole court amazed, and they did with infinite pains and great difficulty reduce and appease the people, sending troops of soldiers and guards to cause them to retire into the fields again, where they were watched all this night. I left them pretty quiet, and came home sufficiently weary and broken. Their spirits thus a little calmed, and the affright abated, they now began to repair into the suburbs about the city, where such as had friends or opportunity got shelter for the present, to which his majesty's proclamation also invited them.

JOHN EVELYN.



## LESSON 14.

**THE ORIGIN OF ROAST PIG.**

antediluvian, before the Flood		nether, lower, bottom	
callous, hardened		premonitory, giving pre- vious notice	
consternation, alarm, horror		retributory, repaying, pun- ishing	
culinary, belonging to the kitchen		simultaneous, together, hap- pening at the same time	
ejaculations, short excla- mations		swineherd, keeper of pigs	
		tenement, house, building	
Abyssinia	delicious	iniquity	obnoxious
architecture	dynasty	luxury	odour
conflagration	experienced	manuscript	remnants

Mankind, says a Chinese manuscript, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing it or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. The manuscript goes on to say that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother), was accidentally discovered in the manner following:—

The swineherd Ho-ti having gone out into the wood one morning, as his manner was, to collect food for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son, Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who, being fond of playing with fire, as youngers of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which, kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian makeshift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have

been esteemed a luxury all over the East from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches and the labour of an hour or two at any time, as for the loss of the pigs.

While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odour assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from? Not from the burnt cottage, he had smelt that smell before,—indeed, this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young fire-brand,—much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them, in his booby fashion, to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life, indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted—*crackling*! Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now; still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding, that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion when his sire entered.

amid the smoking rafters, armed with a retributory cudgel; and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders as thick as hailstones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure which he experienced in his lower region had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig till he had fairly made an end of it; when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued:—

‘You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog’s tricks, but you must be eating fire, and I know not what? What have you got there, I say?’

‘Oh, father, the pig—the pig! Do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats!’

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He bewailed his hard fate that ever he should have a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, ‘Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father; only taste! Oh my!’ with such-like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorched his fingers, as it had done his son’s, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavour, which, make what sour mouths he would

for a pretence, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious), both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had despatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbours would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Peking, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and the verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of eating which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it, and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given,—to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present,—without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and when the court was dismissed, went privily and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his lordship's town-house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says the manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burnt*, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string, or spit, came in a century or two later—I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful, and seemingly the most obvious, arts make their way among mankind.

Without placing too implicit faith on the account thus given, it must be agreed that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favour of any culinary object, that pretext and excuse might be found in ROAST PIG.

CHARLES LAMB.



## LESSON 15.

## HO-HO OF THE GOLDEN BELT.

ONE OF THE 'NINE STORIES OF CHINA.'

beaux, lovers  
 opulent, wealthy  
 pedal, belonging to the  
 foot  
 queue, the twist of hair worn  
 at the back of the head

saffron, a bulbous plant of  
 the crocus kind, with deep  
 yellow flowers  
 Souchong, a town in China,  
 which gives name to a finer  
 sort of black tea

almond  
 calendar

chancery  
 disfigured

gossips  
 partial

rapturous  
 treacherous

A beautiful maiden was little Min-Ne,  
 Eldest daughter of wise Wang-Ke ;  
 Her skin had the colour of saffron tea,  
 And her nose was as flat as flat could be ;  
 And never was seen such beautiful eyes,  
 Two almond-kernels in shape and size,  
 Set in a couple of slanting gashes,  
 And not in the least disfigured by lashes ;  
     And then such feet !  
     You'd scarcely meet  
 In the longest walk through the grandest street  
     (And you might go seeking  
     From Nanking to Peking)  
 A pair so remarkably small and neat.

Two little stumps,  
 Mere pedal lumps,  
 That toddle along with the funniest thumps,  
 In China, you know, are reckoned trumps.



It seems a trifle to make such a boast of it,  
But how they *will* dress it,  
And bandage and press it,  
By making the least, to make the most of it !

As you may suppose,  
She had plenty of beaux  
Bowling around her beautiful toes,  
Praising her feet, and eyes, and nose,  
In rapturous verse and elegant prose !  
She had lots of lovers, old and young :  
There was lofty Long, and babbling Lung,  
Opulent Tin, and eloquent Tung,  
Musical Sing, and the rest among,  
Great Hang-Yu, and Yu-be-Hung.

But though they smiled, and smirk'd, and bow'd,  
None could please her of all the crowd ;  
Lung and Tung she thought too loud ;  
Opulent Tin was much too proud ;  
Lofty Long was much too tall ;  
Musical Sing sung very small ;  
And, most remarkable feat of all,  
Of great Hang-Yu the lady made game,  
And Yu-be-Hung she mocked the same,  
By echoing back his ugly name !

But the hardest heart is doom'd to melt ;  
Love is a passion that *will* be felt ;  
And just when scandal was making free  
To hint ' what a pretty old maid she'd be,'  
Little Min-Ne,  
Who but she ?

Married Ho-Ho of the Golden Belt !  
A man I must own of bad reputation,  
And low in purse, though high in station,  
A sort of imperial poor relation,

Who rank'd as the emperor's second cousin  
Multiplied by a hundred dozen ;  
And to mark the love the emperor felt,  
    Had a pension clear  
    Of three pounds a year,  
And the honour of wearing a Golden Belt !

    And gallant Ho-Ho  
    Could really show  
A handsome face, as faces go  
In this Flowery Land, where, you must know,  
The finest flowers of beauty grow.  
He'd the very widest kind of jaws,  
And his nails were like an eagle's claws,  
And—though it may seem a wondrous tale—  
(Truth is mighty and will prevail !)—  
He'd a *queue* as long as the deepest cause  
Under the emperor's chancery laws !

Yet how he managed to win Min-Ne  
The men declared they couldn't see ;  
But all the ladies, over their tea,  
In this one point were known to agree :  
*Four gifts* were sent to aid his plea,—  
A smoking-pipe with a golden clog,  
A box of tea, and a poodle dog,  
And a painted heart that was all aflame,  
And bore, in blood, the lover's name.  
Ah ! how could presents pretty as these  
A delicate lady fail to please ?  
She smoked the pipe with the golden clog,  
And drank the tea, and ate the dog,  
And kept the heart,—and that's the way  
The match was made, the gossips say.

I can't describe the wedding-day,  
Which fell in the lovely month of May ;

Nor stop to tell of the Honey-moon,  
And how it vanish'd all too soon :  
Alas ! that I the truth must speak  
And say that in the fourteenth week,  
Soon as the wedding guests were gone,  
And their wedding suits began to doff,  
Min-Ne was weeping and taking 'on,'  
For *he* had been trying to 'take her off.'

Six wives before he had sent to heaven,  
And being partial to number 'seven,'  
He wished to add his latest pet,  
Just, perhaps, to make up the set !  
Mayhap the rascal found a cause  
Of discontent in a certain clause  
In the emperor's very liberal laws,  
Which gives, when a Golden Belt is wed,  
Six hundred pounds to furnish the bed ;  
And if in turn he marry a score,  
With every wife six hundred more.

First he tried to murder Min-Ne  
With a special cup of poisoned tea,  
But the lady smelling a mortal foe,  
Cried, 'Ho-Ho !  
I'm very fond of mild Souchong,  
But you, my love, you make it too strong.'

At last Ho-Ho, the treacherous man,  
Contrived the most infernal plan  
Invented since the world began.  
He went and got him a savage dog,  
Who'd eat a woman as soon as a frog ;  
He shut him up in an iron bin,  
Slipp'd the bolt and lock'd him in ;  
Then giving the key  
To poor Min-Ne,

Said, 'Love, there's something you mustn't see  
In the chest beneath the orange tree.'

Poor mangled Min-Ne! with her latest breath  
She told her father the cause of her death;  
And so it reached the emperor's ear,  
And his highness said, 'It is very clear  
Ho-Ho has committed a murder here!'  
And he was doomed to end his life  
By the terrible dog that kill'd his wife;  
But in mercy (let his praise be sung!)  
His thirteen brothers were merely hung,  
And his slaves bamboo'd in the mildest way  
For a calendar month three times a day.  
And that's the way that Justice dealt  
With the wicked Ho-Ho of the Golden Belt!

J. G. SAXE.



## LESSON 16.

## STORIES OF MYTHOLOGY.

I. TANTALOS.<sup>1</sup>

**Euryanassa**, wife of Tantalos

**Hades**, the god of the Nether World

**Hélios**, the god of the sun.  
Called *Sol* by the Romans

**Olympos**, a range of mountains in Greece, the residence of certain gods, of whom Zeus was the head

**Pelops**, son of Tantalos

**Phrygia**, a country of Asia Minor

**Prométheus**, the brother of Atlas. He was chained to a rock on Mt. Cáucanus, where in the daytime an eagle consumed his liver, which was restored each night

**Sipylos**, a mountain of Lydia, Asia Minor

**Zeus**, the greatest of the gods.  
Called *Jupiter* by the Romans

banquet  
beetled

burnished  
luscious

savoury  
soothe

vengeance  
whispers

Beneath the mighty rocks of Sipylos stood the palace of Tantalos, the Phrygian king, gleaming with the blaze of gold and jewels. Its burnished roofs glistened from afar like the rays which dance on ruffled waters. Its marble columns flashed with hues rich as the hues of purple clouds which gather round the sun as he sinks down in the sky. And far and wide was known the name of the mighty chieftain, who was wiser than all the sons of mortal men; for his wife, Euryanassa, they said, came of the race of the undying gods, and to Tantalos

<sup>1</sup> The reader will notice that in this and the three following stories the Greek method of spelling the proper names is adopted, e.g. Tantalos for *Tantalus*, Kastalian for *Castalian*, etc.

Zeus had given the power of Hêlios, that he might know his secret counsels, and see into the hidden things of earth and air and sea. Many a time, so the people said, he held converse with Zeus himself in his home on the high Olympos ; and day by day his wealth increased, his flocks and herds multiplied exceedingly, and in his fields the golden corn waved like a sunlit sea.

But as the years rolled round there were dark sayings spread abroad, that the wisdom of Tantalos was turned to craft, and that his wealth and power were used for evil ends. Men said that he had sinned like Promêtheus the Titan, and had stolen from the banquet-hall of Zeus the food and drink of the gods, and given them to mortal men. And tales yet more strange were told, how that Pandareôs brought to him the hound which Rhea placed in the cave of Dicktê to guard the child Zeus, and how, when Hermes bade him yield up the dog, Tantalos laughed him to scorn, and said, 'Dost thou ask me for the hound which guarded Zeus in the days of his childhood? It were as well to ask me for the unseen breeze which sighs through the groves of Sipylus.'

Then, last of all, men spake in whispers of a sin yet more fearful which Tantalos had sinned, and the tale was told that Zeus and all the gods came down from Olympos to feast in his banquet-hall, and how, when the red wine sparkled in the golden goblets, Tantalos placed savoury meat before Zeus, and bade him eat of a costly food ; and when the feast was ended, told him that in the dish had lain the limbs of the child Pelops, whose sunny smile had gladdened the hearts of mortal men. Then came the day of vengeance, for Zeus bade Hermes bring back Pelops again from the kingdom

of Hades to the land of living men ; and on Tantalos was passed a doom which should torment him for ever and ever.

In the shadowy region where wander the ghosts of men, Tantalos, they said, lay prisoned in a beautiful garden, gazing on bright flowers and glistening fruits and laughing waters ; but for all that his tongue was parched, and his limbs were faint with hunger. No drop of water might cool his lips, no luscious fruit might soothe his agony. If he bowed his head to drink, the water fled away ; if he stretched forth his hand to pluck the golden apples, the branches vanished like mists before the face of the rising sun ; and in place of ripe fruits glistening among green leaves, a mighty rock beetled above his head, as though it must fall and grind him to powder. Wherefore men say, when the cup of pleasure is dashed from the lips of those who would drink of it, that on them has fallen the doom of the Phrygian Tantalos.

*From Cox's ' Tales of Ancient Greece.'*  
*By permission of Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co.*



## LESSON 17.

## STORIES OF MYTHOLOGY.

## II. THE VENGEANCE OF APOLLO.

<b>Apollo</b> , son of Zeus; a Greek god	<b>Midas</b> , a very wealthy king
<b>Athênê</b> , a goddess; daughter of Zeus	<b>Phoebus</b> , means <i>pure</i> or <i>bright</i> , and is applied to Apollo
<b>Croesus</b> , the last king of Lydia; famous for his wealth	<b>Sardes</b> (or Sardis), a city of Asia Minor
<b>Delphi</b> , a celebrated town in Greece	<b>satraps</b> , rulers of the large provinces
<b>Javan</b> , a name given by the Persians to the Greeks	<b>Susa</b> , a winter residence of the kings of Persia
<b>Marathon</b> , a town about twenty miles N.E. of Athens	<b>Thermopylae</b> , a celebrated pass in Greece

armourers  
burnished

chastised  
embroidered

hearkened  
marvelled

obeisance  
turbans

In the cool of the evening time King Darius walked in his royal garden, and the noblest of the Persians were around him. Then came there a messenger from the western land in haste, and said, 'O king, the men of Athens, with the sons of Javan, have taken the city of Sardes, and the temple of the great goddess Kybêbê has been burnt.' And King Darius answered quickly, and said, 'What sayest thou, O messenger, that men of whom I have never heard the name have come with my slaves against the land of the great king?' Then he bade them bring a bow and arrows; and while one went for them, the Persians stood round him in silence, for they feared to say aught while the king



was angry. So when he took the bow, he fitted an arrow to it, and shot it up into the sky, and prayed, saying, 'O Zeus, that dwellest in the high heavens, suffer me to be avenged upon the men of Athens. The sons of Javan are my slaves, and sorely shall they be smitten for the deeds which they have done.' Then he gave command, and each day, when the banquet was spread in the gilded hall, and the king sat down to meat, there stood forth one who said with a loud voice, 'O king, forget not the men of Athens.'

But Zeus hearkened not to the prayer of the great king, for the ships were made ready, and his chieftains and warriors hastened away to the Athenian land and fought in Marathon. But they fared not well in the battle, for the men of Athens strove mightily for their country, and the bright heroes came back to aid their kinsfolk. Then were there seen wonderful forms, taller and more glorious than the sons of men; and the mighty Echetaios with his great ploughshare smote down the chiefest of the Medes. So in great fear the Persians fled to the sea-shore, while the men of Athens slew them on the land and in the water as they struggled to reach the ships. And when the fight was over, they spoiled the Persians who lay dead on the sea-shore, and took rich plunder, for scattered about they found embroidered turbans, and bright swords and daggers, and golden bits and bridles, and silken robes and jewels.

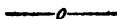
Thus sped the hosts of King Darius; and the messenger came again in haste, as he sat on his golden throne in Susa, while the nobles of Persia did obeisance before him. Then the king said, 'Speak, O man; hast thou brought good tidings of the strange city?' And the messenger answered,

saying, 'O king, the men of Athens have slain thy mighty men with the sword, and burned thy ships ; and few have come back of all the great army which thou didst send against them.'

Great and fierce was the wrath of King Darius when he heard the tidings, and he hastened to make ready ships and men and horses, that he might go forth himself against the men of Athens. Then in every city of the Persian land was heard the din as of men who have a great work to do ; and the armourers wrought spears and swords and shields, and in the harbours they built countless ships to sail over the dark sea. But Zeus hearkened not yet to the prayer of the king ; so Darius died, and Xerxes his son sat upon his throne, and the chief men of the Persians were gathered round him. Then the king spake, and said, 'Be ready, O Persians, every one of you, for I will go forth with all my great power, and make slaves of the men of Athens ; and so may the gods do to me, and more also, if I burn not the temples of their gods with fire, and bring not hither the golden treasures which lie in the house of Phoebus Apollo at Delphi.'

Then, with all his great hosts, King Xerxes set forth from Susa, and his satraps and warriors and slaves followed him, with a great multitude of every nation and people ; and they crossed over from the land of Asia by a bridge which was built over the sea of Hellê. Thus they journeyed on in pomp and glory, and King Xerxes thought that they had done great things when his host slew Leonidas and three hundred men of Sparta, who guarded the passes of Thermopylae. So his heart was filled with pride, and he chose out the bravest of his warriors, and charged the men of Thessaly to lead them to Delphi and the temple of Phoebus Apollo.

Then was there great fear and terror in Delphi, for a messenger came and said, 'The hosts of King Xerxes are coming to slay the men of this land, and take away the treasures which lie in the house of King Apollo.' So the Delphians went in great sorrow to the temple, and bowed their heads to the earth and prayed, saying, 'Child of the light, who dwellest here in thy holy temple, thieves and robbers are coming against us, and they are purposed to take away thy sacred treasures; tell us, then, what we shall do, for at thy bidding we are ready to bury them deep in the earth till the storm of war be overpast.' Then came there a voice from the inmost shrine, but it was not the voice of the priestess, for Phoebus Apollo himself came down to speak his will, and said, 'Move them not, men of Delphi. I will guard my holy place, and none shall lay hand on my sacred things.'



#### LESSON 18.

### THE VENGEANCE OF APOLLO.

*(Continued.)*

So they went away in gladness of heart, and made ready for the coming of the Persians; and all the men of Delphi left the city, saving only sixty men and the prophet Akêratos, and these sat down before the steps of the temple. In silence they waited till the Persians should come, and they marvelled at the great stillness on the earth and in the heaven. There was not a cloud in the sky, and the two peaks of Parnassos glistened in the blazing sunshine. Not a breath lifted the green leaves of

the sacred laurels, not a bird sang in the breathless air. Presently, as he turned round to look, the prophet saw the sacred weapons of Phoebus, which no mortal man might touch, lying on the temple steps; and he said to the sixty men who tarried with him, 'Lo, now will Phoebus fight for his holy temple, for his own hand hath made ready the weapons for the battle.'

Soon in the deep valley and along the bank of the Kastalian stream were seen the hosts of the Persians, as they came on with their long spears flashing in the bright sunshine. Far away the men of Delphi saw the blaze of their burnished armour, and heard the tramp of their war-horses. Onward they came, and they said one to another, 'The gods have fought for us, and the prize is won already. See, yonder is the home of Phoebus, and none remain of the men of Delphi to do battle for his holy temple.'

Still the sun shone without a cloud in the sky, and no breeze broke the stillness of the laurel groves. Still glistened the sacred arms as they lay on the steps of the temple, and the opened doors showed the golden treasures which were stored up within. There lay the throne of Midas, and the golden lion of Croesus. There lay the mighty mixing-bowl, all of pure gold, which at the bidding of Croesus was wrought by the Samian Theodoros. There lay all the rich gifts which the men of Hellas had offered up to win the favour of the lord Apollo.

Then the leaders of the Persians stretched forth their hands, as though all these things were given up to them by the god who had forsaken his people; but even as they came near to his holy ground, the lightning flashed forth, and the crash of the thunder was heard in the blue heaven, and the dark clour

fell on the peaks of Parnassos. Then, like the roar of a raging torrent, burst forth the mighty wind. Down from the steep of the Delphian hill thundered the huge rocks, and trees uprooted from their roots were hurled on the hosts of the barbarians. Louder and fiercer grew the din; and cries and shoutings were heard from the Alean chapel, for the virgin Athênê fought against the men of Xerxes. Smitten by the fiery lightnings, they fell on the quaking earth, when suddenly there was heard a sound more fierce and terrible, and two cliffs were hurled down from the mountain-top. Underneath this huge mass the mightiest of the Persians lay still in the sleep of death; and all who yet lived fled with quaking hearts and trembling steps from the great wrath of the lord Apollo.

So fought the god for his holy temple; and when from their hiding-places the men of Delphi saw that the Persians fled, then from caves and thickets they poured forth to slay them; and they smote them as sheep are slain before the altar of sacrifice, for even the bravest of their warriors lifted not their arm against them. Long time they followed after them in hot haste; and among them were seen two giant forms, clothed in bright armour, smiting down the hosts of the enemy. Then they knew that Phylakos and Autonoös, the heroes of the place, had come forth to aid them, and they smote the Persians more fiercely till the going down of the sun.

So the fight was ended; and the stars came forth in the cloudless sky, and the laurel groves were stirred by the soft evening breeze. With songs of high thanksgiving, the men of Delphi drew near to the temple, and they saw that Phoebus had placed again within his shrine the sacred arms which no

mortal man may handle. Then was there rich spoil gathered, and the holy place of Apollo shone with gifts of gold and silver, which the men of Delphi offered in gladness of heart for all the great things which he had done for them. And in every house of the Delphians were seen robes and turbans, rich with gold and silver and embroidery. On their walls hung spears and shields and swords and daggers, which the Persians bore when they came to Delphi.

So in after days they told their children the wondrous tale how Phoebus Apollo smote down the hosts of Xerxes; and they showed them the spoils which they took by the aid of the bright heroes, and the two rocks, lying on the holy ground before his shrine, which Phoebus tore from the peaks of Parnassos in the day of his great vengeance.

*Ibid.*

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LESSON 19.

## STORIES OF MYTHOLOGY.

### III. THE SLEEP OF ENDYMION.

**Endymiôn**, a youth of great beauty, doomed to sleep for ever on Mount **Latmos**, a mountain in **Caria**, a district in the s.w. of Asia Minor

**Meander**, a winding river in Phrygia. The word now signifies any winding course  
**Selênê**, the goddess of the moon. Called *Luna* by the Romans

astonished  
clambered

hyacinth  
lilies

myrtles  
narcissus

sloping  
tulip

One beautiful evening, when the sun was sinking down in the west, Selênê was wandering on the banks of the river Meander; and she thought that

of all the places which she had ever seen, there was none more lovely than the quiet valley through which that gentle river was flowing. On her right hand rose a hill, whose sides were covered with trees and flowers, where the vine clambered over the elm, and the purple grapes shone out from amongst the dark leaves. Then Selênê asked some people who were passing to tell her the name of the hill, and they told her that it was called the hill of Latmos. On she went, under the tall trees, whose branches waved over her in the clear evening light, till at last she reached the top, and looked down on the valley which lay beneath her.

Then Selênê was indeed astonished, for she had never seen anything so beautiful before, even in a dream. She had fancied that nothing could be more lovely than the vale of the Meander, and now she saw something far more beautiful than the rocks and stones and clear bright water of that winding river. It was a small valley, at the bottom of which a lake shone like silver in the light of the setting sun. All around it beautiful trees covered the sloping banks, and their long branches drooped down over the water. Not a breath of wind was stirring the dark leaves, not a bird was flying in the air. Only the large green dragon-fly floated lazily on the lake, while the swan lay half asleep on the silvery waters. On one side, in the loveliest corner of the valley, there was a marble temple, whose pillars shone like the white snow; and leading down to the lake there were steps of marble, over which the palm trees spread their branches; and everywhere were clusters of all beautiful flowers, amongst which mosses, and ferns, and the green ivy were tangled. There were the white narcissus and the purple tulip, the dark hyacinth and the

soft red rose. But more beautiful than all the trees and flowers, a man lay sleeping on the marble steps of the temple. It was Endymiôn, who lived in this quiet valley, where the storms never came, and where the dark rain-clouds never covered the sides of the mountains. There he lay in the still evening hour ; and at first Selênê thought it could scarcely be a living man whom she saw, for he lay as still as if he were made of marble himself. And as she looked upon him, Selênê drew in her breath for wonder, and she went gently down the valley till she came to the steps where Endymiôn lay asleep.

Presently the sun sank behind the hill, and the rich glow of the evening made the silvery lake gleam like gold ; and Endymiôn awoke, and saw Selênê standing near him. Then Selênê said, ' I am wandering over the earth, and I may not stay here. Come away, and I will show you larger lakes and more glorious valleys than these.' But Endymiôn said, ' Lady, I cannot go. There may be lakes which are larger, and valleys more splendid than this ; but I love this still and quiet place, where storms never come, and the sky is never black with clouds. You must not ask me to leave the cool shade of these sleeping trees, and the myrtles and roses which twine under the tall elms ; and these waters, where the swans rest in the hot hours of the day, and the dragon-fly spreads his green and golden wings to the sun.'

Many times did Selênê ask him, but Endymiôn would not leave his pleasant home ; and at last she said, ' I can stay no more ; but if you will not come with me, then you shall sleep on these marble steps and never wake up again.' So Selênê left him ; and presently a deep sleep came over Endymiôn, and his hands drooped down by his side, and h



lay without moving on the steps of the temple, while the evening breeze began to stir gently the broad leaves of the palm trees, and the lilies which bowed their heads over the calm water. There he lay all through the still and happy night; and there he lay when the sun rose up from the sea, and mounted up with his fiery horses into the sky. There was a charm now on this beautiful valley, which made the breeze more gentle, and the lake more still than ever. The green dragon-flies came floating lazily in the air near Endymiôn, but he never opened his eyes; and the swans looked up from the lake, to see if he was coming to feed them, but he stirred not in his deep and dreamless sleep.

There he lay day and night, for weeks, and months, and years; and many times, when the sun went down into the sea, Selênê came and stood on the Latmian hill, and watched Endymiôn as he lay asleep on the marble steps beneath the drooping palm trees, and she said, 'I have punished him because he would not leave his home; and Endymiôn sleeps for ever in the land of Latmos.'

*Ibi.*



## LESSON 20.

## STORIES OF MYTHOLOGY.

## IV. IXION.

**Déméter**, goddess of the earth. She protected agriculture and the fruits of the earth

**Dia**, daughter of Deioneus (Hesioneus) and wife of Ixion

**Eôs**, goddess of the morning red. Called *Aurora* by the Romans

**Erinys**, an avenging deity

**Hérè**, queen of heaven.

Called *Juno* by the Romans

**Hermes**, son of Zeus. The herald of the gods, and therefore the god of eloquence. Called *Mercurius* by the Romans

**Kolchis**, a country of Asia

**Kronos** (Latin, *Cronus*), father of Zeus

**Medeia**, noted for her skill in magic.

æther  
beckoned  
bloodguiltiness

dazzling  
gleaming  
glistened

recompense  
sandals  
treacherous

vesture  
withered  
yearning

Fair as the blushing clouds which float in early morning across the blue heaven, the beautiful Dia gladdened the heart of all who dwelt in the house of her father Hesioneus. There was no guile in her soft clear eye, for the light of Eôs was not more pure than the light of the maiden's countenance. There was no craft in her smile, for on her rested the love and the wisdom of Athênê. Many a chieftain sought to win her for his bride; but her heart beat with love only for Ixion, the beautiful and mighty, who came to the halls of Hesioneus with horses which cannot grow old or die. The golden hair flashed a glory from his head, dazzling as the rays which stream from Hêlios when he drives his

chariot up the heights of heaven ; and his flowing robe glistened as he moved, like the vesture which the sun-god gave to the wise maiden Medeia, who dwelt in Kolchis.

Long time Ixion abode in the house of Hesioneus, for Hesioneus was loth to part with his child. But at the last Ixion sware to give for her a ransom precious as the golden fruits which Hêlios wins from the teeming earth. So the word was spoken, and Dia the fair became the wife of the son of Amythaon, and the undying horses bare her away in his gleaming chariot. Many a day and month and year the fiery steeds of Hêlios sped on their burning path, and sank down hot and wearied in the western sea ; but no gifts came from Ixion, and Hesioneus waited in vain for the wealth which had tempted him to barter away his child. Messenger after messenger went and came, and always the tidings were that Ixion had better things to do than to waste his wealth on the mean and greedy. 'Tell him,' he said, 'that every day I journey across the wide earth, gladdening the hearts of the children of men, and that his child has now a more glorious home than that of the mighty gods who dwell on the high Olympos. What would he have more ?' Then day by day Hesioneus held converse with himself, and his people heard the words which came sadly from his lips. 'What would I have more ?' he said ; 'I would have the love of my child. I let her depart when not the wealth of Phoebus himself could recompense me for her loss. I bartered her for gifts, and Ixion withholds the wealth which he sware to give. Yet were all the riches of his treasure-house lying now before me, one loving glance from the eyes of Dia would be more than worth them all.'

But when his messengers went yet again to plead with Ixion, and their words were all spoken in vain, Hesioneus resolved to deal craftily, and he sent his servants by night and stole the undying horses which bare his gleaming chariot. Then the heart of Ixion was humbled within him, for he said, 'My people look for me daily throughout the wide earth. If they see not my face, their souls will faint with fear; they will not care to sow their fields, and the golden harvests of Dêmêtêr will wave no more in the summer breeze.' So there came messengers from Ixion, who said, 'If thou wouldest have the wealth which thou seekest, come to the house of Ixion, and the gifts shall be thine, and thine eyes shall once more look upon thy child.'

In haste Hesioneus went forth from his home, like a dark and lonely cloud stealing across the broad heaven. All night long he sped upon his way, and as the light of Eôs flushed the eastern sky, he saw afar off the form of a fair woman, who beckoned to him with her long white arms. Then the heart of the old man revived, and he said, 'It is Dia, my child. It is enough if I can but hear her voice and clasp her in mine arms and die.' But his limbs trembled for joy, and he waited until presently his daughter came and stood beside him. On her face there rested a softer beauty than in the former days, and the sound of her voice was more tender and loving, as she said, 'My father, Zeus has made clear to me many dark things, for he has given me power to search out the secret treasures of the earth, and to learn from the wise beings who lurk in its hidden places the things that shall be hereafter. And now I see that thy life is well-nigh done, if thou seekest to look upon the treasures of Ixion, for no man may gaze upon them

and live. Go back, then, to thy home, if thou wouldest not die. I would that I might come with thee, but so it may not be. Each day I must welcome Ixion when his fiery horses come back from their long journey, and every morning I must harness them to his gleaming chariot before he speeds upon his way. Yet thou hast seen my face, and thou knowest that I love thee now even as in the days of my childhood.'



## LESSON 21.

**I X I O N.***(Continued.)*

But the old greed filled again the heart of Hesioneus, and he said, 'The faith of Ixion is pledged. If he withhold still the treasures which he sware to give, he shall never more see the deathless horses. I will go myself into his treasure-house, and see whether in very truth he has the wealth of which he makes such proud boasting.' Then Dia clasped her arms once again around her father, and she kissed his face, and said sadly, 'Farewell, then, my father; I go to my home, for even the eyes of Dia may not gaze on the secret treasures of Ixion.' So Dia left him, and when the old man turned to look on her departing form, it faded from his sight as the clouds melt away before the sun at noonday. Yet once again he toiled on his way, until before his glorious home he saw Ixion, radiant as Phoebus Apollo in his beauty; but there was anger in his kindling eye, for he was wroth for the theft of his undying horses. Then the voice of Ixion smote the ear of Hesioneus, harsh as the flapping of the wings

of Erînyes when she wanders through the air. 'So thou wilt see my secret treasures? Take heed that thy sight be strong.' But Hesioneus spake in haste, and said, 'Thy faith is pledged, not only to let me see them, but to bestow them on me as my own, for therefore didst thou win Dia my child to be thy wife.' Then Ixion opened the door of his treasure-house and thrust in Hesioneus, and the everlasting fire devoured him.

But far above, in the pure heaven, Zeus beheld the deed of Ixion, and the tidings were sent abroad to all the gods of Olympos, and to all the sons of men, that Ixion had slain Hesioneus by craft and guile. A horror of great blackness fell on the heaven above and the earth beneath for the sin of which Zeus alone can purge away the guilt. Once more Dia made ready her husband's chariot, and once more he sped on his fiery journey; but all men turned away their faces, and the trees bowed their scorched and withered heads to the ground. The flowers drooped thick on their stalks and died, the corn was kindled like dried stubble on the earth, and Ixion said within himself, 'My sin is great; men will not look upon my face as in the old time, and the gods of Olympos will not cleanse my hands from the guilt of my treacherous deed.' So he went straightway and fell down humbled before the throne of Zeus, and said, 'O thou that dwellest in the pure æther far above the dark cloud, my hands are foul with blood, and thou alone canst cleanse them; therefore purge mine iniquity, lest all living things die throughout the wide earth.'

Then the undying gods were summoned to the judgment-seat of Zeus. By the side of the son of Kronos stood Hermes, ever bright and fair, the

messenger who flies on his golden sandals more swiftly than a dream ; but fairer and more glorious than all who stood near his throne was the lady Hêrê, the queen of the blue heaven. On her brow rested the majesty of Zeus and the glory of a boundless love, which sheds gladness on the teeming earth and the broad sea. And even as he stood before the judgment-seat the eyes of Ixion rested with a strange yearning on her undying beauty, and he scarce heard the words which cleansed him from blood-guiltiness.

So Ixion tarried in the house of Zeus, far above in the pure æther, where only the light clouds weave a fairy network at the rising and setting of the sun. Day by day his glance rested more warm and loving on the countenance of the lady Hêrê, and Zeus saw that her heart too was kindled by a strange love, so that a fierce wrath was stirred within him.

Presently he called Hermes the messenger and said, 'Bring up from among the children of Nephelê one who shall wear the semblance of the lady Hêrê, and place her in the path of Ixion when he wanders forth on the morrow.' So Hermes sped away on his errand, and on that day Ixion spake secretly with Hêrê, and tempted her to fly from the house of Zeus. 'Come with me,' he said ; 'the winds of heaven cannot vie in speed with my deathless horses ; and the palace of Zeus is but as the house of the dead by the side of my glorious home.' Then the heart of Ixion bounded with a mighty delight as he heard the words of Hêrê : 'To-morrow I will meet thee in the land of the children of Nephelê.' So on the morrow, when the light clouds had spread their fairy network over the heaven, Ixion stole away from the house of Zeus

to meet the lady Hêrê. As he went the fairy web faded from the sky, and it seemed to him that the lady Hêrê stood before him in all her beauty. 'Hêrê, great queen of the unstained heaven,' he said, 'come with me, for I am worthy of thy love, and I quail not for all the majesty of Zeus.' But even as he stretched forth his arms the bright form vanished away. The crashing thunder rolled through the sky, and he heard the voice of Zeus saying, 'I cleansed thee from thy guilt; I sheltered thee in my home; and thou hast dealt with me treacherously as thou didst before with Hesioneus. Thou hast sought the love of Hêrê; but the maiden which stood before thee was but a child of Nephelê, whom Hermes brought hither to cheat thee with the semblance of the wife of Zeus. Wherefore hear thy doom. No more shall thy deathless horses speed with thy glistening chariot over the earth, but high in the heaven a blazing wheel shall bear thee through the rolling years; and the doom shall be on thee for ever and ever.'

So was Ixion bound on the fiery wheel, and the sons of men see the flashing spokes day by day as it whirls in the high heavens.

*Ibid.*





## LESSON 22.

**THE DESERT.**

anon, soon, quickly  
 azure, sky-blue colour  
 besprent, spread over  
 dromedary, the one-hump  
 camel of Arabia, and very  
 swift of foot

gentian, a plant which has  
 a very bitter root  
 imperious, overbearing  
 plover, a kind of bird,  
 sometimes called the *rain-  
 bird*

allowance  
 antelope  
 famished

frantic  
 impelled  
 obelisks

ostrich  
 reluctant  
 senna

tranquil  
 traveller  
 uncommunicating

Still o'er the wilderness

Settled the moveless mist.

The timid antelope, that heard their steps,  
 Stood doubtful where to turn in that dim light ;  
 The ostrich, blindly hastening, met them full ;

At night, again in hope,

Young Thalaba lay down ;

The morning came, and not one guiding ray  
 Through the thick mist was visible,  
 The same deep moveless mist that mantled all.

O for the vulture's scream,  
 Who haunts for prey the abode of humankind !  
 O for the plover's pleasant cry,  
 To tell of water near !

O for the camel-driver's song !

For now the water-skin grows light,  
 Though of the draught, more eagerly desired,  
 Imperious prudence took with sparing thirst.

Oft from the third night's broken sleep,  
 As in his dreams he heard  
 The sound of rushing winds,

Started the anxious youth, and looked abroad,  
In vain ! for still the deadly calm endured.

Another day passed on :  
The water-skin was drained ;  
But then one hope arrived,



A DESERT.

For there was motion in the air !  
The sound of the wind arose anon,  
That scattered the thick mist,  
And lo ! at length the lovely face of heaven !

Alas ! a wretched scene  
Was opened on their view.

They looked around, no wells were near,  
    No tent, no human aid !  
Flat on the camel lay the water-skin,  
And their dumb servant difficultly now,  
Over hot sands and under the hot sun,  
    Dragged on with patient pain.  
But O the joy ! the blessed sight !  
When in that burning waste the travellers  
Saw a green meadow, fair with flowers besprent,  
    Azure and yellow, like the beautiful fields  
    Of England, when amid the growing grass  
The blue-bell bends, the golden king-cup shines,  
    In the merry month of May !  
    O joy ! the travellers  
Gaze on each other with hope-brightened eyes,  
    For sure through that green meadow flows  
The living stream ! and, lo ! their famished beast  
    Sees the restoring sight !  
Hope gives his feeble limbs a sudden strength ;  
    He hurries on !—The herbs so fair to eye  
Were senna, and the gentian's blossom blue,  
And kindred plants, that with unwatered root  
Fed in the burning sand, whose bitter leaves  
    Even frantic famine loathed.

    In uncommunicating misery  
Silent they stood. At length Lobaba cried,  
    'Son, we must slay the camel, or we die  
For lack of water ! Thy young hand is firm,  
Draw forth the knife and pierce him !' . . .

    The young man  
Paused with reluctant pity ; but he saw  
    His comrade's red and painful countenance,  
And his own burning breath came short and quick,  
    And at his feet the gasping beast  
    Lies, overworn with want.

Then from his girdle Thalaba took the knife  
With stern compassion, and from side to side,  
    Across the camel's throat,  
    Drew deep the crooked blade.  
Servant of man, that merciful deed  
For ever ends thy suffering ; but what doom  
Waits thy deliverer ! ' Little will thy death  
    Avail us ! ' thought the youth,  
    As in the water-skin he poured  
    The camel's hoarded draught :  
    It gave a scant supply,  
The poor allowance of one prudent day.

Son of Hodeirah, though thy steady soul  
Despaired not, firm in faith,  
Yet not the less did suffering nature feel  
Her pangs and trials. Long their craving thirst  
Struggled with fear, by fear itself inflamed ;  
    But drop by drop, that poor,  
    That last supply is drained !  
Still the same burning sun ! no cloud in heaven !  
The hot air quivers, and the sultry mist  
Floats o'er the desert, with a show  
Of distant waters, mocking their distress ! . . .

Whilst he spake, Lobaba's eye,  
Full on the distance fixed,  
Attended not his speech.  
Its fearful meaning drew  
    The looks of Thalaba.  
Columns of sand came moving on,  
Red in the burning ray,  
    Like obelisks of fire.  
They rushed before the driving wind ;  
Vain were all thoughts of flight !  
    They had not hoped escape

Could they have backed the dromedary then,  
Who in his rapid race  
Gives to the tranquil air a drowning force.

High, high in heaven upcurled  
The dreadful sand-spouts moved ;  
Swift as the whirlwind that impelled their way,  
They rushed toward the travellers !  
The old magician shrieked,  
And, lo ! the foremost bursts  
Before the whirlwind's force,  
Scattering afar a burning shower of sand. . . .  
When Thalaba from adoration rose,  
The air was cool, the sky  
With welcome clouds o'ercast,  
Which soon came down in rain.  
He lifted up his fevered face to heaven,  
And bared his head, and stretched his hands  
To that delightful shower,  
And felt the coolness flow through every limb,  
Freshening his powers of life.

*From SOUTHEY'S ' Thalaba the Destroyer.'*



## LESSON 23.

THE LEGEND OF THE RED  
FISHERMAN.

advocate, pleader, lawyer  
arcades, walks arched over  
corpulent, bulky, stout  
crosier, a bishop's staff  
lute, a stringed musical instrument

murky, gloomy, obscure  
rosary, a string of beads  
shoon, shoes  
tomes, volumes, books  
vernal, spring

aught  
cinnamon  
companionless

diadem  
fragrance  
revelling

sandal  
shrivelled  
stupor

terraced  
venomous  
writhed

The abbot arose and closed his book,  
And donned his sandal shoon,  
And wandered forth alone to look  
Upon the summer moon :  
A starlight sky was o'er his head,  
A quiet breeze around ;  
And the flowers a thrilling fragrance shed,  
And the waves a soothing sound :  
It was not an hour, nor a scene, for aught  
But love and calm delight ;  
Yet the holy man had a cloud of thought  
On his wrinkled brow that night.  
He gazed on the river that gurgled by,  
But he thought not of the reeds ;  
He clasped his gilded rosary,  
But he did not tell the beads :  
If he looked to the heaven, 'twas not to invoke  
The Spirit that dwelleth there ;  
If he opened his lips, the words they spoke  
Had never the tone of prayer.

A pious priest might the abbot seem,  
He had swayed the crosier well ;  
But what was the theme of the abbot's dream,  
The abbot was loth to tell.

Companionless, for a mile or more  
He traced the windings of the shore.  
Oh, beauteous is that river still,  
As it winds by many a sloping hill,  
And many a dim o'erarching grove,  
And many a flat and sunny cove,  
And terraced lawns whose bright arcades  
The honeysuckle sweetly shades,  
And rocks whose very crags seem bowers,  
So gay they are with grass and flowers !

But the abbot was thinking of scenery  
About as much, in sooth,  
As a lover thinks of constancy,  
Or an advocate of truth.  
He did not mark how the skies in wrath  
Grew dark above his head ;  
He did not mark how the mossy path  
Grew damp beneath his tread ;  
And nearer he came, and still more near,  
To a pool in whose recess  
The waters had slept for many a year,  
Unchanged and motionless ;  
From the river stream it spread away,  
The space of half a rood ;  
The surface had the hue of clay,  
And the scent of human blood ;  
The trees and the herbs that round it grew  
Were venomous and foul ;  
And the birds that through the bushes flew  
Were the vulture and the owl ;

The water was as dark and rank  
 As ever a company pumped ;  
 And the perch that was netted and laid on the bank  
 Grew rotten while it jumped ;  
 And bold was he who hither came  
 At midnight, man or boy,  
 For the place was cursed with an evil name,  
 And that name was ' The Devil's Decoy.'

The abbot was weary as abbot could be,  
 And he sat down to rest on the stump of a tree ;  
 When suddenly rose a dismal tone—  
 Was it a song, or was it a moan ?

' Oh, ho ! Oh, ho !

Above, below !

*Lightly and brightly they glide and go :*  
*The hungry and keen to the top are leaping,*  
*The lazy and fat in the depths are sleeping ;*  
*Fishing is fine when the pool is muddy,*  
*Broiling is rich when the coals are ruddy !'*  
 In a monstrous fright, by the murky light,  
 He looked to the left, and he looked to the right.  
 And what was the vision close before him,  
 That flung such a sudden stupor o'er him ?  
 'Twas a sight to make the hair uprise,  
 And the life-blood colder run :  
 The startled priest struck both his thighs,  
 And the Abbey clock struck one !





## LESSON 24.

**THE LEGEND OF THE RED  
FISHERMAN.***(Continued.)*

All alone, by the side of the pool  
A tall man sat on a three-legged stool,  
Kicking his heels on the dewy sod,  
And putting in order his reel and rod.  
Red were the rags his shoulders wore,  
And a high red cap on his head he bore ;  
His arms and his legs were long and bare ;  
And two or three locks of long red hair  
Were tossing about his scraggy neck,  
Like a tattered flag o'er a splitting wreck.  
It might be time, or it might be trouble,  
Had bent that stout back nearly double ;  
Sunk in their deep and hollow sockets  
That blazing couple of Congreve rockets ;  
And shrunk and shrivelled that tawny skin,  
Till it hardly covered the bones within.  
The line the abbot saw him throw  
Had been fashioned and formed long ages ago ;  
And the hands that worked his foreign vest,  
Long ages ago had gone to their rest :  
You would have said, as you looked on them,  
He had fished in the flood with Ham and Shem !

## I.

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,  
As he took forth a bait from his iron box.  
It was a haunch of princely size,  
Filling with fragrance earth and skies.

The corpulent abbot knew full well  
 The swelling form and the steaming smell ;  
 Never a monk that wore a hood  
 Could better have guessed the very wood  
 Where the noble hart had stood at bay.  
 Weary and wounded, at close of day  
     Sounded then the noisy glee  
     Of a revelling company ;  
     Sprightly story, wicked jest,  
     Rated servant, greeted guest,  
     Flow of wine, and flight of cork,  
     Stroke of knife, and thrust of fork ;  
     But where'er the board was spread,  
     Grace, I ween, was never said !  
 Pulling and tugging the fisherman sat ;  
     And the priest was ready to vomit,  
 When he hauled out a gentleman, fine and fat,  
 With a belly as big as a brimming vat,  
     And a nose as red as a comet.  
 ' *A capital stew,*' the fisherman said,  
     ' *With cinnamon and sherry !*'  
 And the abbot turned away his head,  
 For his brother was lying before him dead,  
     The Mayor of St. Edmund's Bury !

## II.

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,  
 As he took forth a bait from his iron box.  
 It was a bundle of beautiful things,  
 A peacock's tail, and a butterfly's wings,  
 A scarlet slipper, an auburn curl,  
 A mantle of silk, and a bracelet of pearl,  
 And a packet of letters, from whose sweet fold  
 Such a stream of delicate odours rolled,  
 That the abbot fell on his face and fainted,  
 And deemed his spirit was half-way sainted.

Sounds seemed dropping from the skies,  
Stifled whispers, smothered sighs,  
And the breath of vernal gales,  
And the voice of nightingales :  
But the nightingales were mute,  
Envious, when an unseen lute  
Shaped the music of its chords  
Into passion's thrilling words.  
'Smile, lady, smile!—I will not set  
Upon my brow the coronet,  
Till thou wilt gather roses white,  
To wear around its gems of light.  
Smile, lady, smile!—I will not see  
Rivers and Hastings bend the knee,  
Till those bewitching lips of thine  
Will bid me rise in bliss from mine.  
Smile, lady, smile!—for who would win  
A loveless throne through guilt and sin?  
Or who would reign o'er vale and hill,  
If woman's heart were rebel still?'  
One jerk, and there a lady lay,  
A lady wondrous fair ;  
But the rose of her lip had faded away,  
And her cheek was as white and cold as clay,  
And torn was her raven hair.  
'Ah, ha !' said the fisher, in merry guise,  
'*Her gallant was hooked before ;*'  
And the abbot heaved some piteous sighs,  
For oft he had blessed those deep-blue eyes,  
The eyes of Mistress Shore !

## III.

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,  
As he took forth a bait from his iron box.  
Many the cunning sportsman tried,  
Many he flung with a frown aside ;

A minstrel's harp, and a miser's chest,  
 A hermit's cowl, and a baron's crest,  
 Jewels of lustre, robes of price,  
 Tomes of heresy, loaded dice,  
 And golden cups of the brightest wine  
 That ever was pressed from the Burgundy vine.  
 There was a perfume of sulphur and nitre,  
 As he came at last to a bishop's mitre !  
 From top to toe the abbot shook  
 As the fisherman armed his golden hook ;  
 And awfully were his features wrought  
 By some dark dream or wakened thought.  
 Look how the fearful felon gazes  
 On the scaffold his country's vengeance raises,  
 When the lips are cracked and the jaws are dry  
 With the thirst which only in death shall die ;  
 Mark the mariner's frenzied frown,  
 As the swaling wherry settles down,  
 When peril has numbed the sense and will,  
 Though the hand and the foot may struggle  
 still :

Wilder far was the abbot's glance,  
 Deeper far was the abbot's trance :  
 Fixed as a monument, still as air,  
 He bent no knee, and he breathed no prayer ;  
 But he signed—he knew not why or how—  
 The sign of the cross on his clammy brow.

## IV.

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,  
 As he stalked away with his iron box.

*' Oh, ho ! Oh, ho !*

*The cock doth crow ;*

*It is time for the fisher to rise and go.*

*Fair luck to the abbot, fair luck to the shrine,*

*He hath gnawed in twain my choicest line ;*

*Let him swim to the north, let him swim to the south,  
The abbot will carry my hook in his mouth.'*

The abbot had preached for many years,  
With as clear articulation  
As ever was heard in the House of Peers  
Against emancipation.  
His words had made battalions quake,  
Had roused the zeal of martyrs ;  
Had kept the court an hour awake,  
And the king himself three-quarters.  
But ever from that hour, 'tis said,  
He stammered and he stuttered,  
As if an axe went through his head  
With every word he uttered.  
He stuttered o'er blessing, he stuttered o'er ban,  
He stuttered drunk or dry,  
And none but he and the fisherman  
Could tell the reason why !

W. M. PRAED.



## LESSON 25.

**RIP VAN WINKLE.****A TALE OF THE IMAGINATION.**

**alacrity**, liveliness  
**assiduity**, close application  
**corroborated**, confirmed  
**flagons**, drinking vessels  
**Hollands**, a kind of gin  
**Hudson**, a river in the United States  
**insuperable**, not to be overcome

**junto**, a body of men combined for some political purpose  
**matrimony**, married state  
**precipitation**, great hurry  
**reiterated**, repeated again and again  
**rubicund**, ruddy  
**termagant**, scolding, brawling

**adherent**  
**amphitheatre**  
**aversion**

**discipline**  
**incessantly**  
**incredulous**

**involuntarily**  
**patriarch**  
**squirrels**

**tranquilly**  
**vehemently**  
**voyager**

**VAN WINKLE AT HOME.**

Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Kaatskill Mountains. At their foot the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape.

In this same village there lived, many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was blessed with a termagant wife, under whose discipline he acquired the virtues of patience and long-suffering. He was a great favourite among all the children of the village. He assisted at their sports, made

their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labour. It could not be for the want of assiduity or perseverance, for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and as heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never even refuse to assist a neighbour in the roughest toil. Indeed, Rip was ready to attend to everybody's business but his own. He was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled disposition, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. No wonder that his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Rip's sole domestic adherent and companion in idleness was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master. The moment Wolf entered the house his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle, would flee to the door with yelping precipitation.

#### VAN WINKLE AT THE INN.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on ; a tart temper

never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edge-tool that grows keener by constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village, that held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of his majesty George III. Here they used to sit in the shade of a long lazy summer's day, talk listlessly over village gossip, or tell endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions that sometimes took place when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands from some passing traveller.

The opinions of this junto were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbours could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sun-dial. It is true he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however (for every great man has his adherents), perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When anything that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs; but when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds, and sometimes, taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapour curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.



From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his justly indignant wife. 'The poor easy fool,' as she called him, found it necessary to wander farther from home to be secure from his wife's intrusion.

#### VAN WINKLE ON THE MOUNTAIN.

Poor Rip, to escape from the labour of the farm and the clamour of his wife, would often take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods with his four-footed companion. In a long ramble on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill Mountains.

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance hallooing, 'Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!' At the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked down anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. The stranger made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load, which turned out to be a stout keg full of liquor. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity, and mutually relieving each other, they clambered up a narrow gully, and came to a hollow like a small amphitheatre, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time Rip and his companion had laboured on in silence, for there was something

strange and incomprehensible about the unknown, that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheatre, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the centre was a company of odd-looking personages playing at ninepins. As Rip and his companion approached them they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such a fixed, statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-lustre countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavour of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another, and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often, that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

#### VAN WINKLE ON AWAKING.

On awaking, our hero found himself on the green knoll from whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes; it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft and breasting the pure mountain breeze. 'Surely,' thought Rip, 'I must have slept here all night.' With an anxious heart Rip

turned his steps homeward, wondering what excuse he should make to Dame Van Winkle.

As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew. They all stared at him with surprise, and invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip involuntarily to do the same, when to his astonishment he found his beard had grown a foot. He had now entered the outskirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his grey beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognised for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The whole village was altered; strange names were over the doors, strange faces at the windows,—everything was strange. It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof fallen in; the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf was skulking about. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed. ‘My very dog,’ sighed poor Rip, ‘has forgotten me.’

A crowd collected round the strange old man, curious to know who he was, and whence he came. His story was soon told, for though he had been asleep for twenty years, the whole time seemed to him but as one night. All stood amazed and incredulous.

At this moment Peter Vanderdonk was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was the most ancient inhabitant of the village. He recollected

Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was well known the Kaatskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings, and that, in particular, the great Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of festival there every twenty years, with his crew of the *Half-moon*.

WASHINGTON IRVING (*abridged*).

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LESSON 26.

## THE TRANSMIGRATIONS OF INDUR.<sup>1</sup>

### PART I.

aquatic, living in the water	insatiable, very greedy
elated, lifted up, made	inveigled, enticed
proud	javelin, a light hand-spear
falcon, a hawk trained for	lynx, kind of wild cat
hunting	migration, removing from
foraging, searching for food	one country to another
genii, good or evil spirits	potent, powerful

antelopes	bounteously	depredations	recruited
artifices	curiosity	dexterous	transmigrations
benevolence	deigning	perpetually	venomous

At the time when fairies and genii possessed the powers which they have now lost, there lived in the country of the Brachmans a man named Indur, who was distinguished, not only for that gentleness of

<sup>1</sup> In India the Brahmins teach the doctrine of the *transmigration of souls*—that when a man dies his soul passes into some other body, perhaps of an animal or a bird. The poor Hindoos are sometimes afraid of killing a fly lest it should contain the soul of a relative.

disposition and humanity towards all living creatures which are so much cultivated among those people, but for an insatiable curiosity respecting the nature and way of life of all animals. In pursuit of knowledge of this kind he would frequently spend the night among lonely rocks, or in the midst of thick forests ; and there, under shelter of a hanging cliff, or mounted upon a high tree, he would watch the motions and actions of all the animals that seek their prey in the night ; and remaining in the same spot till the break of day, he would observe this tribe of creatures retiring to their dens, and others coming forth to enjoy the beams of the rising sun. On these occasions, if he saw any opportunity of exercising his benevolence towards animals in distress, he never failed to make use of it, and many times rescued the small birds from the pitiless hawk, and the lamb or kid from the gripe of the wolf and lynx.

One day, as he was sitting on a tree in the forest, a little frolicsome monkey, in taking a great leap from one bough to another, chanced to miss its hold, and fell from a great height to the ground. As it lay there unable to move, Indur espied a large venomous serpent advancing to make the poor defenceless creature his prey. He immediately descended from his post, and taking the little monkey in his arms, ran with it to the tree, and gently placed it upon a bough. In the meantime, the enraged serpent, pursuing him, overtook him before he could mount the tree, and bit him on the leg. Presently the limb began to swell, and the effects of the venom became visible over Indur's whole frame. He grew faint, sick, and pale ; and sinking on the ground, was sensible that his last moments were fast approaching. As thus he lay

he was surprised to hear a human voice from the tree ; and looking up he beheld, on the bough where he had placed the monkey, a beautiful woman, who thus addressed him : 'Indur, I am truly grieved that thy kindness to me should have been the cause of thy destruction. Know that, in the form of the poor monkey, it was the potent fairy Perezinda to whom thou gavest succour. Obligated to pass a certain number of days every year under the shape of an animal, I had chosen this form ; and though not mortal, I should have suffered extreme agonies from the bite of the serpent, hadst thou not so humanely assisted me. It is not in my power to prevent the fatal effect of the poison, but I am able to grant thee any wish thou shalt form respecting the future state of existence to which thou art now hastening. Speak, then, before it be too late, and let me show my gratitude.'

'Great Perezinda,' replied Indur, 'since you deign so bounteously to return my service, this is the request that I make : In all my transmigrations may I retain a rational soul, with the memory of the adventures I have gone through ; and when death sets me free from one body, may I instantly animate another in the prime of its powers and faculties, without passing through the helpless state of infancy.' 'It is granted,' answered the fairy ; and immediately breaking a small branch from the tree, and breathing on it, she threw it down to Indur, and bid him hold it fast in his hand. He did so, and presently expired.

Instantly he found himself in a green valley by the side of a clear stream, grazing amid a herd of antelopes. He admired his elegant shape, sleek spotted skin, and polished spiral horns ; and drank with delight of the cool rivulet, cropped the juicy

herb, and sported with his companions. Soon an alarm was given of the approach of an enemy, and they all set off with the swiftness of the wind to the neighbouring immense plains, where they were presently out of the reach of injury. Indur was highly delighted with the ease and rapidity of his motions; and snuffing the keen air of the desert, bounded away, scarcely deigning to touch the ground with his feet.

This way of life went on very pleasantly for some time, till at length the herd was one morning alarmed with noises of trumpets, drums, and loud shouts on every side. They started, and ran first to the right, then to the left, but were continually driven back by the surrounding crowd, which now appeared to be a whole army of hunters, with the king of the country and all his nobles assembled on a solemn chase, after the manner of the Eastern people. And now the circle began to close, and numbers of affrighted animals of various kinds thronged together in the centre, keeping as far as possible from the dangers that approached them from all quarters. The huntsmen were now come near enough to reach their game with their arrows, and the prince and his lords shot at them as they passed and repassed, killing and wounding great numbers. Indur and his surviving companions, seeing no other means of escape, resolved to make a bold push towards that part of the ring which was the most weakly guarded; and though many perished in the attempt, yet a few, leaping over the heads of the people, got clear away; and Indur was among the number. But whilst he was scouring over the plain, rejoicing in his good fortune and conduct, an enemy swifter than himself overtook him. This was a falcon, who, let loose by one of the huntsmen,

dashed like lightning after the fugitives, and alighting upon the head of Indur, began to tear his eyes with his beak, and flap his wings over his face. Indur, terrified and blinded, knew not which way he went, and instead of proceeding straight forward, turned round and came again towards the hunters. One of these, riding full speed, with a javelin in his hand, came up to him, and ran the weapon into his side. He fell down, and with repeated wounds was soon despatched.

When the struggle of death was over, Indur was equally surprised and pleased to find himself soaring high in the air, as one of a flight of wild geese in their annual migration to breed in the Arctic regions. With vast delight he sprang forward on easy wing through the immense fields of air, and surveyed beneath him extensive tracts of earth, perpetually varying with plains, mountains, rivers, lakes, and woods. At the approach of night the flock alighted on the ground, and fed on the green corn or grass; and at daybreak they were again on the wing, arranged in a regular wedge-like body, with an experienced leader at their head. Thus for many days they continued their journey, passing over countries inhabited by various nations, till at length they arrived in the remotest part of Lapland, and settled in a wide marshy lake, filled with numerous reedy islands, and surrounded on all sides with dark forests of pine and birch. Here, in perfect security from man and hurtful animals, they followed the great business of breeding and providing for their young, living plentifully upon the insects and aquatic reptiles that abounded in this sheltered spot.

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## LESSON 27.

**THE TRANSMIGRATIONS OF  
INDUR.**PART I. (*continued*).

Indur, with great pleasure, exercised his various powers of swimming, diving, and flying, sailing round the islands, penetrating into every creek and bay, and visiting the deepest recesses of the woods. He surveyed with astonishment the sun, instead of rising and setting, making a complete circle in the heavens, and cheering the earth with a perpetual day. Here he met with innumerable tribes of kindred birds, varying in size, plumage, and voice, but all passing their time in a similar manner, and furnished with the same powers for providing food and a safe retreat for themselves and their young. The whole lake was covered with parties fishing or sporting, and resounded with their loud cries ; while the islands were filled with their nests, and new broods of young were continually coming forth and launching upon the surface of the waters. One day Indur's curiosity having led him at a distance from his companions to the woody border of the lake, he was nearly paying dear for his heedlessness ; for a fox that lay in wait among the bushes sprang upon him, and it was with the utmost difficulty that, by a strong exertion, he broke from his hold, not without the loss of some feathers.

Summer now drawing to an end, the vast congregation of water-fowl began to break up, and large bodies of them daily took their way southwards, pass the winter in climates where the waters are

never so frozen as to become uninhabitable by the feathered race. The wild geese, to whom Indur belonged, proceeded with their young ones by long daily journeys across Sweden, the Baltic Sea, Poland, and Turkey, to Lesser Asia, and finished their journey at the celebrated plains on the banks of the Cayster,<sup>1</sup> a noted resort for their species ever since the age of Homer, who in some very beautiful verses has described the manners and actions of the various tribes of aquatic birds in that favourite spot. Here they soon recruited from the fatigue of their flight, and enjoyed themselves in the delicious climate till winter. This season, though here extremely mild, yet making the means of sustenance somewhat scarce, they were obliged to make foraging excursions to the cultivated lands in the neighbourhood. Having committed great depredations upon a fine field of young wheat, the owner spread a net on the ground, in which Indur, with several of his companions, had the misfortune to be caught. No mercy was shown them, but as they were taken out one by one, their necks were all broken.

Indur was not immediately sensible of the next change he underwent, which was into a dormouse, fast asleep in a hole at the foot of a bush. As it was in a country where the winter was pretty severe, he did not awake for some weeks. At last a thaw having taken place, and the sun beginning to warm the earth, he unrolled himself, stretched, opened his eyes, and not being able to make out where he was, he roused a female companion whom he found by his side. When she was sufficiently awakened, and they both began to feel hungry, she led the way to a magazine of nuts and acorns, where they

<sup>1</sup> A celebrated river of Lydia, noted in Homer's time (as it is now) for its abundance of swans.

made a comfortable meal, and soon fell asleep again. This nap having lasted a few days, they awakened a second time, and having eaten, they ventured to crawl to the mouth of their hole, where, pulling away some withered grass and leaves, they peeped out into the open air. After taking a turn or two in the sun, they grew chill, and went back again, stopping up the entrance after them. The cold weather returning, they took another long nap, till at length spring being fairly set in, they roused themselves in earnest, and began to make daily excursions abroad. Their winter stock of provisions being now exhausted, they were for some time reduced to great straits, and obliged to dig for roots and pig-nuts. Their fare was mended as the season advanced, and they made a nest near the bottom of a tree, where they brought up a young family. They never ranged far from home, nor ascended the higher branches of the tree, but passed great part of their time in sleep, even during the midst of summer. When autumn came, they were busily employed in collecting the nuts, acorns, and other dry fruits that fell from the trees, and laying them up in their storehouses under ground. One day as Indur was closely engaged in this occupation at some distance from his dwelling, he was seized by a wild cat, who, after tormenting him for a time, gave him a gripe, and put him out of his pain.

From one of the smallest and most defenceless of animals, Indur found himself instantly changed into a majestic elephant, in a lofty forest in the isle of Ceylon. Elated with this wonderful advancement in the scale of creation, he stalked along with conscious dignity, and surveyed with pleasing wonder his own form and that of his com-

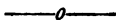
panions, together with the rich scenery of the ever-verdant woods, which perfumed the air with their spicy odour, and lifted their tall heads to the clouds. Here, fearing no injury, and not desirous to do any; the gigantic herd roamed at large, feeding on the green branches, which they tore down with their trunks, bathing in deep rivers during the heat of the day, and reposing in the depths of the forests, reclined against the massy trunks of trees, by night. It was long before Indur met with any adventure that could lead him to doubt his security. But one day, having penetrated into a close, entangled thicket, he espied, lurking under the thick covert, a grim tiger, whose eyes flashed rage and fury. Though the tiger was one of the largest of his species, his bulk was trifling compared to that of an elephant, a single foot of which seemed sufficient to crush him; yet the fierceness and cruelty of his looks, his angry growl, and grinning teeth, struck some terror into Indur. There was little time, however, for reflection, for when Indur had advanced a single step, the tiger, setting up a roar, sprang to meet him, attempting to seize his lifted trunk. Indur was dexterous enough to receive him upon one of his tusks, and exerting all his strength, threw the tiger to a great distance. He was somewhat stunned by the fall, but recovering, renewed the assault with redoubled fury. Indur again, and a third time, threw him off; after which the tiger, turning about, bounded away into the midst of the thicket. Indur drew back, and rejoined his companions, with some abatement in the confidence he had placed in his size and strength, which had not prevented him from undergoing so dangerous an attack.

Soon after he joined the rest of the herd in an expedition beyond the bounds of the forest, to make depredations on some fields of maize. They committed great havoc, devouring part, but tearing up and trampling down much more; when the inhabitants, taking the alarm, assembled in great numbers, and with fierce shouts and flaming brands drove them back to the woods. Not contented with this, they resolved to make the herd pay for the mischief they had done, by taking some prisoners. For this purpose they enclosed a large space among the trees with strong posts and stakes, bringing it to a narrower and narrower compass, and ending at last in a passage only capable of admitting one elephant at a time. This was divided by strong crossbars, which would lift up and down, into several apartments. They then sent out some tame female elephants bred to the business, who, approaching the herd of wild ones, inveigled the males to follow them towards the enclosures. Indur was among the first who were decoyed by their artifices; and with some others following heedlessly, he got into the narrowest part of the enclosure, opposite to the passage. Here they stood awhile, doubting whether they should go farther. But the females leading the way, and uttering their cry of invitation, they ventured at length to follow. When a sufficient number was in the passage, the bars were let down by men placed for that purpose, and the elephants were fairly caught in a trap. As soon as they were sensible of their situation, they fell into a fit of rage, and with all their efforts endeavoured to break through. But the hunters, throwing nooses over them, bound them fast with strong ropes and chains to the posts on each side, and thus kept

them without food or sleep for three days, when, being exhausted with hunger and fatigue, they gave signs of sufficient tameness. They were now let out one by one, and bound each of them to two large tame elephants with riders on their backs, and thus without resistance were led away close prisoners. They were then put into separate stables, and by proper discipline were presently rendered quite tame and gentle.

Not long after, Indur with five more was sent over from Ceylon to the continent of India, and sold to one of the princes of the country. He was now trained to all the services elephants are there employed in ; which were to carry persons on his back in a kind of sedan or litter, to draw cannon, ships, and other great weights, to kneel and rise at command, make obeisance to his lord, and perform all the motions and attitudes he was ordered. Thus he lived a long time, well fed and caressed, clothed in costly trappings on days of ceremony, and contributing to the pomp of Eastern royalty. At length a war broke out, and Indur came to be employed in a different scene. After proper training, he was marched, with a number of his fellows, into the field, bearing on his back a small wooden tower, in which were placed some soldiers with a small field-piece. They soon came in sight of the enemy, and both sides were drawn up for battle. Indur and the rest were urged forwards by their leaders, wondering at the same time at the scene in which they engaged—a scene so contrary to their nature and manners. Presently all was involved in smoke and fire. The elephants advancing, soon put to flight those who were drawn up before them ; but their career was stopped by a battery of cannon, which layed furiously against them. Their vast

bodies offered a fair mark to the ball, which presently struck down some and wounded others. Indur received a shot on one of his tusks, which broke it and put him to such pain and affright, that turning about he ran with all speed over the plain, and falling in with a body of friendly infantry, he burst through, trampling down whole ranks, and filling them with terror and confusion. His leader having now lost all command over him, and finding him hurtful only to his own party, applied the sharp instrument he carried to the nape of his neck, and driving it in with all his force, pierced his spinal marrow, so that he fell lifeless to the ground.



### LESSON 28.

## THE TRANSMIGRATIONS OF INDUR.

### PART II.

antagonist, opponent, enemy	impertinent, rude, impudent	
cope, struggle	molestation, annoyance	
frugality, prudent economy	nectaries, the parts of	
grampus, a large species of	flowers which secrete the	
dolphin found in the Arctic	<i>nectar</i> or honey	
seas	progeny, race, family	
harpoon, a long barbed spear	warren, a place for rabbits	
assailants	malicious	recesses
cataract	necessary	suffocate
fragrant	prodigiously	vanquished
gambols		
hazards		
indulgent		

In the next stage of his existence, Indur, to his great surprise, found even the vast bulk of the elephant prodigiously exceeded ; for he was now a

whale of the largest species, rolling in the midst of the Arctic seas. As he darted along, the lash of his tail made whirlpools in the mighty deep. When he opened his immense jaws he drew in a flood of brine, which, on rising to the surface, he spouted out again in a rushing fountain, that rose high in the air with the noise of a mighty cataract. All the other inhabitants of the ocean seemed as nothing to him. He swallowed, almost without knowing it, whole shoals of the smaller kinds; and the larger swiftly turned aside at his approach. 'Now,' he cried to himself, 'whatever other evils may await me, I am certainly secure from the molestations of other animals; for what is the creature that can dare to cope with me, or measure his strength with mine?' Having said this, he saw swimming near him a fish not a quarter of his length, armed with a dreadful row of teeth. This was a grampus, which directly flying upon Indur, fastened on him, and made his great teeth meet in his flesh. Indur roared with pain, and lashed the sea till it was all in a foam, but could neither reach nor shake off his cruel foe. He rolled over and over, rose and sunk, and exerted all his boasted strength, but to no purpose. At length the grampus quitted his hold, and left him not a little mortified by the adventure.

This was, however, forgotten, and Indur continued to enjoy his new situation as he roamed through the boundless fields of ocean, now diving to its very bottom, now shooting swiftly to its surface, and sporting with his companions in unwieldy gambols. Having chosen a mate, he took his course with her southwards, and in due time brought up two young ones, of whom he was extremely fond. The summer season being arrived, he more frequently than usual



rose to the surface, and basking in the sunbeams, floated unmoved with a large part of his huge body above the waves. As he was thus one day enjoying a profound sleep, he was awakened by a sharp instrument penetrating deep into his back. Instantly he sprang away with the swiftness of lightning, and feeling the weapon still sticking, he dived into the recesses of the deep, and stayed there till want of air obliged him to ascend to the surface. Here another harpoon was plunged into him, the smart of which again made him fly from his unseen foes ; but after a shorter course he was again compelled to rise, much weakened by the loss of blood, which, gushing in a torrent, tinged the waters as he passed. A third wound was inflicted, which soon brought him almost lifeless to the surface ; and the line fastened to the first harpoon being now pulled in, this enormous creature was brought, an unresisting prey, to the side of a ship, where he was soon quite despatched, and then cut to pieces.

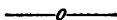
The soul of this huge carcase had next a much narrower lodging, for Indur was changed into a bee, which, with a great multitude of its young companions, was on flight in search of a new settlement, their parents having driven them out of the hive, which was unable to contain them all. After a rambling excursion, the queen, by whom all their motions were directed, settled on the branch of a lofty tree. They all immediately clustered round her, and soon formed a large black bunch, depending from the bough. A man presently planted a ladder, ascended with a bee-hive, and swept them in. After they were quietly settled in their new habitation, they were placed on a stand in a garden along with some other colonies, and left to begin their labours. Every fine morning as soon as the

sun was up, the greater part of them sallied forth and roamed over the garden and the neighbouring fields in search of fresh and fragrant flowers. They first collected a quantity of gluey matter, with which they lined all the inside of their house. Then they brought wax, and began to make their cells, building them with the utmost regularity, though it was their first attempt, and they had no teacher. As fast as they were built, some were filled with liquid honey gathered from the nectaries of flowers; and as they filled the cells, they sealed them up with a thin covering of wax. In other cells the queen bee deposited her eggs, which were to supply a new progeny for the ensuing year.

Nothing could be a more pleasing sight than to behold on a sunshiny day the insects continually going forth to their labour, while others were as constantly arriving at the mouth of the hole, either with yellow balls of wax under their thighs, or full of the honey which they had drawn in with their trunks, for the purpose of spouting it out into the cells of the honeycomb. Indur felt much delight in this useful and active way of life, and was always one of the first abroad at the dawn, and latest home in the evening. On rainy and foggy days they stayed at home, and employed themselves in finishing their cells and all the necessary work within doors; and Indur, though endued with human reason, could not but admire the readiness with which he and the rest formed the most regular plans of work, all corresponding in design and execution, guided by instinct alone.

The end of autumn now approaching, the bees had filled their combs with honey; and nothing more being to be got abroad, they stayed within doors, passing most of their time in sleep. Their

ate a little of their store, but with great frugality ; and all their meals were made in public, none daring to make free with the common stock by himself. The owner of the hives now came and took them one by one into his hands, that he might judge by the weight whether or no they were full of honey. That in which Indur lived proved to be one of the heaviest, and it was therefore resolved to take the contents. For this purpose, one cold night, when the bees were all fast asleep, the hive was placed over a hole in the ground, in which were put brimstone matches set on fire. The fumes rose into the hive, and soon suffocated great part of the bees, and stupefied the rest, so that they all fell from the combs. Indur was amongst the dead.



### LESSON 29.

## THE TRANSMIGRATIONS OF INDUR.

### PART II. (*continued*).

He soon revived in the form of a young rabbit in a spacious warren. This was like a populous town, being everywhere hollowed by burrows running deep under ground, and each inhabited by one or more families. In the evening the warren was covered with a vast number of rabbits, old and young, some feeding, others frisking about, and pursuing one another in wanton sport. At the least alarm they all hurried into the holes nearest them, and were in an instant safe from enemies, --no either could not follow them at all, or if they

did, were foiled in the chase by the numerous ways and turnings in the earth, communicating with each other so as to afford easy means of escape. Indur delighted much in this secure and social life, and taking a mate, was soon the father of a numerous offspring. Several of the little ones, however, not being sufficiently careful, fell a prey either to hawks and crows continually hovering over the warren, or to cats, foxes, and other wild quadrupeds, who used every art to catch them at a distance from their holes. Indur himself ran several hazards. He was once very near being caught by a little dog, trained for the purpose, who kept playing round for a considerable time, not seeming to attend to the rabbits, till, having got near, he all at once darted into the midst of them. Another time he received some shot from a sportsman who lay on the watch behind a hedge adjoining the warren.

The number of rabbits here was so great, that a hard winter coming on, which killed most of the vegetables or buried them deep under the snow, they were reduced to great straits, and many were famished to death. Some turnips and hay, however, which were laid for them, preserved the greater part. The approach of spring renewed their sport and pleasure, and Indur was made the father of another family. One night, however, was fatal to them all. As they were sleeping they were alarmed by the attack of a ferret, and running with great speed to the mouth of their burrow to escape it, they were all caught in nets placed over their holes. Indur with the rest was despatched by a blow on the back of the neck, and his body was sent to the nearest market-town.

His next change was into a young mastiff, brought

up in a farmyard. Having nearly acquired his full size, he was sent as a present to a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who wanted a faithful guard for his house and grounds. Indur presently attached himself to his master and all his family, and showed every mark of a noble and generous nature. Though fierce as a lion whenever he thought the persons or properties of his friends invaded, he was as gentle as a lamb at other times, and would patiently suffer any kind of freedoms from those he loved. He permitted the children of the house to lug him about, ride on his back, and use him as roughly as their little hands were capable of, never, even when hurt, showing any displeasure further than by a low growl. He was extremely indulgent to all the other animals of his species in the yard; and when abroad, would treat the impertinent barking of little dogs with silent contempt. Once, indeed, being provoked beyond bearing, not only by the noise, but by the snaps of a malicious whelp, he suddenly seized him in his open mouth; but when the bystanders thought that the poor cur was going instantly to be devoured, they were equally diverted and pleased at seeing Indur go to the side of a muddy ditch, and drop his antagonist unhurt into the middle of it. He had, however, more serious conflicts frequently to sustain. He was accustomed to attend the servant on market-days to the neighbouring town, when it was his office to guard the provision cart while the man was making his purchases in the shops. On these occasions the boldest dogs in the street would sometimes make an onset in a body; and while some of them were engaging Indur, others would be mounting the cart and pulling down the meat baskets. Indur had much ado to defend himself and the baggage

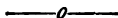
too ; however, he never failed to make some of the assailants pay dearly for their impudence, and by his loud barking he summoned his human fellow-servant to his assistance in time to prevent their depredations.

At length his courage was exerted on the most important service to which it could be applied. His master, returning home late one evening, was attacked near his own house by three armed ruffians. Indur heard his voice calling for help, and instantly flew to his relief. He seized one of the villains by the throat, brought him to the ground, and presently disabled him. The master in the meantime was keeping off the other two with a large stick, but had received several wounds with a cutlass, and one of the men had presented a pistol, and was just on the point of firing. At this moment Indur, leaving his vanquished foe on the ground, rushed forward, and seizing the man's arm, made him drop the pistol. The master took it up, on which the other robber fled. He now advanced to him with whom Indur was engaged, and fired the pistol at him. The ball broke the man's arm, and thence entered the body of Indur, and mortally wounded him. He fell, but had the satisfaction of seeing his master remain lord of the field ; and the servants now coming up, made prisoners of the two wounded robbers. The master threw himself by the side of Indur, and expressed the warmest concern at the accident which had made him the cause of the death of the faithful animal that had preserved his life. Indur died, licking his hand.

So generous a nature was now no longer to be annexed to a brutal form. Indur, awaking as it were from a trance, found himself again in the happy region he had formerly inhabited, and re-

commenced the innocent life of a Brachmarl. He cherished the memory of his transmigrations, and handed them down to posterity, in a relation from which the preceding account has been extracted for the amusement of our young readers.

*Evenings at Home.*



### LESSON 30.

## THE RAVEN.

decorum, good behaviour	ominous, foreboding evil
dirges, funeral songs	Plutonian, dark, infernal
fantastic, imaginary, wild	quaint, odd, fanciful
lore, learning	quoth, said
mien, air, manner	relevancy, reference to the
nepenthe, a magic drug,	subject
supposed to cause people	surcease, the end, death
to forget their sorrows	yore, olden time, long ago

beguiling  
censer  
ebony

hesitating  
lattice  
marvelled

murmuring  
obsequance  
peering

placid  
sculptured  
seraphim

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered,  
weak and weary,  
Over many a quaint and curious volume of for-  
gotten lore,  
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there  
came a tapping,  
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my  
chamber door ;  
‘Tis some visitor,’ I muttered, ‘tapping at my  
chamber door,—  
Only this, and nothing more.’

Ah! distinctly I remember it was in the bleak  
December,  
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost  
upon the floor.  
Eagerly I wished the morrow, vainly I had sought  
to borrow  
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the  
lost Lenore,  
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels  
name Lenore,—  
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each  
purple curtain  
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never  
felt before ;  
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I  
stood repeating,  
‘Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my  
chamber door ;  
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my  
chamber door,—  
This it is, and nothing more.’

Presently my soul grew stronger ; hesitating then  
no longer,  
‘Sir,’ said I, ‘or madam, truly your forgiveness I  
implore ;  
But the truth is, I was napping, and so gently you  
came rapping,  
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my  
chamber door,  
That I scarce was sure I heard you ;’ here I opened  
wide the door,—  
Darkness there, and nothing more.



Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood  
there, wondering, fearing,  
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared  
to dream before.  
But the silence 'was unbroken, and the stillness  
gave no token,  
And the only word there spoken was the whispered  
word 'Lenore!'  
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the  
word 'Lenore!'  
Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within  
me burning,  
Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder  
than before.  
'Surely,' said I, 'surely that is something at my  
window lattice;  
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery  
explore,  
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery  
explore,—  
'Tis the wind, and nothing more.'

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a  
flirt and flutter,  
In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly  
days of yore.  
Not the least obeisance made he, not a minute  
stopped or stayed he,  
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my  
chamber door,—  
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my  
chamber door,—  
Perched and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into  
smiling,  
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance  
it wore ;  
'Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,' I  
said, 'art sure no craven,  
Ghastly, grim, and ancient raven, wandering from  
the nightly shore ;  
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night's  
Plutonian shore.'  
Quoth the raven, 'Nevermore.'

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear dis-  
course so plainly,  
Though its answer little meaning, little relevancy  
bore ;  
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human  
being  
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his  
chamber door,—  
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his  
chamber door,  
With such name as 'Nevermore.'

But the raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust,  
spoke only  
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he  
did outpour ;  
Nothing further then he uttered, not a feather then  
he fluttered,  
Till I scarcely more than muttered, 'Other friends  
have flown before ;  
On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have  
flown before.'  
Then the bird said, 'Nevermore.'

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly  
spoken,  
'Doubtless,' said I, 'what it utters is its only stock  
and store,  
Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerci-  
ful disaster  
Followed fast and followed faster, till his songs one  
burden bore,—  
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden  
bore  
Of Never—nevermore.'

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into  
smiling,  
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of  
bird and bust and door ;  
Then upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to  
linking  
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird  
of yore,—  
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and  
ominous bird of yore  
Meant by croaking 'Nevermore.'

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable  
expressing  
To the fowl, whose fiery eyes now burned into my  
bosom's core ;  
This and more I sat divining, with my head at  
ease reclining  
On the cushion's velvet lining, that the lamp-light  
gloated o'er,  
But whose velvet, violet lining, with the lamp-light  
gloating o'er,  
She shall press, ah ! nevermore.

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed  
from an unseen censer  
Swung by seraphim, whose footfalls tinkled on the  
tufted floor.

'Wretch!' I cried, 'thy god hath lent thee, by  
these angels he hath sent thee,

Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories  
of Lenore!

Quaff, oh, quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this  
lost Lenore!

Quoth the raven, 'Nevermore.'

'Prophet,' said I, 'thing of evil!—prophet still, if  
bird or devil!

Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed  
thee here ashore,

Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land  
enchanted,

On this home by horror haunted,—tell me truly, I  
implore,

Is there—is there balm in Gilead? Tell me—tell  
me, I implore!

Quoth the raven, 'Nevermore.'

'Prophet,' said I, 'thing of evil!—prophet still, if  
bird or devil!—

By that heaven that bends above us, by that God  
we both adore,

Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if within the  
distant Aidenn

It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels  
name Lenore—

Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels  
name Lenore?

Quoth the raven, 'Nevermore.'

'Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend !' I  
shrieked, upstarting ;  
'Get thee back into the tempest and the night's  
Plutonian shore ;  
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy  
soul hath spoken ;  
Leave my loneliness unbroken ; quit the bust  
above my door ;  
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy  
form from off my door !'  
Quoth the raven, 'Nevermore.'

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still  
is sitting,  
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber  
door,  
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's  
that is dreaming,  
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his  
shadow on the floor,  
And my soul from out that shadow, that lies float-  
ing on the floor,  
Shall be lifted nevermore.

EDGAR A. POE.



## LESSON 31.

## AN AVENGING DOG.

<b>adversary</b> , enemy	<b>chevalier</b> , a knight		
<b>bass-relief</b> , sculptured figures which do not stand far out from the surface; when they stand further out they are said to be in <i>alto-relievo</i>	crude, imperfect, rough intimate, suggest, announce lists, ground enclosed for a combat prompted, moved to action		
<b>acknowledgment</b>	<b>brilliant</b>	<b>exhausted</b>	<b>sculpture</b>
<b>anxious</b>	<b>calamity</b>	<b>occurrence</b>	<b>suspicion</b>
<b>attacked</b>	<b>circumstantial</b>	<b>pacified</b>	<b>travelling</b>

When travelling in France some years ago, I visited the Castle of Montargis at the request of a friend, who was anxious to show me a piece of sculpture with which a curious story is connected. Over the chimney-piece in the large hall I saw, cut out in *bass-relief*, the figure of a splendid dog fighting with a man. On looking to my friend for an explanation of the subject, he placed in my hand a French book, which contained the following story as here translated:—

Aubri de Mondidier, a gentleman of good family and large fortune, was travelling alone through the Forest of Bondi. In a secluded spot he was attacked and murdered. The murderer, without robbing the body, buried it beneath a tree. A dog, an English bloodhound, which had attended the murdered gentleman, would not leave his master's grave for several days. At length, compelled by hunger, the animal left the forest and went to the house of an intimate friend of his master at Paris. Here he commenced howling in a most dreadful

manner, as if to intimate some great calamity. He could not be pacified. Repeating his cries, he would run to the door, and turn to see if any one followed him ; he would then run to his master's friend, and pull him by the sleeve, and try to drag him to the door.

These strange actions of the dog alarmed the whole house, especially as they knew he was the constant companion of his master. So they decided to follow the dog the next time he should attempt to lead the way. The opportunity soon offered itself. The dog led them into the wood, and then to a tree, where he commenced to howl and scratch the earth violently with his feet. Prompted in this manner, the party dug for about a foot deep, and came upon the body of their unhappy friend Aubri de Mondidier.

A little while after this occurrence, the dog met accidentally in the street a person who was known as Chevalier Macaire, and instantly seized him by the throat. It was with the greatest difficulty that the animal could be made to let go his hold. Several times in the course of a few months was this incident repeated ; in fact, so savage did the dog become on these occasions, that the chevalier's life was not considered safe as long as the dog was at large, so the animal was chained or kept within private grounds. Now the conduct of the dog was the more strange because he was generally so quiet and well-behaved. It was well known, however, that Macaire had been a bitter enemy to Aubri, and a little suspicion was aroused.

A few months afterwards a circumstance occurred which tended to confirm the suspicion that Macaire knew something of the foul murder. The whole of the details were laid before the king, Louis VIII.,

who sent for the dog. The animal was perfectly gentle towards every one who approached him, and appeared to enjoy the brilliant company in which he found himself. At a given signal from the king Macaire was introduced quietly into the assembly. The moment the dog saw him his manner changed ; he ran fiercely towards him, and attempted to seize him by the throat, as before.

In those days the methods of trial and principles of justice were very crude. The king, struck by so much circumstantial evidence against the chevalier, decided to refer the matter to a chance of battle, *i.e.* that Macaire's innocence or guilt should be proved in a trial by combat. Accordingly, lists were appointed in the isle of Notre Dame, which was then an unenclosed, uninhabited place.

The chevalier was allowed a good thick cudgel for a weapon ; the dog was provided with an empty cask as a place of retreat. The fight took place in the presence of the king and his whole court. No sooner was the dog set at liberty than he commenced the attack. He made repeated attempts to seize his adversary, and as repeatedly leaped on one side to avoid the blows which were aimed at him with deadly intent. This was continued until the man was thoroughly exhausted ; the dog then sprang forward and seized him by the throat, bearing him to the ground. The chevalier cried out for help, saying that he was prepared to confess to the king the commission of the crime. On his own acknowledgment he was convicted of the murder of the dog's master, and in a few days was beheaded on a scaffold in the isle of Notre Dame.

This is the account of the famous combat between the dog and the chevalier, as related in the *Mémoires sur les Duels*.



## LESSON 32.

**THE DEATH OF THE LITTLE SCHOLAR.**

achieved, performed  
coverlet, bed-cover  
emulation, attempt to do as  
well

preface, introduction  
languid, drooping  
relinquishing, giving up

anxiously  
contemplate

handkerchief  
lattice

ornaments  
specimens

spectacles  
whispered

Without further preface he conducted them into his little school-room, which was parlour and kitchen likewise, and told them they were welcome to remain under his roof till morning. The child looked round the room as she took her seat. The chief ornaments of the walls were certain moral sentences, fairly copied in good round text, and well-worked sums in simple addition and multiplication, evidently achieved by the same hand, which were plentifully pasted around the room; for the double purpose, as it seemed, of bearing testimony to the excellence of the school, and kindling a worthy emulation in the bosoms of the scholars. 'Yes,' said the schoolmaster, observing that her attention was caught by these specimens, 'that's beautiful writing, my dear.' 'Very, sir,' replied the child modestly; 'is it yours?' 'Mine!' he returned, taking out his spectacles, and putting them on, to have a better view of the triumphs so dear to his heart; 'I couldn't write like that now-a-days. No; they are all done by one hand; a little hand it is, not so old as yours, but a very clever one.'

As the schoolmaster said this, he saw that a small blot of ink had been thrown upon one of the copies, so he took a penknife from his pocket, and going up to the wall, carefully scratched it out. When he had finished, he walked slowly backward from the writing, admiring it as one might contemplate a beautiful picture, but with something of sadness in his voice and manner, which quite touched the child, though she was unacquainted with its cause.

'A little hand indeed,' said the poor schoolmaster. 'Far beyond all his companions in his learning and his sports too. How did he ever come to be so fond of me? That I should love him is no wonder, but that he should love me'— And there the schoolmaster stopped, and took off his spectacles to wipe them, as though they had grown dim.

'I hope there is nothing the matter, sir,' said Nell anxiously.

'Not much, my dear,' returned the schoolmaster. 'I hoped to have seen him on the green to-night. He was always foremost among them. But he'll be there to-morrow.'

'Has he been ill?' asked the child, with a child's quick sympathy.

'Not very. They said he was wandering in his head yesterday, dear boy, and so they said the day before. But that's a part of that kind of disorder; it's not a bad sign—not at all a bad sign.'

The child was silent. He walked to the door, and looked wistfully out. The shadows of night were gathering, and all was still.

'If he could lean on somebody's arm, he would come to me, I know,' he said, returning into the room. 'He always came into the garden to say good-night. But perhaps his illness has only just

taken a favourable turn, and it's too late for him to come out, for it's very damp, and there's a heavy dew. It's much better he shouldn't come to-night.'

The next day, towards night, an old woman came tottering up the garden as speedily as she could, and meeting the schoolmaster at the door, said he was to go to Dame West's directly, and had best run on before her. He and the child were on the point of going out together for a walk, and without relinquishing her hand, the schoolmaster hurried away, leaving the messenger to follow as she might.

They stopped at a cottage door, and the schoolmaster knocked softly at it with his hand. It was opened without loss of time. They passed into an inner room, where his infant friend, half dressed, lay stretched upon a bed.

He was a very young boy, quite a little child. His hair still hung in curls about his face, and his eyes were very bright; but their light was of heaven, not earth. The schoolmaster took a seat beside him, and stooping over the pillow, whispered his name. The boy sprang up, threw his wasted arms around his neck, crying out that he was his dear, kind friend.

'I hope I always was. I meant to be, God knows,' said the poor schoolmaster.

'Who is that?' said the boy, seeing Nell. 'I am afraid to kiss her, lest I should make her ill. Ask her to shake hands with me.'

The sobbing child came closer up, and took the little languid hand in hers. Releasing his again after a time, the sick boy laid him gently down.

'You remember the garden, Harry,' whispered the schoolmaster, anxious to rouse him, for a dull-

ness seemed gathering upon the child, 'and how pleasant it used to be in the evening? You must make haste to visit it again, for I think the very flowers have missed you, and are less gay than they used to be. You will come soon, my dear, very soon now, won't you?'

The boy smiled faintly, so very, very faintly, and put his hand upon his friend's grey head. He moved his lips too, but no voice came from them; no, not a sound.

In the silence that ensued the hum of distant voices borne upon the evening air came floating through the open window.

'What's that?' said the sick child, opening his eyes.

'The boys at play upon the green.'

He took a handkerchief from his pillow, and tried to wave it above his head. But the feeble arm dropped powerless down.

'Shall I do it?' said the schoolmaster.

'Please wave it at the window,' was the faint reply. 'Tie it to the lattice. Some of them may see it there. Perhaps they'll think of me, and look this way.'

He raised his head, and glanced from the fluttering signal to his idle bat, that lay, with slate and book, and other boyish property, upon a table in the room. And then he laid him down softly once more, and asked if the little girl were there, for he could not see her.

She stepped forward and pressed the passive hand that lay upon the coverlet. The two old friends and companions—for such they were, though they were man and child—held each other in a long embrace, and then the little scholar turned his face towards the wall, and fell asleep.

The poor schoolmaster sat in the same place, holding the small, cold hand in his, and chafing it. It was but the hand of a dead child. He felt that; and yet he chafed it still, and could not lay it down.

CHARLES DICKENS:

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### LESSON 33.

## POETS AND THEIR POETRY.

### I. JOHN MILTON.

amorous, loving	orient, eastern
biographical, written life	poetize, compose verses
chandler, general shop-keeper	rhythmical, agreement of measure and time, regular recurrence of accents
consort, wife or husband	sapphire, a highly brilliant precious stone, in various shades of blue
descant, song, discourse	wanton, unrestrained
glistening, glistening	
Hesperus, the evening star, or Venus	

accompanied	celebrities	individuals	Parliament
apparent	firmament	musician	unargued
arbours	imagination	obscurest	unequalled

In the next few lessons we propose to bring before our young readers some of the best known English poets, with a specimen of their poetry in each case. The biographical sketches will be very brief, as the lessons are intended for exercises in the art of reading poetry. A word or two on poetry in general will not be out of place, perhaps, by way of introduction.

Poetry is from a Greek word signifying the production of the imagination expressed in language.

It is too often confounded with verse or rhyme. What appears to be prose may be the highest style of poetry, the books of Job, Ruth, and the Psalms being very good examples. On account of its being subjected to certain rules of measure and accent, the word *poetry* is now only applied to rhythmical productions. Poetry is a very old form of composition, as may be seen in the earlier productions of the Old Testament, and it has obtained more or less in every country. It has exerted a considerable influence, not only upon individuals, in refining and softening their manners, but upon nations at large. Macaulay said, 'Let me but make the ballads of a nation, I care not who makes their laws.'

Leaving aside the higher influence of poetry, have we not in our own experiences had proof of its value, especially of rhyme? How often has some simple story told in verse had an effect that could never have been produced by a relation in prose? How often have we remembered a fact, when wrapped up in rhyme, that would have escaped our memories if told in the ordinary way? Some boys can never tell how many days there are in June until they run over in their minds the old rhyme:—

'Thirty days hath September, April, June, and  
dull November;

All the rest have one and thirty, save the  
month of February;

Twenty-eight are all its store, but in leap-year  
one day more.'

That is a kind of useful, practical poetry; and if it prevents us from making an absurd mistake, or saves us the trouble of turning to an almanac, it is to be commended to our friends.

Turning now to the subject of this lesson, we are introduced to one of the greatest poets the world has known—perhaps the greatest poet of all ages. Previous to his time there had lived two poets whom the world had crowned with laurels, Homer and Dante, but of them and Milton it is thus written :—

‘ Three poets in three distant ages born,  
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.  
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed,  
The next in majesty ; in both the last.  
The force of nature could no further go ;  
To make a third she joined the other two.’

JOHN MILTON was born in Bread Street, London, on December 9, 1608, not long after Guy Fawkes had made his attempt on the Houses of Parliament. His father, being a thorough musician, and something of a poet too, endeavoured to cultivate like tastes in his son, and placed him under the best tutors at an early age. He obtained many honours at school and college, and commenced when very young to poetize. For some time he travelled in Europe, and made the acquaintance of the celebrities of that time, including Galileo. After the execution of Charles I., he was employed as Latin Secretary to the state, and did good service to the Commonwealth ; it is said that Milton's pen was no less terrible than Cromwell's sword.

Constant study, writing, and application to books, so affected his sight that in 1654 he became totally blind. It was after this sad event that he wrote his glorious work, *Paradise Lost*. For this unequalled production he received the paltry sum of £5, with a promise of £5 more if 1300 copies were sold. For many years he suffered from gout,

and in 1674 died. The only descendant that could be found last century was a great-granddaughter, and in such poor circumstances as to be keeping a small chandler's shop in one of the obscurest parts of London.

His poetry is the sublimest of any in the English



JOHN MILTON.

language. The extract we now give is taken from his matchless *Paradise Lost*, and describes an evening in Paradise :—

Now came still evening on, and twilight grey  
Had in her sober livery all things clad ;  
Silence accompanied ; for beast and bird,  
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests



Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale ;  
She all night long her amorous descant sung ;  
Silence was pleased : now glowed the firmament  
With living sapphires : Hesperus, that led  
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,  
Rising in clouded majesty, at length,  
Apparent queen, unveiled in peerless light,  
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

When Adam thus to Eve : ' Fair consort, the  
hour

Of night, and all things now retired to rest,  
Mind us of like repose ; since God hath set  
Labour and rest, as day and night, to men  
Successive ; and the timely dew of sleep,  
Now falling with soft slumb'rous weight, inclines  
Our eye-lids : other creatures all day long  
Rove idle, unemployed, and less need rest ;  
Man hath his daily work of body or mind  
Appointed, which declares his dignity,  
And the regard of Heaven on all his ways ;  
While other animals inactive range,  
And of their doings God takes no account.  
To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east  
With first approach of light, we must be risen,  
And at our pleasant labour, to reform  
Yon flowery arbours ; yonder alleys green,  
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,  
That mock our scant manuring, and require  
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth :  
Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums,  
That lie bestrewn, unsightly and unsmooth,  
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease ;  
Meanwhile, as Nature wills, night bids us rest.'

To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty 'dorned :  
' My author and disposer, what thou bidd'st  
Unargued I obey : so God ordains ;

God is thy law, thou mine : to know no more  
Is woman's happiest knowledge, and her praise.  
With thee conversing, I forget all time ;  
All seasons, and their change, all please alike.  
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,  
With charm of earliest birds ; pleasant the sun,  
When first on this delightful land he spreads  
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,  
Glistening with dew ; fragrant the fertile earth  
After soft showers ; and sweet the coming on  
Of grateful evening mild ; then silent night,  
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon.  
And these the gems of heaven, her starry train :  
But neither breath of morn, when she ascends  
With charm of earliest birds ; nor rising sun  
On this delightful land ; nor herb, fruit, flower,  
Glistening with dew ; nor fragrance after showers ;  
Nor grateful evening mild ; nor silent night,  
With this her solemn bird ; nor walk by moon,  
Or glittering star-light ; without thee is sweet.'



## LESSON 34.

## POETS AND THEIR POETRY.

## II. WILLIAM COWPER.

august, grand  
 barrister, one who pleads  
 at the *bar* of an English  
 law-court  
 confederate, leagued to-  
 gether  
 filial, childlike  
 Ind, India

Kedar,	{	sons of Ishmael,
Nebaioth,		and founders of
Saba,		the Arab race
a place in Arabia,		
noted for its perfumes and		
spices		
uncontaminate, not polluted		
unimpeachable, cannot be		
accused		

discordant  
 practised

propriety  
 pursuits

resplendent  
 senators

transcends  
 unpresumptuous

William Cowper was the son of a clergyman, and was born at his father's parsonage, Great Berkhamstead, in November 1731. He was a delicate child from his birth; and the death of his mother, before he was six years old, cast a shadow over his whole after-life. He was educated for the law, and in obedience to his father's wish practised for some time as a barrister; but having no relish for legal pursuits, he abandoned them, and gave himself up to translating and writing. When about thirty years of age, his mind became so affected by a variety of causes that he thrice attempted suicide: once by poison, when he was interrupted; once by drowning, which the state of the river prevented; and again by hanging, which was overruled by the providence of God. In his declining years he received a pension from the

Crown of £300 a year. He died in 1800, at the age of sixty-eight. His longest work is *The Task*, from which the two extracts here given have been taken.

The first is from 'The Winter Morning Walk,' and is a description of true liberty :—



WILLIAM COWPER.

But there is yet a liberty, unsung  
By poets, and by senators unpraised,  
Which monarchs cannot grant, nor all the powers  
Of earth and hell confederate take away ;  
A liberty which persecution, fraud,  
Oppressions, prisons have no power to bind ;

Which whoso tastes can be enslaved no more.  
'Tis liberty of heart, derived from Heaven,  
Bought with His blood who gave it to mankind,  
And sealed with the same token. It is held  
By charter, and that charter sanctioned sure  
By the unimpeachable and awful oath  
And promise of a God. His other gifts  
All bear the royal stamp that speaks them His,  
And are august, but this transcends them all.  
He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,  
And all are slaves beside. There's not a chain  
That hellish foes confederate for his harm  
Can wind around him, but he casts it off  
With as much ease as Samson his green withes.  
He looks abroad into the varied field  
Of nature, and though poor perhaps, compared  
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,  
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.  
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,  
And the resplendent rivers. His to enjoy  
With a propriety that none can feel,  
But who, with filial confidence inspired,  
Can lift to heaven an unpresumptuous eye,  
And smiling say, 'My Father made them all!'

The next piece is taken from the portion of *The Task* entitled 'The Winter Walk at Noon,' and is part of a description of the restoration of all things:—

Error has no place :  
That creeping pestilence is driven away :  
The breath of Heaven has chased it. In the heart  
No passion touches a discordant string,  
But all is harmony and love. Disease  
Is not ; the pure and uncontaminate blood  
Holds its due course, nor fears the frost of age.  
One song employs all nations, and all cry,

'Worthy is the Lamb, for He was slain for us!'  
The dwellers in the vales and on the rocks  
Shout to each other, and the mountain-tops  
From distant mountains catch the flying joy,  
Till nation after nation taught the strain,  
Earth rolls the rapturous hosanna round.  
Behold the measure of the promise filled;  
See Salem built, the labour of a God!  
Bright as a sun the sacred city shines;  
All kingdoms and all princes of the earth  
Flock to that light; the glory of all lands  
Flows into her; unbounded is her joy,  
And endless her increase. Thy rams are there,  
Nebaioth, and the flocks of Kedar there;  
The looms of Ormus,<sup>1</sup> and the mines of Ind,  
And Saba's spicy groves, pay tribute there.  
Praise is in all her gates: upon her walls,  
And in her streets, and in her spacious courts,  
Is heard salvation. Eastern Java there  
Kneels with the native of the farther west,  
And Æthiopia spreads abroad the hand  
And worships. Her report has travelled forth  
Into all lands. From every clime they come  
To see thy beauty, and to share thy joy,  
O Sion! an assembly such as earth  
Saw never, such as heaven stoops down to see.

<sup>1</sup> An island at the entrance of the Persian Gulf; a mere barren rock now, but once the opulent seat of a flourishing Portuguese settlement.



## LESSON 35.

**POETS AND THEIR POETRY.****III. LORD BYRON.**

<b>Belshazzar</b> (see Daniel v.)	lore, learning		
<b>canopy</b> , covering over the head	<b>metropolis</b> , chief city or capital		
<b>cohorts</b> , companies of soldiers	<b>satraps</b> , governors of provinces		
<b>distorted</b> , out of regular shape	<b>sheen</b> , splendour, brightness		
<b>affectionate</b>	<b>Galilee</b>	<b>reproach</b>	<b>tremulous</b>
<b>festival</b>	<b>prophecy</b>	<b>solitary</b>	<b>university</b>

This poet was born, like the first one we noticed, in the very matter-of-fact city of London, in 1788. His early years were singularly unhappy, and no doubt tended in some measure to form that life which was at one time the idol and the reproach of the English nation. When he was very young, his mother separated from her husband; and his own marriage, twenty years afterwards, was so unhappy that, in less than twelve months, he separated from his wife. Although affectionate, he was passionate and revengeful; and this, with a lameness that attended him, rendered him shunned rather than sought for by his school-fellows. After leaving the University of Cambridge, he travelled through Turkey and Greece, and then returned to London, to plunge into all the gaiety and pleasures of the metropolis. When the insurrection of the Greeks broke out in 1821, he resolved to devote himself entirely by fortune, pen, and sword to assist them in obtaining their independence.

Accordingly, he went to Greece in 1823, but from a fever he died at Missolonghi the following year, at the age of thirty-six. His principal works are, *Childe Harold*, *Don Juan*, *The Bride of Abydos*, and the *Hebrew Melodies*, from the last of which our selections have been taken.



LORD BYRON.

## THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,  
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold ;  
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the  
sea,  
When the blue wave rolls nightly o'er deep Galilee.



Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,  
That host with their banners at sunset were seen ;  
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath  
    blown,  
That host on the morrow lay withered and strewn.  
For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the  
    blast,  
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed ;  
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and  
    chill,  
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew  
    still !

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,  
But through it there rolled not the breath of his  
    pride ;  
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,  
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.  
And there lay the rider distorted and pale,  
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail ;  
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,  
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.  
And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,  
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal ;  
And the might of the Gentiles, unsmote by the  
    sword,  
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord.

#### THE VISION OF BELSHAZZAR.

The king was on his throne, the satraps thronged  
    the hall :  
A thousand bright lamps shone o'er that high  
    festival.  
A thousand cups of gold, in Judah deemed divine—  
Jehovah's vessels hold the godless heathen's wine.

In that same hour and hall, the fingers of a hand  
Came forth against the wall, and wrote as if on  
sand :

The fingers of a man ;—a solitary hand  
Along the letters ran, and traced them like a wand.

The monarch saw, and shook, and bade no more  
rejoice ;

All bloodless waxed his look, and tremulous his  
voice :

‘ Let the men of lore appear, the wisest of the  
earth,

And expound the words of fear which mar our  
royal mirth.’

Chaldea’s seers are good, but here they have no  
skill ;

And the unknown letters stood untold and awful  
still.

And Babel’s men of age are wise and deep in lore,  
But now they were not sage ; they saw—but knew  
no more.

A captive in the land, a stranger and a youth,  
He heard the king’s command, he saw the writ-  
ing’s truth.

The lamps around were bright, the prophecy in  
view ;

He read it on that night,—the morrow proved it  
true.

‘ Belshazzar’s grave is made, his kingdom passed  
away,

He, in the balance weighed, is light and worthless  
clay ;

The shroud his robe of state, his canopy the stone ;  
The Mede is at his gate, the Persian on his  
throne !’

## LESSON 36.

**POETS AND THEIR POETRY.****IV. OLIVER GOLDSMITH.**

copse, wood		presage, predict, foretell	
counterfeited, not genuine		summarily, quickly	
episcopal, belonging to a		vagrant, begging, wander-	
bishop		ing	
furze, the gorse		wake, sitting up all night	
gauge, measure the contents		with a dead body	
of casks and other vessels		wile, art, playfulness	
biographies	disasters	subsequently	unprofitably
comparatively	emigrate	triumphed	vanquished
cypher	ordination	unpractised	venerable

Strictly speaking, Goldsmith was an Irishman, having been born in the county of Longford, in 1728. His life forms one of the strangest, yet most interesting, biographies ever written. He made but little headway either at school or college, and still less in some five or six professions which he tried. Yielding to the wishes of his friends, who were anxious for him to enter the Church, he applied to the bishop for ordination; but as he made his appearance in a suit of bright scarlet, he was summarily turned out of the episcopal palace.

After this he set out for Cork, intending to emigrate; but he lost all his money at a gaming-table, and was glad to accept a handful of peas which a girl gave him at an Irish wake. His life subsequently was almost one continual struggle against poverty. He rambled through most of the countries of Europe, and often had he to

perform with his flute in the streets to procure a morsel of bread or a night's lodgings. He died at the comparatively early age of forty-six, being £2000 in debt. His merits were not unacknowledged; he was buried in the Temple Church, and a monument was erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey.

his poetical works  
*Village* and *The*

he was also a  
prose writer.

mer of the  
describes  
sons whom  
known. For  
we select his  
of two of  
preacher and

The best known of  
are *The Deserted  
Traveller*; but  
very extensive

In the for-  
poems he  
various per-  
he had  
our purpose  
description  
them — the  
the teacher.



OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

### THE VILLAGE PARSON.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,  
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;  
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,  
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.  
A man he was to all the country dear;  
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;  
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,  
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place;  
Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power  
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;  
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,  
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.  
His house was known to all the vagrant train,  
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain:

The long-remembered beggar was his guest,  
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;  
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,  
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed ;  
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,  
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away—  
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,  
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.

Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,  
And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;  
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,  
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,  
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side ;  
But in his duty prompt at every call,  
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all.  
And as a bird each fond endearment tries  
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,  
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,  
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,  
And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismayed,  
The reverend champion stood. At his control  
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;  
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,  
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,  
His looks adorned the venerable place ;  
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,  
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.  
The service past, around the pious man,  
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran ;

E'en children followed with endearing wile,  
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's  
smile.

His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,  
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares dis-  
trest ;

To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,  
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.  
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,  
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,  
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are  
spread,  
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

#### THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,  
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,  
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,  
The village master taught his little school.  
A man severe he was, and stern to view,  
I knew him well, and every truant knew ;  
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace  
The day's disasters in his morning face ;  
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee  
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;  
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,  
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned ;  
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,  
The love he bore to learning was in fault.  
The village all declared how much he knew ;  
'Twas certain he could write and cypher too ;  
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,  
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge ;  
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,  
For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still ;

While words of learned length and thundering  
sound

Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;  
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,  
That one small head could carry all he knew.  
But past is all his fame. The very spot  
Where many a time he triumphed is forgot.



### LESSON 37.

## POETS AND THEIR POETRY.

### V. LORD MACAULAY.

<b>Almayne</b> , Germany (L'Alle- magne)	<b>Guelders</b> , a province of the Netherlands		
<b>Appenzel</b> , a canton of Switzerland	<b>Lorraine</b> , name of the seat of the Guise family		
<b>Coligni</b> , a French admiral, the first victim in the massacre of St. Bartholo- mew	<b>Mayenne</b> , brother of Duke of Guise		
<b>culverin</b> , a long slender gun	<b>oriflamme</b> , the ancient royal banner of France		
<b>D'Aumale</b> , younger brother of the Duke of Guise	<b>Philip</b> , king of Spain		
<b>Egmont</b> , an officer of Philip II. of Spain	<b>pistoles</b> , Spanish gold coins, worth about 16s. each		
	<b>Rochelle</b> , a seaport on the west coast of France		
<b>celebrated</b>	<b>contributor</b>	<b>extraordinary</b>	<b>truncheon</b>
<b>citizens</b>	<b>distinguished</b>	<b>graciously</b>	<b>university</b>
<b>classical</b>	<b>empurpled</b>	<b>literature</b>	<b>vengeance</b>

Thomas Babington Macaulay was born in Leicestershire, on the 25th of October 1800. His parents were very intelligent and pious people, and on intimate terms with the celebrated Hannah More. This lady, in speaking of young Macaulay, 's him a 'jewel of a boy, whose only fault is

that he will not read prose,' poetry being his great passion. While very young he distinguished himself in various branches of education, was an immense reader, and wrote thousands of verses.



LORD MACAULAY.

At eighteen years of age he entered the University of Cambridge, where his reputation was increased year by year, as he carried off the prizes for literary and classical attainments.

For some years he was engaged in writing for



the chief magazines of the day. In 1826 he was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn. He never practised much as a lawyer, his chief triumphs during this period being won as a contributor to the *Edinburgh Review*. Four years afterwards (in 1830) he entered the House of Commons as member for Leeds ; but his speeches never equalled the power of his pen. Being made secretary of the Board of Control for India, he went out to that country, and remained there for more than two years, in order to draw up a reformed code for the better government of that land. After his return to England he devoted himself chiefly to literature, and earned for himself a name for scholarship and brilliant writing which few have equalled, and scarcely any surpassed.

His acquaintance with ancient and modern languages was very extensive ; his knowledge of the history and literature of many countries was extensive too. His extraordinary memory was the wonder and admiration of his friends ; he seemed scarcely to forget anything he had once heard or seen. Although he is famed as an essayist, a historian, and a critic, rather than as a poet, there are few schoolboys who are not fond of reading his *Horatius* and *The Armada*. The piece we have selected for this lesson is entitled *Ivry : A Song of the Huguenots*, and is founded upon a battle which took place between Henry IV., the first Bourbon sovereign of France, and the Catholic or League party, in the neighbourhood of Paris, 1590.

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all  
glories are !  
And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry of  
Navarre !

Now let there be the merry sound of music and  
of dance,  
Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vines, O  
pleasant land of France !  
And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city  
of the waters,  
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning  
daughters.  
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our  
joy,  
For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought  
thy walls annoy.  
Hurrah ! hurrah ! a single field hath turned the  
chance of war ;  
Hurrah ! hurrah ! for Ivry, and Henry of Navarre.

Oh, how our hearts were beating, when at the  
dawn of day  
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long  
array ;  
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel  
peers,  
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's  
Flemish spears !  
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses  
of our land ;  
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon  
in his hand :  
And as we looked on them we thought of Seine's  
empurpled flood,  
And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his  
blood ;  
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the  
fate of war,  
To fight for His own holy name, and Henry of  
Navarre.

The king is come to marshal us, in all his armour  
drest,  
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his  
gallant crest.  
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye ;  
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was  
stern and high.  
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from  
wing to wing,  
Down all our line, a deafening shout, ' God save  
our lord the king ! '  
' And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he  
may,—  
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody  
fray,—  
Press where ye see my white plume shine amidst  
the ranks of war,  
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of  
Navarre.'

Hurrah ! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled  
din  
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roar-  
ing culverin.  
The fiery duke is pricking fast across St. André's  
plain,  
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and  
Almayne.  
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen  
of France,  
Charge for the golden lilies—upon them with the  
lance.  
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand  
spears in rest,  
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the  
snow-white crest ;

And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like  
a guiding star,  
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of  
Navarre.

Now, God be praised ! the day is ours. Mayenne  
hath turned his rein.

D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish  
count is slain.

Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a  
Biscay gale ;

The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags,  
and cloven mail.

And then we thought on vengeance, and, all along  
our van,

'Remember St. Bartholomew !' was passed from  
man to man.

But out spake gentle Henry, 'No Frenchman is  
my foe ;

Down, down with every foreigner, but let your  
brethren go.'

Oh, was there ever such a knight, in friendship or  
in war,

As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of  
Navarre ?

Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought  
for France to-day ;

And many a lordly banner God gave them for a  
prey.

But we of the religion have borne us best in fight ;  
And the good Lord of Rosny has ta'en the cornet  
white.

Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en,  
The cornet white with crosses black, the flag of  
false Lorraine.

Up with it high ; unfurl it wide ; that all the host  
may know  
How God hath humbled the proud house which  
wrought His Church such woe.  
Then on the ground, while trumpets sound their  
loudest point of war,  
Fling the red shreds, a footcloth meet for Henry  
of Navarre.

Ho ! maidens of Vienna ; ho ! matrons of Lucerne ;  
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never  
shall return.

Ho ! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,  
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor  
spearmen's souls.

Ho ! gallants of the League, look that your arms be  
bright ;

Ho ! burghers of Saint Genevieve, keep watch and  
ward to-night.

For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath  
raised the slave,

And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valour  
of the brave.

Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories  
are ;

And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of  
Navarre !



## LESSON 38.

## POETS AND THEIR POETRY.

## VI. WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

bereft, deprived  
**Bowscale Tarn**, a small  
 lake in Cumberland  
**fealty**, loyalty, reverence  
**festal**, joyous, gay  
**garb**, dress  
**imbued**, tinged deeply  
**Mosedale**, in Cumberland  
**Pendragon**, a border castle

in Westmoreland, demol-  
 ished in 1685  
**picturesque**, picture-like  
**recreant**, cowardly  
**rural**, country  
**Spinoza**, a Dutch Jew who  
 lived in the 17th century  
**St. George**, patron saint of  
 England

accession  
 ancestors  
 avenger

exquisite  
 obstinate  
 rescued

statelier  
 subsequent  
 tranquil

treasonable  
 unintelligible  
 yeoman

This poet was born at Cockermouth, in Cumberland, in 1770. As a boy he displayed considerable force of character, but was so obstinate and self-willed that it was predicted he would 'be steady in good or headstrong in evil.' His subsequent life amply proved that he became 'steady in good.' Brought up amidst the beautiful and picturesque scenery of the Lake District, his mind became early imbued with the love of nature, and his poems abound in exquisite descriptions of rural life. He passed through the ordinary school life, and entered the University of Cambridge in due course. After a short stay on the continent of Europe, he settled down in Dorsetshire for some years. He became intimately acquainted with Coleridge at this time; and here we may relate an amusing incident which occurred respecting them. Coleridge was

residing at a village in Somersetshire, in which place Wordsworth hired a house to be near him. The conversation of these two friends was so high-sounding and unintelligible to the villagers, that they were regarded with suspicion and mistrust. A government spy was engaged to watch them,



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

and report as to their treasonable designs. This spy, be it observed, had rather a large nose. One evening the two poets were having an animated discussion about Spinoza, which was overheard by the spy, who was listening behind a bank. The next morning he reported that they were un-

doubtedly talking treason, but that he could not make out exactly what it was, only that they often referred to himself as *Spy-nosey*. It need hardly be said that no charge was sustained against the two friends; but Wordsworth was seen so often haunting lonely places at midnight, and prowling about the sea-shore, that the landlord set him down as a smuggler, and would no longer let him the house.

Wordsworth afterwards went to live in the Lake District, first at Grasmere, and then finally at Rydal Mount, near Ambleside, where he spent the rest of his life. In this quiet retreat he learned to love the very rocks and stones around him. One day some workmen were pulling down some large stones to build a wall, when the poet asked them to let the largest stone remain. They built the wall over it, and saved it for the poet's sake. Thereupon he wrote:—

‘In these fair vales hath many a tree  
At Wordsworth's suit been spared;  
And from the builder's hand this stone,  
For some rude beauty of its own,  
Was rescued by the bard.  
So let it rest: and time will come  
When here the tender-hearted  
May heave a gentle sigh for him,  
As one of the departed. 1830.’

In 1842 he had conferred upon him a pension of £300 a year by the Crown; and in the year following, upon the death of Southey, he was made poet-laureate. This is an old office and title, dating back several hundreds of years. The poet-laureate is really an officer of the Chamberlain's department of the Royal Household; his duty seems to be to make poetry to order upon state occasions, or when



any great event takes place; and for this his salary is 'a pension of £100 a year, and a certain grant of wine from the royal stores.' This honourable post he held until his death in 1850.



## LESSON 39.

**WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.***(Continued.)*

Wordsworth's chief works are *The Excursion*, *Lyrical Ballads*, *The White Doe of Rylstone*, *The Prelude*, and *Peter Bell*. The piece appended is a song supposed to be sung at the feast of Brougham Castle, upon the restoration of Lord Clifford, the shepherd, to the estates and honours of his ancestors. His father having been slain in the battle of Towton, the hero of this poem fled from home, as he could expect no mercy from the house of York, and lived as a shepherd for twenty-five years. Upon the accession of Henry VII. he was restored to his rank and state.

## THE GOOD LORD CLIFFORD.

High in the breathless hall the minstrel sate,  
And Emont's murmur mingled with the song.  
The words of ancient time I thus translate,  
A festal strain that hath been silent long.

'From town to town, from tower to tower,  
The red rose is a gladsome flower.  
Her thirty years of winter past,  
The red rose is revived at last;  
She lifts her head for endless spring,  
For everlasting blossoming

Both roses flourish, Red and White.  
In love and sisterly delight  
The two that were at strife are blended,  
And all old troubles now are ended.  
Joy ! joy to both ! but most to her  
Who is the flower of Lancaster !  
Behold her how she smiles to-day  
On this great throng, this bright array !  
Fair greeting doth she send to all  
From every corner of the hall ;  
But chiefly from above the board  
Where sits in state our rightful lord,  
A Clifford to his own restored !

‘ They came with banner, spear, and shield ;  
And it was proved in Bosworth field.  
Not long the avenger was withstood—  
Earth helped him with the cry of blood :  
St. George was with us, and the might  
Of blessed angels crowned the right.  
Loud voice the land has uttered forth,  
We loudest in the faithful north :  
Our fields rejoice, our mountains ring,  
Our streams proclaim a welcoming ;  
Our strong abodes and castles see  
The glory of their loyalty.

‘ How glad is Skipton at this hour,  
Though she is but a lonely tower !  
To vacancy and silence left,  
Of all her guardian sons bereft—  
Knight, squire, or yeoman, page or groom ;  
We have them at the Feast of Brougham.  
How glad Pendragon, though the sleep  
Of years be on her ! She shall reap  
A taste of this great pleasure, viewing  
As in a dream her own renewing.

Rejoiced is Brough, right glad, I deem,  
Beside her little humble stream ;  
And she that keepeth watch and ward  
Her statelier Eden's course to guard.  
They both are happy at this hour,  
Though each is but a lonely tower :—  
But here is perfect joy and pride  
For one fair house by Emont's side,  
This day distinguished without peer,  
To see her master, and to cheer  
Him and his lady mother dear !

‘ Oh, it was a time forlorn,  
When the fatherless was born !  
Give her wings that she may fly  
Or she sees her infant die !  
Swords that are with slaughter wild  
Hunt the mother and the child.  
Who will take them from the light ?  
Yonder is a man in sight—  
Yonder is a house—but where ?  
No, they must not enter there.  
To the caves, and to the brooks,  
To the clouds of heaven she looks ;  
She is speechless, but her eyes  
Pray in ghostly agonies :  
Blissful Mary, mother mild,  
Maid and mother undefiled,  
Save a mother and her child !

‘ Now who is he that bounds with joy  
On Carrock's side, a shepherd boy ?  
No thoughts hath he but thoughts that pass  
Light as the wind along the grass.  
Can this be he who hither came  
In secret, like a smothered flame ?

O'er whom such thankful tears were shed  
For shelter, and a poor man's bread ?  
God loves the child ; and God hath willed  
That those dear words should be fulfilled,  
The lady's words when forced away,  
The last she to her babe did say,  
" My own, my own, thy fellow-guest  
I may not be ; but rest thee, rest,  
For lowly shepherd's life is best ! "

' Alas ! when evil men are strong,  
No life is good, no pleasure long.  
The boy must part from Mosedale's groves,  
And leave Blencathara's rugged coves,  
And quit the flowers that summer brings  
To Glenderamakin's lofty springs ;  
Must vanish, and his careless cheer  
Be turned to heaviness and fear.—  
Give Sir Lancelot Threlkeld praise !  
Hear it, good man, old in days !  
Thou free of covert and of rest  
For this young bird, that is distress ;  
Among the branches safe he lay,  
And he was free to sport and play  
When falcons were abroad for prey.

' A recreant harp, that sings of fear  
And heaviness in Clifford's ear !  
I said, when evil men are strong  
No life is good, no pleasure long.  
A weak and cowardly untruth !  
Our Clifford was a happy youth,  
And thankful through a weary time  
That brought him up to manhood's prime.—  
Again he wanders forth at will,  
And tends a flock from hill to hill :

His garb is humble : ne'er was seen  
Such garb with such a noble mien :  
Among the shepherd-grooms no mate  
Hath he, a child of strength and state !  
Yet lacks not friends for solemn glee,  
And a cheerful company,  
That learned of him submissive ways ;  
And comforted his private days.  
To his side the fallow-deer  
Came, and rested without fear ;  
The eagle, lord of land and sea,  
Stooped down to pay him fealty ;  
And both the undying fish that swim  
Through Bowscale Tarn did wait on him,—  
The pair were servants of his eye  
In their immortality,  
They moved about in open sight,  
To and fro, for his delight.  
He knew the rocks which angels haunt  
On the mountains visitant ;  
He hath kenned them taking wing :  
And the caves where faeries sing  
He hath entered, and been told  
By voices how men lived of old.  
Among the heavens his eye can see  
Face of thing that is to be ;  
And, if men report him right,  
He could whisper words of might.—  
Now another day is come,  
Fitter hope and nobler doom :  
He hath thrown aside his crook,  
And hath buried deep his book ;  
Armour rusting in his halls  
On the blood of Clifford calls ;—  
“ Quell the Scot ! ” exclaims the lance ;  
Bear me to the heart of France !

Is the longing of the shield.  
Tell thy name, thou trembling field ;  
Field of death, where'er thou be,  
Groan thou with our victory !  
Happy day, and mighty hour,  
When our shepherd, in his power,  
Mailed and horsed, with lance and sword,  
To his ancestors restored,  
Like a reappearing star,  
Like a glory from afar,  
First shall head the flock of war !'

Alas ! the fervent harper did not know  
That for a tranquil soul the lay was framed,  
Who, long compelled in humble walks to go,  
Was softened into feeling, smoothed, and tamed.

Love had he found in huts where poor men lie ;  
His daily teachers had been woods and rills,  
The silence that is in the starry sky,  
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

In him the savage virtue of the race,  
Revenge, and all ferocious thoughts, were dead :  
Nor did he change, but kept in lofty place  
The wisdom which adversity had bred.

Glad were the vales, and every cottage hearth ;  
The shepherd lord was honoured more and more ;  
And ages after he was laid in earth,  
'The good Lord Clifford' was the name he bore.



## LESSON 40.

**THE DEFEAT OF TIME;****OR, A TALE OF THE FAIRIES.**

incredulity, refusing to be-  
lieve

mutable, changeable

nymphs, *see note*<sup>1</sup>

Oberon, king of the fairies

Philomel, or Philomela,  
daughter of Pandion, king  
of Athens, and transformed  
into a nightingale

Rhea, goddess of the earth  
roc, a monstrous bird spoken  
of in Arabian mythology

subtile, thin, delicately con-  
structed

sylvan, woody, shady

Tereus, son of Ares (Mars)

Titania, queen of the fairies

apparition

canopy

capricious

chorister

freighted

gossamer

hyacinth

inevitable

intolerable

intricacies

permanent

vengeance

Titania and her moonlight elves were assembled under the canopy of a huge oak, that served to shelter them from the moon's radiance, which being now at her full, shot forth intolerable rays,—intolerable, I mean, to the subtile texture of their little shadowy bodies,—but dispensing an agreeable coolness to us grosser mortals. An air of discomfort sat upon the queen and upon her courtiers. Their tiny friskings and gambols were forgotten; and even Robin Goodfellow, for the first time in his little airy life, looked grave. For the queen had had melancholy forebodings of late, founded upon

<sup>1</sup> In mythology, Nymphs were beautiful females inhabiting and presiding over every region of earth and waters. Those presiding over rivers, etc. were called *Naiades*; those over woods and trees, *Dryades*; those over the sea, *Nereides*; those over valleys, *Napaeae*, etc.

an ancient prophecy laid up in the records of Fairyland, that the date of fairy existence should be *then* extinct when men should cease to believe in them. And she knew how that the race of the Nymphs, which were her predecessors, and had been the guardians of the sacred floods, and of the silver fountains, and of the consecrated hills and woods, had utterly disappeared before the chilling touch of man's incredulity ; and she sighed bitterly at the approaching fate of herself and of her subjects, which was dependent on so fickle a lease as the capricious and ever-mutable faith of man. When, as if to realize her fears, a melancholy shape came gliding in, and *that* was—Time, who with his intolerable scythe mows down kings and kingdoms; at whose dread approach the fays huddled together as a flock of timorous sheep, and the most courageous among them crept into acorn-cups, not enduring the sight of that ancientest of monarchs. Titania's first impulse was to wish the presence of her false lord, King Oberon,—who was far away, in the pursuit of a strange beauty, a fay of Indian Land,—that with his good lance and sword, like a faithful knight and husband, he might defend her against Time. But she soon checked that thought as vain ; for what could the prowess of the mighty Oberon himself, albeit the stoutest champion in Fairyland, have availed against so huge a giant, whose bald top touched the skies ? So, in the mildest tone, she besought the spectre that in his mercy he would overlook and pass by her small subjects, as too diminutive and powerless to add any worthy trophy to his renown. And she besought him to employ his resistless strength against the ambitious children of men, and to lay waste their aspiring works, to tumble down their



towers and turrets, and the Babels of their pride,—fit objects of his devouring scythe ; but to spare her and her harmless race, who had no existence beyond a dream, frail objects of a creed that lived but in the faith of the believer. And with her little arms, as well as she could, she grasped the stern knees of Time ; and, waxing speechless with fear, she beckoned to her chief attendants and maid of honour to come forth from their hiding-places, and to plead the plea of the fairies.

Then one of those small, delicate creatures came forth at her bidding, clad all in white, like a chorister, and in a low, melodious tone, not louder than the hum of a pretty bee when it seems to be demurring whether it shall settle upon this sweet flower or that before it settles, set forth her humble petition. ‘We fairies,’ she said, ‘are the most inoffensive race that live, and least deserving to perish. It is we that have the care of all sweet melodies, that no discords may offend the sun, who is the great soul of music. We rouse the lark at morn ; and the pretty echoes, which respond to all the twittering choir, are of our making. Wherefore, great King of Years, as ever you have loved the music which is raining from a morning cloud sent from the messenger of day, the lark, as he mounts to heaven’s gate, beyond the ken of mortals ; or if ever you have listened with a charmed ear to the night-bird, that—

“In the flowery spring,  
Amidst the leaves set, makes the thickets ring  
Of her sour sorrows, sweetened with her song,”

spare our tender tribes, and we will muffle up the sheep-bell for thee, that thy pleasure take no interruption whenever thou shalt listen unto Philomel.’

And Time answered that 'he had that song too long, and he was even wearied with that ancient strain that recorded the wrong of Tereus. But if she would know in what music Time delighted, it was when sleep and darkness lay upon crowded cities, to hark to the midnight chime which is tolling from a hundred clocks, like the last knell over the soul of a dead world ; or to the crash of the fall of some age-worn edifice, which is as the voice of himself when he disparteth kingdoms.'

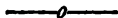
A second female fay took up the plea, and said : 'We be the handmaids of the spring, and tend upon the birth of all sweet buds : and the pastoral cowslips are our friends ; and the pansies and the violets, like nuns ; and the quaking harebell is in our wardship ; and the hyacinth, once a fair youth, and dear to Phœbus.'

Then Time made answer, in his wrath striking the harmless ground with his hurtful scythe, that 'they must not think that he was one that cared for flowers, except to see them wither, and to take her beauty from the rose.'

And a third fairy took up the plea, and said : 'We are kindly things : and it is we that sit at evening and shake rich odours from sweet bowers upon discoursing lovers, that seem to each other to be their own sighs ; and we keep off the bat and the owl from their privacy, and the ill-boding whistler ; and we flit in sweet dreams across the brains of infancy, and conjure up a sweet smile upon its soft lips to beguile the careful mother, while its little soul is fled for a brief minute or two to sport with our youngest fairies.'

Then Saturn (which is Time) made answer, that 'they should not think that he delighted in tender babes, that had devoured his own, till foolish Rhe

cheated him with a stone, which he swallowed, thinking it to be the infant Jupiter.' And thereat, in token, he disclosed to view his enormous tooth, in which appeared monstrous dents left by that unnatural meal; and his great throat, that seemed capable of devouring up the earth and all its inhabitants at one meal. 'And for lovers,' he continued, 'my delight is with a hurrying hand to snatch them away from their love-meetings by stealth at nights; and, in absence, to stand like a motionless statue, till I make their minutes seem ages.'



## LESSON 41.

**THE DEFEAT OF TIME.***(Continued.)*

Next stood up a male fairy, clad all in green, like a forester or one of Robin Hood's mates, and, doffing his tiny cap, said, 'We are small foresters, that live in woods, training the young boughs in graceful intricacies, with blue snatches of sky between; we frame all shady roofs and arches rude; and sometimes, when we are plying our tender hatchets, men say that the tapping wood-pecker is nigh. And it is we that scoop the hollow cell of the squirrel, and carve quaint letters upon the rinds of trees, which in sylvan solitudes sweetly recall to the mind of the heat-oppressed swain, ere he lies down to slumber, the name of his fair one, dainty Aminta, gentle Rosalind, or purest Laura, as it may happen.'

Saturn, nothing moved with this courteous address, bade him be gone, or, 'if he would be

a woodman, to go forth and fell oak for the fairies' coffins, which would forthwith be wanting. For himself, he took no delight in haunting the woods, till their golden plumage (the yellow leaves) were beginning to fall, and leave the brown-black limbs bare, like Nature in her skeleton dress.'

Then stood up one of those gentle fairies that are good to man, and blushed red as any rose while he told a modest story of one of his own good deeds. 'It chanced upon a time,' he said, 'that while we were looking for cowslips in the meads, while yet the dew was hanging on the buds like beads, we found a babe left in its swathing-clothes; a little sorrowful, deserted thing. It was a pity to see the abandoned little orphan left to the world's care by an unnatural mother. How the cold dew kept wetting its childish coats! and its little hair, how it was bedabbled, that was like gossamer! Its pouting mouth, unknowing how to speak, lay half open, like a rose-lipped shell; and its cheek was softer than any peach, upon which the tears, for very roundness, could not long dwell, but fell off, in clearness like pearls,—some on the grass, and some on his little hand, and some haply wandered to the dimpled well under his mouth, which Love himself seemed to have planned out, but less for tears than for smilings. Pity it was, too, to see how the burning sun had scorched its helpless limbs; for it lay without shade or shelter, or mother's breast, for foul weather or fair. So, having compassion on its sad plight, my fellows and I turned ourselves into grasshoppers, and swarmed about the babe, making such shrill cries as that pretty little chirping creature makes in its mirth, till with our noise we attracted the attention of a passing rustic, a tender-hearted hind, who,

wondering at our small but loud concert, strayed aside curiously, and found the babe where it lay in the remote grass, and taking it up, lapped it in his russet coat, and bore it to his cottage, where his wife kindly nurtured it till it grew up a goodly personage. How this babe prospered afterwards, let proud London tell. This was that famous Sir Thomas Gresham, who was the chiefest of her merchants, the richest, the wisest. Witness his many goodly vessels on the Thames, freighted with costly merchandise, jewels from Ind, and pearls for courtly dames, and silks of Samarcand. And witness, more than all, that stately Bourse (or Exchange) which he caused to be built, a mart for merchants from east and west, whose graceful summit still bears, in token of the fairies' favours, his chosen crest, the grasshopper. And, like the grasshopper, may it please you, great king, to suffer us also to live, partakers of the green earth !'

The fairy had scarce ended his plea, when a shrill cry, not unlike the grasshopper's, was heard. Poor Puck—or Robin Goodfellow, as he is sometimes called—had recovered a little from his first fright, and in one of his mad freaks had perched upon the beard of old Time, which was flowing, ample, and majestic, and was amusing himself with plucking at a hair, which was indeed so massy that it seemed to him that he was removing some huge beam of timber, rather than a hair ; which Time by some ill chance perceiving, snatched up the impish mischief with his great hand, and asked what it was.

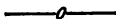
'Alas !' quoth Puck, 'a little random elf am I, born in one of nature's sports ; a very weed, created for the simple, sweet enjoyment of myself, but for

no other purpose, worth, or need, that ever I could learn. 'Tis I that bob the angler's cork till the patient man is ready to breathe a curse. I steal the morsel from the gossip's fork, or stop the sneezing chanter in mid psalm ; and when an infant has been born with hard or homely features, mothers say I changed the child at nurse : but to fulfil any graver purpose I have not wit enough, and hardly the will. I am a pinch of lively dust to frisk upon the wind : a tear would make a puddle of me ; and so I tickle myself with the lightest straw, and shun all griefs that might make me stagnant. This is my small philosophy.'

Then Time, dropping him on the ground, as a thing too inconsiderable for his vengeance, grasped fast his mighty scythe ; and now, not Puck alone, but the whole state of fairies, had gone to inevitable wreck and destruction, had not a timely apparition interposed, at whose boldness Time was astounded ; for he came not with the habit or the forces of a deity, who alone might cope with Time, but as a simple mortal, clad as you might see a forester that hunts after wild conies by the cold moonshine, or a stalker of stray deer, stealthy and bold. But by the golden lustre in his eye, and the passionate wanness in his cheek, and by the fair and ample space of his forehead, which seemed a palace framed for the habitation of all glorious thoughts, he knew that this was his great rival, who had power given him to rescue whatsoever victims Time should clutch, and to cause them to live for ever in his immortal verse. And, muttering the name of Shakespeare, Time spread his roc-like wings, and fled the controlling presence ; and the liberated court of the fairies, with Titania at their head, flocked around the gentle ghost, giving him thanks,

nodding to him, and doing him courtesies, who had crowned them henceforth with a permanent existence, to live in the minds of men, while verse shall have power to charm, or midsummer moons shall brighten.

CHARLES LAMB.



## LESSON 42.

### THE TOWN PUMP.

ferrule, cane or rod		pugnacity, inclination to	
mall, public walk		fight	
multifarious, of many and		reminiscences, recollections	
varied kinds		of past events	
municipality, town, borough		rubicund, ruddy	
perpetuity, endless duration		titillation, tickling	
potations, draughts, drinking		Tophet, hell	
promulgating, proclaiming		turbid, thick, muddy	
antiquity	disquietudes	intimacy	predecessors
beneficial	hereditary	miniature	unadulterated
combustible	impartial	populace	vicinity

Noon by the north clock! Noon by the east! High noon, too, by these hot sunbeams, which fall, scarcely aslope, upon my head, and almost make the water bubble and smoke in the trough under my nose. Truly we public characters have a tough time of it! And among all the town officers chosen at the March meeting, where is he that sustains for a single year the burden of such manifold duties as are imposed, in perpetuity, upon the Town Pump? The title of 'town treasurer' is rightfully mine, as guardian of the best treasure that the town has. The overseers of the poor ought to make me their chairman, since I provide bountifully for the

pauper, without expense to him that pays taxes. I am at the head of the fire department, and one of the physicians to the board of health. As a keeper of the peace, all water-drinkers will confess me equal to the constable. I perform some of the duties of the town clerk by promulgating public notices, when they are pasted on my front. To speak within bounds, I am the chief person of the municipality, and exhibit, moreover, an admirable pattern to my brother officers, by the cool, steady, upright, downright, and impartial discharge of my business, and the constancy with which I stand to my post. Summer or winter, nobody seeks me in vain ; for all day long I am seen at the busiest corner, just above the market, stretching out my arms to rich and poor alike ; and at night I hold a lantern over my head, both to show where I am and to keep people out of the gutters.

At this sultry noontide I am cupbearer to the parched populace, for whose benefit an iron goblet is chained to my waist. Like a dram-seller on the mall at muster-day, I cry aloud to all and sundry in my plainest accents, and at the very tip-top of my voice : Here it is, gentlemen ! Here is the good liquor ! Walk up, walk up, gentlemen, walk up, walk up ! Here is the superior stuff ! Here is the unadulterated ale of father Adam—better than Cognac, Hollands, Jamaica, strong beer, or wine of any price ; here it is by the hogshead or single glass, and not a cent to pay ! Walk up, gentlemen, walk up, and help yourselves !

It were a pity if all this outcry should draw no customers. Here they come. A hot day, gentlemen. Quaff, and away again, so as to keep yourselves in a nice cool sweat. You, my friend, will need another cupful to wash the dust out of



your throat, if it be as thick there as it is on your cow-hide shoes. I see that you have trudged half a score miles to-day, and, like a wise man, have passed by the taverns, and stopped at the running brooks and well-curbs. Otherwise, betwixt heat without and a fire within, you would have been burnt to a cinder, or melted down to nothing at all, in the fashion of a jelly-fish. Drink and make room for that other fellow, who seeks my aid to quench the fiery fever of last night's potations, which he drained from no cup of mine. Welcome, most rubicund sir! You and I have been great strangers hitherto; nor, to express the truth, will my nose be anxious for a closer intimacy till the fumes of your breath be a little less potent. Mercy on you, man! the water absolutely hisses down your red-hot gullet, and is converted quite to steam in the miniature Tophet which you mistake for a stomach. Fill again, and tell me, on the word of an honest toper, did you ever, in cellar, tavern, or any kind of dram-shop, spend the price of your children's food for a swig half so delicious? Now, for the first time these ten years, you know the flavour of cold water. Good-bye; and whenever you are thirsty, remember that I keep a constant supply at the old stand. Who next? Oh, my little friend, you are let loose from school, and come hither to scrub your blooming face, and drown the memory of certain taps of the ferrule, and other schoolboy troubles, in a draught from the Town Pump. Take it, pure as the current of your young life. Take it, and may your heart and tongue never be scorched with a fiercer thirst than now! There, my dear child, put down the cup, and yield your place to this gentleman, who treads so tenderly over the bones that I suspect he is afraid of breaking them.

What! he limps by without so much as thanking me, as if my hospitable offers were meant only for people who had no wine-cellars. Well, well, sir; no harm done, I hope! Go, draw the cork, tip the decanter! but when your great toe shall set you a-roaring, it will be no affair of mine. If gentlemen love the pleasant titillation of the gout, it is all one to the Town Pump. This thirsty dog, with his red tongue lolling out, does not scorn my hospitality, but stands on his hind legs and laps eagerly out of the trough. See how lightly he capers away again! Jowler, did your worship ever have the gout?

Are you all satisfied? Then wipe your mouths, my good friends; and while my spout has a moment's leisure, I will delight the town with a few historical reminiscences. In far antiquity, beneath a darksome shadow of venerable boughs, a spring bubbled out of the leaf-strewn earth, in the very spot where you now behold me on the sunny pavement. The water was as bright and clear, and deemed as precious, as liquid diamonds. The Indian Sagamores drank of it from time immemorial, till the fearful deluge of fire-water burst upon the red-men, and swept their whole race away from the cold fountains. Endicott and his followers came next, and often knelt down to drink, dipping their long beards in the spring. The richest goblet then was of birch bark. Governor Winthrop, after a journey afoot from Boston, drank here out of the hollow of his hand. The elder Higginson here wet his palm, and laid it on the brow of the first town-born child. For many years it was the watering-place, and, as it were, the wash-bowl of the vicinity; whither all decent folks resorted to purify their visages and gaze at them afterwards—at least the pretty maidens did—in the mirror which it made. On

Sabbath-days, whenever a babe was to be baptized, the sexton filled his basin here, and placed it on the communion-table of the humble meeting-house, which partly covered the site of yonder stately brick one. Thus one generation after another was consecrated to heaven by its waters, and cast their waxing and waning shadows into its glassy bosom, and vanished from the earth, as if mortal life were but a flitting image in a fountain. Finally the fountain vanished also. Cellars were dug on all sides, and cart-loads of gravel flung upon its source, whence oozed a turbid stream, forming a mud-puddle at the corner of two streets. In the hot months, when its refreshment was most needed, the dust flew in clouds over the forgotten birth-place of the waters, now their grave. But in the course of time a town pump was sunk into the source of the ancient spring ; and when the first decayed, another took its place, and then another, and still another, till here stand I, gentlemen and ladies, to serve you with my iron goblet. Drink, and be refreshed ! The water is pure and cold as that which slaked the thirst of the red Sagamore beneath the aged boughs, though now the gem of the wilderness is treasured under these hot stones, where no shadow falls but from the brick buildings. And be it the moral of my story, that as the wasted and long-lost fountain is now known and prized again, so shall the virtues of cold water, too little valued since your fathers' days, be recognised by all.



## LESSON 43.

**THE TOWN PUMP.***(Continued.)*

Your pardon, good people ; I must interrupt my stream of eloquence, and spout forth a stream of water to replenish the trough for this teamster and his two yoke of oxen, who have come from Topsfield, or somewhere along that way. No part of my business is pleasanter than the watering of cattle. Look ! how rapidly they lower the water-mark on the sides of the trough, till their capacious stomachs are moistened with a gallon or two apiece, and they can afford time to breathe it in, with sighs of calm enjoyment. Now they roll their quiet eyes around the brim of their monstrous drinking vessel. An ox is your true toper.

But I perceive, my dear auditors, that you are impatient for the remainder of my discourse. Impute it, I beseech you, to no defect of modesty, if I insist a little longer on so fruitful a topic as my own multifarious merits. It is altogether for your good. The better you think of me, the better men and women will you find yourselves. I shall say nothing of my all-important aid on washing days ; though, on that account alone, I might call myself the household god of a hundred families. Far be it from me also to hint, my respectable friends, at the show of dirty faces which you would present without my pains to keep you clean. Nor will I remind you how often, when the midnight bells make you tremble for your combustible town, you have fled to the Town Pump, and found me always at my

post, firm amid confusion, and ready to drain my vital current in your behalf. Neither is it worth while to lay much stress on my claims to a medical diploma, as the physician whose simple rule of practice is preferable to all the nauseous lore which has found men sick, or left them so, since the days of Hippocrates. Let us take a broader view of my beneficial influence on mankind.

No; these are trifles compared with the merits which wise men concede to me—if not in my single self, yet as the representative of a class—of being the grand reformer of the age. From my spout, and such spouts as mine, must flow the stream that shall cleanse our earth of the vast portion of its crime and anguish, which has gushed from the fiery fountains of the still. In this mighty enterprise the cow shall be my great confederate. Milk and water! *The Town Pump and the Cow!* Such is the glorious co-partnership that shall tear down the distilleries and brewhouses, uproot the vineyards, shatter the cider-presses, ruin the tea and coffee trade, and finally monopolize the whole business of quenching thirst. Blessed consummation! Then poverty shall pass away from the land, finding no hovel so wretched where her squalid form may shelter itself. Then disease, for lack of other victims, shall gnaw its own heart, and die. Then sin, if she do not die, shall lose half her strength. Until now, the frenzy of hereditary fever has raged in the human blood, transmitted from sire to son, and rekindled in every generation by fresh draughts from the liquid flame. When that inward fire shall be extinguished, the heat of passion cannot but grow cool, and war—the drunkenness of nations—perhaps will cease. At least there will be no war of households. The husband and wife, drinking deep of peaceful joy,—

a calm bliss of temperate affections,—shall pass hand in hand through life, and lie down, not reluctantly, at its protracted close. To them the past will be no turmoil of mad dreams, nor the future an eternity of such moments as follow the delirium of the drunkard. Their dead faces shall express what their spirits were and are to be, by a lingering smile of memory and hope.

Ahem! Dry work this speechifying, especially to an unpractised orator. I never conceived till now what toil the temperance lecturers undergo for my sake. Hereafter they shall have the business to themselves. Do, some kind Christian, pump a stroke or two, just to wet my whistle. Thank you, sir! My dear hearers, when the world shall have been regenerated by my instrumentality, you will collect your useless vats and liquor casks into one great pile, and make a bonfire in honour of the Town Pump. And when I shall have decayed, like my predecessors, then, if you revere my memory, let a marble fountain, richly sculptured, take my place upon the spot. Such monuments should be erected everywhere, and inscribed with the names of the distinguished champions of my cause. Now listen, for something very important is to come next.

There are two or three honest friends of mine—and true friends I know they are—who nevertheless, by their fiery pugnacity in my behalf, do put me in fearful hazard of a broken nose, or even a total overthrow upon the pavement, and the loss of the treasure which I guard. I pray you, gentlemen, let this fault be amended. Is it decent, think you, to get tipsy with zeal for temperance, and take up the honourable cause of the Town Pump in the style of a toper fighting for his brandy bottle? Or can the excellent qualities of cold water be no otherwise

exemplified than by plunging, slap dash, into hot water, and wofully scalding yourself and other people? Trust me, they may. In the moral warfare which you are to wage—and indeed in the whole conduct of your lives—you cannot choose a better example than myself, who have never permitted the dust and sultry atmosphere, the turbulent and manifold disquietudes of the world around me, to reach that deep, calm well of purity which may be called my soul. And whenever I pour out that soul, it is to cool earth's fever or cleanse its stains.

One o'clock. Nay, then, if the dinner-bell begins to speak, I may as well hold my peace. Here comes a pretty young girl of my acquaintance, with a large stone pitcher for me to fill. May she draw a husband while drawing her water, as Rachel did of old! Hold out your vessel, my dear! There it is, full to the brim; so now run home, peeping at your sweet image in the pitcher as you go; and forget not, in a glass of my own liquor, to drink 'SUCCESS TO THE TOWN PUMP!'

N. HAWTHORNE.

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LESSON 44.

## THE SKYLARK.

aërial, belonging to the air	sprite, spirit		
blithe, merry, joyous	unpremeditated, not previ-		
fraught, filled, laden	ously prepared		
hymeneal, belonging to	vaunt, a vain display		
marriage	vernal, spring		
annoyance	embowered	languor	sympathy
brightening	harmonious	lightning	triumphal

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!  
Bird thou never wert,

That from heaven, or near it,  
Pourest thy full heart  
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher,  
From the earth thou springest  
Like a cloud of fire ;  
The blue deep thou wingest,  
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning  
Of the sunken sun,  
O'er which clouds are brightening,  
Thou dost float and run ;  
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even  
Melts around thy flight ;  
Like a star of heaven,  
In the broad daylight  
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows  
Of that silver sphere,  
Whose intense lamp narrows  
In the white dawn clear,  
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air  
With thy voice is loud,  
As, when night is bare,  
From one lonely cloud  
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is over-  
flowed.

What thou art we know not ;  
What is most like thee ?



From rainbow clouds there flow not  
Drops so bright to see,  
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden  
In the light of thought,  
Singing hymns unbidden,  
Till the world is wrought  
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.

Like a high-born maiden  
In a palace tower,  
Soothing her love-laden  
Soul in secret hour  
With music sweet as love, which overflows her  
bower.

Like a glow-worm golden  
In a dell of dew,  
Scattering unbeholden  
Its aërial hue  
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from  
the view.

Like a rose embowered  
In its own green leaves,  
By warm winds deflowered,  
Till the scent it gives  
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-  
winged thieves.

Sound of vernal showers  
On the twinkling grass,  
Rain-awakened flowers,  
All that ever was  
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth sur-  
pass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,  
What sweet thoughts are thine :  
I have never heard  
Praise of love or wine  
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,  
Or triumphal chant,  
Matched with thine would be all  
But an empty vaunt—  
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains  
Of thy happy strain ?  
What fields, or waves, or mountains ?  
What shapes of sky or plain ?  
What love of thine own kind ? what ignorance of  
pain ?

With thy clear keen joyance  
Languor cannot be :  
Shadow of annoyance  
Never came near thee :  
Thou lovest ; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,  
Thou of death must deem  
Things more true and deep  
Than we mortals dream,  
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal  
stream ?

We look before and after,  
And pine for what is not ;  
Our sincerest laughter  
With some pain is fraught ;  
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest  
thought.

Yet if we could scorn  
 Hate, and pride, and fear ;  
 If we were things born  
 Not to shed a tear,  
 I know not how thy joys we ever should come near.

Better than all measures  
 Of delightful sound,  
 Better than all treasures  
 That in books are found,  
 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground !

Teach me half the gladness  
 That thy brain must know,  
 Such harmonious madness  
 From my lips would flow,  
 The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

SHELLEY.



## LESSON 45.

### THE CADİ'S DECISIONS.

<b>Allah</b> , Arabic name for God	<b>plaintiff</b> , complainant		
<b>cadi</b> , magistrate, judge	<b>precedence</b> , act of going		
<b>docile</b> , teachable, easily	before		
managed	<b>reputed</b> , accounted		
<b>infallible</b> , that cannot err	<b>sheik</b> , chief, lord		
<b>accomplished</b>	<b>adversary</b>	<b>individual</b>	<b>obstinately</b>
<b>accurately</b>	<b>distorted</b>	<b>maintained</b>	<b>philosopher</b>
<b>administering</b>	<b>equitably</b>	<b>merchandise</b>	<b>tribunal</b>

Having heard that the cadi of one of his twelve tribes administered justice in an admirable manner, and pronounced decisions in a style worthy of King Solomon himself, Bou-Akas determined to  
 1ge for himself as to the truth of the report.

Accordingly, dressed like a private individual, without arms or attendants, he set out for the cadi's town, mounted on a docile Arabian steed.

He arrived there, and was just entering the gate when a cripple, seizing the border of his garment, asked him for alms in the name of the prophet. Bou-Akas gave him money, but the cripple still maintained his hold.

'What dost thou want?' asked the sheik. 'I have already given thee alms.'

'Yes,' replied the beggar, 'but the law says not only "Thou shalt give alms to thy brother," but also, "Thou shalt do for thy brother whatsoever thou canst."'

'Well! and what can I do for thee?'

'Thou canst save me—poor crawling creature that I am!—from being trodden under the feet of men, horses, mules, and camels, a fate which would certainly befall me in passing through the crowded square in which a fair is now going on.'

'And how can I save thee?'

'By letting me ride behind you, and putting me down safely in the market-place, where I have business.'

'Be it so,' replied Bou-Akas; and stooping down, he helped the cripple to get up behind him, a business which was not accomplished without much difficulty.

The strangely-assorted riders attracted many eyes as they passed through the crowded streets, and at length they reached the market-place.

'Is this where you wish to stop?' asked Bou-Akas.

'Yes.'

'Then get down.'

'Get down yourself.'

‘What for?’

‘To leave me the horse.’

‘To leave you my horse! What mean you by that?’

‘I mean that he belongs to me. Know you not that we are now in the town of the just *cadi*, and that if we bring the case before him he will certainly decide in my favour?’

‘Why should he do so when the animal belongs to me?’

‘Don’t you think that, when he sees us two,—you with your strong, straight limbs, which Allah has given you for the purpose of walking, and I with my weak legs and distorted feet,—he will decree that the horse shall belong to him who has most need of him?’

‘Should he do so, he would not be the *just cadi*,’ said Bou-Akas.

‘Oh, as to that,’ replied the cripple, laughing, ‘although he is just, he is not infallible.’

‘So,’ thought the sheik to himself, ‘this will be a capital opportunity of judging the judge.’ He said aloud, ‘I am content; we will go before the *cadi*.’

Arrived at the tribunal, where the judge, according to the Eastern custom, was publicly administering justice, they found that two trials were about to go on, and would, of course, take precedence of theirs. The first was between a *taleb*, or learned man, and a peasant. The point in dispute was the *taleb’s* wife, whom the peasant asserted to be his own better half, in the face of the philosopher. The woman remained obstinately silent, and would not declare for either—a feature in the case which rendered its decision excessively difficult. The judge heard both sides attentively, reflected for a

moment, and then said, 'Leave the woman here, and return to-morrow.'

The learned man and the labourer each bowed and retired, and the next cause was called.

This was a difference between a butcher and an oil-seller. The latter appeared covered with oil, and the former was sprinkled with blood.

The butcher spoke first :—

'I went to buy some oil from this man, and in order to pay him for it, I drew a handful of money from my purse. The sight of the money tempted him. He seized me by the wrist. I cried out, but he would not let me go ; and here we are, having come before your worship, I holding my money in my hand, and he still grasping my wrist. Now I assert that this man is a liar when he says that I stole his money, for the money is truly mine own.'

Then spoke the oil merchant :—

'This man came to purchase oil from me. When his bottle was filled, he said, "Have you change for a piece of gold?" I searched my pocket, and drew out my hand full of money, which I laid on a bench in my shop. He seized it, and was walking off with my money and my oil, when I caught him by the wrist and cried out, "Robber!" In spite of my cries, however, he would not surrender the money ; so I brought him here that your worship might decide the case. Now I assert that this man is a liar when he says that I want to steal his money, for it is truly mine own.'

The cadi caused each plaintiff to repeat his story, but neither varied one jot from his original statement. He reflected for a moment, and then said, 'Leave the money with me, and return to-morrow.'

The butcher placed the coins, which he had never let go, on the edge of the cadi's mantle, after

which he and his opponent bowed to the tribunal and departed.

It was now the turn of Bou-Akas and the cripple.

'My lord cadì,' said the former, 'I came hither from a distant country, with the intention of purchasing merchandise. At the city gate I met this cripple, who first asked for alms, and then prayed me to allow him to ride behind me through the streets, lest he should be trodden down in the crowd. I consented; but when we reached the market-place he refused to get down, asserting that my horse belonged to him, and that your worship would surely adjudge it to him who wanted it most. That, my lord cadì, is precisely the state of the case.'

'My lord,' said the cripple, 'as I was coming on business to the market, and riding this horse, which belongs to me, I saw this man seated by the roadside, apparently half dead from fatigue. I good-naturedly offered to take him on the crupper, and let him ride as far as the market-place, and he eagerly thanked me. But what was my astonishment when, on our arrival, he refused to get down, and said that my horse was his! I immediately required him to appear before your worship, in order that you might decide between us. That is the true state of the case.'

Having made each repeat his deposition, and having reflected for a moment, the cadì said, 'Leave the horse here, and return to-morrow.'

It was done, and Bou-Akas and the cripple withdrew in different directions.



## LESSON 46.

**THE CADI'S DECISIONS.***(Continued.)*

On the morrow a number of persons besides those immediately interested in the trials assembled to hear the judge's decisions.

The *taleb* and the peasant were called first.

'Take away thy wife,' said the cadi to the former, 'and keep her.'

Then turning towards an officer, he added, pointing to the peasant, 'Give this man fifty blows.' He was instantly obeyed, and the *taleb* carried off his wife.

Then came forward the oil merchant and the butcher.

'Here,' said the cadi to the butcher, 'is thy money; it is truly thine, and not his.' Then pointing to the oil merchant, he said to his officer, 'Give this man fifty blows.' It was done, and the butcher went away in triumph with his money.

The third cause was called, and Bou-Akas and the cripple came forward.

'Wouldst thou recognise thy horse among twenty others?' said the judge to Bou-Akas.

'Yes, my lord.'

'And thou?'

'Certainly, my lord,' replied the cripple.

'Follow me,' said the cadi to Bou-Akas.

They entered a large stable, and Bou-Akas pointed out his horse amongst the twenty which were standing side by side.

'Tis well,' said the judge. 'Return now to the tribunal, and send me thine adversary hither.'



The disguised sheik obeyed, delivered his message, and the cripple hastened to the stable as quickly as his distorted limbs allowed. He possessed quick perceptions, and having observed accurately, was able, without the slightest hesitation, to place his hand on the right animal.

'Tis well,' said the cadi; 'return to the tribunal.'

His worship resumed his place, and when the cripple arrived, judgment was pronounced.

'The horse is thine,' said the cadi to Bou-Akas; 'go to the stable and take him.' Then to the officer, 'Give this cripple fifty blows.'

It was done, and Bou-Akas went to take his horse.

When the cadi, after concluding the business of the day, was retiring to his house, he found Bou-Akas waiting for him.

'Art thou discontented with my award?' asked the judge.

'No, quite the contrary,' replied the sheik; 'but I want to ask by what inspiration thou hast rendered justice; for I doubt not that the other two causes were decided as equitably as mine. I am not a merchant; I am Bou-Akas, Sheik of Algeria, and I wanted to judge for myself of thy reputed wisdom.'

The cadi bowed to the ground, and kissed his master's hand.

'I am anxious,' said Bou-Akas, 'to know the reasons which determined your three decisions?'

'Nothing, my lord, can be more simple. Your highness saw that I detained for a night the three things in dispute?'

'I did.'

'Well, early in the morning I caused the woman

to be called, and I said to her suddenly, "Put fresh ink in my inkstand." Like a person who had done the same thing a hundred times before, she took the bottle, removed the cotton, washed them both, put in the cotton again, and poured in fresh ink, doing it all with the utmost neatness and despatch. So I said to myself, "A peasant's wife would know nothing about inkstands; she must belong to the *taleb*."

'Good!' said Bou-Akas, nodding his head. 'And the money?'

'Did your highness remark that the merchant had his clothes and hands covered with oil?'

'Certainly I did.'

'Well, I took the money and placed it in a vessel filled with water. This morning I looked at it, and not a particle of oil was to be seen on the surface of the water. So I said to myself, "If this money belonged to the oil merchant, it would be greasy from the touch of his hands; as it is not so, the butcher's story must be true."'

Bou-Akas nodded in token of approval. 'Good!' said he. 'And my horse?'

'Ah! that was a different business; and until this morning I was greatly puzzled.'

'The cripple, I suppose, did not recognise the animal?'

'On the contrary, he pointed him out immediately.'

'How, then, did you discover that he was not the owner?'

'My object in bringing you separately to the stable was, not to see whether you would know the horse, but whether the horse would acknowledge you. Now, when you approached him, the creature turned towards you, laid back his ears, and neighed'

with delight ; but when the cripple touched him he kicked. Then I knew that you were truly his master.'

Bou-Akas thought for a moment, and then said :

'Allah has given thee great wisdom. Thou oughtest to be in my place, and I in thine. But I fear I could not fill thy place as *cadi*.'

*Adapted from 'Arabian Tales.'*



## LESSON 47.

# ON THE POETRY OF MILTON.

*[In the 'Spectator' there are eighteen papers by Addison devoted to a critical examination of 'Paradise Lost'; the following is the fourth of the series.]*

ammiral, admiral	invocation, a prayer for
cressets, large open lamps	assistance
dulcet, sweet	marl, clay, earth generally
ethereal, heavenly, celestial	minium, red-lead
exordium, introductory part	prone, bending forward
Fesolé, near Florence	Valdarno, valley of the Arno
incumbent, lying, resting on	Virgil, a Latin author

allusion  
artificial  
battalion

behaviour  
catalogue  
cherubim

exquisitely  
impenitence  
ingenious

naphtha  
obstinacy  
symphonies

I have seen, in the works of a modern philosopher, a map of the spots in the sun. My last paper of the faults and blemishes in Milton's *Paradise Lost* may be considered as a piece of the same nature. To pursue the allusion : as it is observed that among the bright parts of the luminous body above men-

tioned there are some which glow more intensely, and dart a stronger light than others, so notwithstanding I have already shown Milton's poem to be very beautiful in general, I shall now proceed to take notice of such beauties as appear to me more exquisite than the rest. Milton has proposed the subject of his poem in the following verses:—

'Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit  
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste  
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,  
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man  
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,  
Sing, heavenly muse!'

These lines are, perhaps, as plain, simple, and unadorned as any of the whole poem, in which particular the author has conformed himself to the example of Homer and the precept of Horace.

His invocation to a work, which turns in a great measure upon the creation of the world, is very properly made to the muse who inspired Moses in those books from whence our author drew his subject, and to the Holy Spirit, who is therein represented as operating after a particular manner in the first production of nature. This whole exordium rises very happily into noble language and sentiment, as I think the transition to the fable is exquisitely beautiful and natural.

The nine days' astonishment in which the angels lay entranced, after their dreadful overthrow and fall from heaven, before they could recover either the use of thought or speech, is a noble circumstance, and very finely imagined. The division of hell into seas of fire, and into firm ground impregnated with the same furious element, with that particular circumstance of the exclusion of hope

from those infernal regions, are instances of the same great and fruitful invention.

The thoughts in the first speech and description of Satan, who is one of the principal actors in this poem, are wonderfully proper to give us a full idea of him. His pride, envy, and revenge, obstinacy, despair, and impenitence, are all of them very artfully interwoven. In short, his first speech is a complication of all those passions which discover themselves separately in several other of his speeches in the poem. The whole part of this great enemy of mankind is filled with such incidents as are very apt to raise and terrify the reader's imagination. Of this nature, in the book now before us, is his being the first that awakens out of the general trance, with his posture on the burning lake, his rising from it, and the description of his shield and spear:—

‘Thus Satan, talking to his nearest mate,  
With head uplift above the wave, and eyes  
That sparkling blazed ; his other parts beside  
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,  
Lay floating many a rood.

Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool  
His mighty stature ; on each hand the flames,  
Driven backward, slope their pointing spires, and  
rolled  
In billows, leave i’ th’ midst a horrid vale ;  
Then with expanded wings he steers his flight  
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air,  
That felt unusual weight.

His pond’rous shield,  
Ethereal temper, massy, large and round,  
Behind him cast ; the broad circumference

Hung on his shoulders, like the moon, whose orb  
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views  
At ev'ning, from the top of Fesolè,  
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,  
Rivers, or mountains on her spotty globe :  
His spear—to equal which the tallest pine  
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast  
Of some great ammiral, were but a wand—  
He walked with, to support uneasy steps  
Over the burning marl.'

To which we may add his call to the fallen  
angels that lay plunged and stupefied in the sea of  
fire :—

'He called so loud, that all the hollow deep  
Of hell resounded.'

But there is no single passage in the whole poem  
worked up to a greater sublimity than that wherein  
his person is described in those celebrated lines :—

'He, above the rest  
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,  
Stood like a tower.'

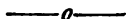
His sentiments are every way answerable to his  
character, and suitable to a created being of the  
most exalted and most depraved nature. Such is  
that in which he takes possession of his place of  
torments :—

'Hail horrors ! hail  
Infernal world ! and thou, profoundest hell,  
Receive thy new possessor ! one who brings  
A mind not to be changed by place or time.'

And afterwards :—

'Here at least  
We shall be free ! th' Almighty hath not built

Here for his envy ;—will not drive us hence :  
Here we may reign secure ; and in my choice  
To reign is worth ambition, though in hell :  
Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven.'



## LESSON 48.

**ON THE POETRY OF MILTON.***(Continued.)*

Amidst those impieties which this enraged spirit utters in other places of the poem, the author has taken care to introduce none that is not big with absurdity, and incapable of shocking a religious reader ; his words, as the poet himself describes them, bearing only 'a semblance of worth, not substance.' He is likewise with great art described as owning his adversary to be almighty. Whatever perverse interpretation he puts on the justice, mercy, and other attributes of the Supreme Being, he frequently confesses his omnipotence, that being the perfection he was forced to allow Him, and the only consideration which could support his pride under the shame of his defeat.

Nor must I here omit that beautiful circumstance of his bursting out in tears, upon his survey of those innumerable spirits whom he had involved in the same guilt and ruin with himself :—

'He now prepared  
To speak ; whereat their doubled ranks they bend  
From wing to wing, and half enclose him round  
With all his peers : attention held them mute.  
Thrice he essayed, and thrice, in spite of scorn,  
Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth.'

The catalogue of evil spirits has abundance of learning in it, and a very agreeable turn of poetry, which rises in a great measure from its describing the places where they were worshipped by those beautiful marks of rivers so frequent among the ancient poets. The author had doubtless in this place Homer's catalogue of ships, and Virgil's list of warriors, in his view. The characters of Moloch and Belial prepared the reader's mind for their respective speeches and behaviour in the second and sixth books. The account of Thammuz is finely romantic, and suitable to what we read among the ancients of the worship which was paid to that idol:—

‘Thammuz came next behind,  
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured  
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate,  
In am'rous ditties all a summer's day ;  
While smooth Adonis from his native rock  
Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood  
Of Thammuz yearly wounded.’

The reader will pardon me if I insert as a note on this beautiful passage the account given us by the late ingenious Mr. Maundrell of this ancient piece of worship, and probably the first occasion of such a superstition: ‘We came to a fair large river, doubtless the ancient river Adonis, so famous for the idolatrous rites performed here in lamentation of Adonis. We had the fortune to see what may be supposed to be the occasion of that opinion which Lucian relates concerning this river, viz. that this stream at certain seasons of the year, especially about the feast of Adonis, is of a bloody colour; which the heathens looked upon as proceeding from a kind of sympathy in the river for



the death of Adonis, who was killed by a wild boar in the mountains out of which this stream rises. Something like this we saw actually come to pass ; for the water was stained to a surprising redness ; and, as we observed in travelling, had discoloured the sea a great way into a reddish hue, occasioned doubtless by a sort of minium or red earth washed into the river by the violence of the rain, and not by any stain from Adonis' blood.'

The character of Mammon, and the description of the Pandæmonium, are full of beauties.

There are several other strokes in the first book wonderfully poetical, and instances of that sublime genius so peculiar to the author. Such is the description of Azazel's stature, and the infernal standard which he unfurls, as also of that ghastly light by which the fiends appear to one another in their place of torments:—

'The seat of desolation, void of light,  
Save what the glimm'ring of those livid flames  
Casts pale and dreadful.'

The shout of the whole host of fallen angels when drawn up in battle array:—

'The universal host up sent  
A shout that tore hell's concave ; and, beyond,  
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.'

The review which the leader makes of his infernal army:—

'He through the armed files  
Darts his experienced eye, and soon traverse  
The whole battalion views, their order due,  
Their visages and stature as of gods,  
Their number last he sums ; and now his heart

Distends with pride, and hard'ning in his strength  
Glories.'

The flash of light which appeared upon the drawing of their swords:—

'He spake; and to confirm his words out flew  
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs  
Of mighty cherubim; the sudden blaze  
Far round illumined hell.'

The sudden production of the Pandæmonium:—

'Anon, out of the earth a fabric huge  
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound  
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet.'

The artificial illuminations made in it:—

'From the arched roof,  
Pendent by subtle magic, many a row  
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed  
With naphtha and asphaltus, yielded light  
As from a sky.'

There are also several noble similes and allusions in the first book of *Paradise Lost*. And here I must observe that when Milton alludes either to things or persons, he never quits his simile till it rises to some very great idea, which is often foreign to the occasion that gave birth to it. The resemblance does not, perhaps, last above a line or two, but the poet runs on with the hint till he has raised out of it some glorious image or sentiment, proper to inflame the mind of the reader, and to give it that sublime kind of entertainment which is suitable to the nature of an heroic poem. Those who are acquainted with Homer's and Virgil's way of writing, cannot but be pleased with this kind of structure in Milton's similitudes.

## LESSON 49

## THE POET'S CALL.

athwart, across  
 avenue, a walk under trees  
 blithe, joyous  
 eaves, projecting parts

rime, hoar-frost  
 sombrous, dark, gloomy  
 sylvan, woody, shady  
 themes, subjects, topics

alternate  
 ceaselessly

chronicles  
 foliage

pallid  
 patriarchal

Pentecost  
 solemnly

Pleasant it was, when woods were green,  
 And winds were soft and low,  
 To lie amid some sylvan scene,  
 Where, the long drooping boughs between,  
 Shadows dark and sunlight sheen  
 Alternate come and go ;

Or where the denser grove receives  
 No sunlight from above,  
 But the dark foliage interweaves  
 In one unbroken roof of leaves,  
 Underneath whose sloping eaves  
 The shadows hardly move.

Beneath some patriarchal tree  
 I lay upon the ground ;  
 His hoary arms uplifted he,  
 And all the broad leaves over me  
 Clapped their little hands in glee,  
 With one continuous sound :—

A slumberous sound,—a sound that brings  
 The feelings of a dream,—  
 As of innumerable wings,  
 As when a bell no longer swings,  
 Faint the hollow murmur rings  
 O'er meadow, lake, and stream.

And dreams of that which cannot die,  
Bright visions, came to me,  
As lapped in thought I used to lie,  
And gaze into the summer sky,  
Where the sailing clouds went by,  
Like ships upon the sea ;

Dreams that the soul of youth engage  
Ere Fancy has been quelled ;  
Old legends of the monkish page,  
Traditions of the saint and sage,  
Tales that have the rime of age,  
And chronicles of Eld.

And loving still these quaint old themes,  
Even in the city's throng  
I feel the freshness of the streams,  
That, crossed by shades and sunny gleams,  
Water the green land of dreams,  
The holy land of song.

Therefore at Pentecost, which brings  
The spring, clothed like a bride,  
When nestling buds unfold their wings,  
And bishop's-caps have golden rings,  
Musing upon many things,  
I sought the woodlands wide.

The green trees whispered low and mild ;  
It was a sound of joy !  
They were my playmates when a child,  
And rocked me in their arms so wild !  
Still they looked at me and smiled,  
As if I were a boy,

And ever whispered, mild and low,  
' Come, be a child once more !'

And waved their long arms to and fro,  
And beckoned solemnly and slow ;  
Oh, I could not choose but go  
    Into the woodlands hoar ;

Into the blithe and breathing air,  
    Into the solemn wood,  
Solemn and silent everywhere !  
Nature with folded hands seemed there,  
Kneeling at her evening prayer !  
    Like one in prayer I stood.

Before me rose an avenue  
    Of tall and sombrous pines ;  
Abroad their fan-like branches grew,  
And where the sunshine darted through,  
Spread a vapour soft and blue,  
    In long and sloping lines.

And falling on my weary brain  
    Like a fast-falling shower,  
The dreams of youth came back again,  
Low lisplings of the summer rain,  
Dropping on the ripened grain,  
    As once upon the flower.

Visions of childhood ! stay, oh stay !  
    Ye were so sweet and wild !  
And distant voices seemed to say,  
‘ It cannot be ! They pass away !  
Other themes demand thy lay ;  
    Thou art no more a child !

‘ The land of Song within thee lies,  
    Watered by living springs ;

The lids of Fancy's sleepless eyes  
Are gates unto that Paradise ;  
Holy thoughts, like stars, arise,  
Its clouds are angels' wings.

' Learn that henceforth thy song shall be,  
Not mountains capped with snow,  
Nor forests sounding like the sea,  
Nor rivers flowing ceaselessly,  
Where the woodlands bend to see  
The bending heavens below.

' There is a forest where the din  
Of iron branches sounds !  
A mighty river roars between,  
And whosoever looks therein  
Sees the heavens all black with sin,—  
Sees not its depths nor bounds.

' Athwart the swinging branches cast,  
Soft rays of sunshine pour ;  
Then comes the fearful wintry blast ;  
Our hopes, like withered leaves, fall fast ;  
Pallid lips say, " It is past !  
We can return no more !"

' Look, then, into thine heart, and write !  
Yes, into Life's deep stream !  
All forms of sorrow and delight,  
All solemn voices of the night,  
That can soothe thee, or affright,—  
Be these henceforth thy theme.'

LONGFELLOW.



## LESSON 50.

**FAMOUS SPEECHES.****I. CHATHAM: ON THE AMERICAN WAR.**

adulation, mean flattery  
 crisis, decisive moment  
 delegate, entrust  
 despot, a tyrant,  
 ermine, the white fur of the  
     judges' robes  
 extirpate, destroy wholly  
 impotent, weak, feeble

indelible, not to be blotted  
     out  
 infatuation, inspired with a  
     foolish passion  
 lustration, cleansing, purify-  
     ing  
 mercenary, hired for money  
 stigma, mark of infamy

abhorrent  
 ambassadors  
 campaigns

cannibal  
 congratulation  
 enormities

massacres  
 parliament  
 perilous

rapacity  
 tapestry  
 tomahawk

I cannot, my lords, I will not, join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. This, my lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment. It is not a time for adulation; the smoothness of flattery cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne in the language of truth. We must, if possible, dispel the delusion and darkness which envelop it; and display, in its full danger and genuine colours, the ruin which is brought to our doors.

Can ministers still presume to expect support in their infatuation? Can Parliament be so dead to its dignity and duty as to give its support to measures thus obtruded and forced upon it,—measures, my lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to scorn and contempt? 'But yesterday and Britain might have stood against the world; now none so poor as do her reverence!'

The people whom we at first despised as rebels, but whom we now acknowledge as enemies, are abetted against us, supplied with every military store, have their interests consulted, and their ambassadors entertained, by our inveterate enemy;



WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM.

and ministers do not—and dare not—interpose with dignity or effect. The desperate state of our army abroad is known in part. No man more highly esteems and honours the British troops than I do. I know their virtues and their valour;



I know they can achieve anything but impossibilities ; and I know that the conquest of British America is an impossibility.

You cannot, my lords, you cannot conquer America. What is your present situation there ? We do not know the worst ; but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing, and suffered much. You may swell every expense, accumulate every assistance, and extend your traffic to the shambles of every German despot : your attempts will be for ever vain and impotent—doubly so, indeed, from this mercenary aid on which you rely ; for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your adversaries, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms,—never, never, never !

But, my lords, who is the man that, in addition to the disgraces and mischiefs of the war, has dared to authorize and associate to our arms the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage ?—to call into civilised alliance the wild and inhuman inhabitant of the wood ?—to delegate to the merciless Indian the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against his brethren ? My lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment. But, my lords, this barbarous measure has been defended, not only on the principles of policy and necessity, but also on those of morality ; ‘for it is perfectly allowable,’ says Lord Suffolk, ‘to use all the means which God and nature have put into our hands.’ I am astonished, I am shocked, to hear such

principles confessed,—to hear them avowed in this House, or in this country.

My lords, I did not intend to encroach so much on your attention, but I cannot repress my indignation; I feel myself impelled to speak. My lords, we are called upon, as members of this House, as men, as Christians, to protest against such horrible barbarity,—‘that God and nature have put into our hands.’ What ideas of God and nature that noble lord may entertain, I know not; but I know that such detestable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity. What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife!—to the cannibal savage torturing, murdering, devouring, drinking the blood of his mangled victims! Such notions shock every precept of morality, every feeling of humanity, every sentiment of honour. These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation.

I call upon that right reverend and this most learned bench to vindicate the religion of their God, to support the justice of their country. I call upon the bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn, upon the judges to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honour of your lordships to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country to vindicate the national character. I invoke the genius of the constitution!

From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country.

To send forth the merciless cannibal, thirsting for blood ! Against whom ? Your brethren ! To lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name, by the aid and instrumentality of these horrible hounds of war ! Spain can no longer boast pre-eminence in barbarity. She armed herself with blood-hounds to extirpate the wretched natives of Mexico ; we, more ruthless, loose these dogs of war against our countrymen in America, endeared to us by every tie that can sanctify humanity. I solemnly call upon your lordships, and upon every order of men in the state, to stamp upon this infamous procedure the indelible stigma of the public abhorrence. More particularly I call upon the holy prelates of our religion to do away this iniquity ; let them perform a lustration, to purify the country from this deep and deadly sin.



## LESSON 51.

**FAMOUS SPEECHES.****II. GRATTAN: AGAINST NAPOLEON IN 1815.**

<b>adamant</b> , that which cannot be broken	<b>iota</b> , a jot, the smallest degree
<b>ameliorating</b> , making better	<b>odium</b> , hatred, offensive- ness
<b>amenity</b> , pleasantness	<b>paroxysm</b> , rage, passion
<b>animadversion</b> , severe re- proof	<b>preclude</b> , shut out, hinder
<b>evacuate</b> , withdraw from	<b>predatory</b> , plundering
<b>idiom</b> , a mode of expression	<b>prodigy</b> , wonder
<b>peculiar</b> to a language	<b>promulgated</b> , proclaimed openly
<b>intrigues</b> , plots, schemes	

**advantageously**  
**atrocities**  
**conspiracy**  
**discernible**

**ecclesiastical**  
**fantastic**  
**insurrectionary**  
**parallels**

**partitioned**  
**revolutionary**  
**tenacious**  
**tyrannical**

The proposition that we should not interfere with the government of other nations is true, but true with qualifications. If the government of any other country contains an insurrectionary principle, as France did when she offered to aid the insurrection of her neighbours, your interference is warranted; if the government of another country contains the principle of universal empire, as France did, and promulgated, your interference is justifiable. Gentlemen may call this internal government, but I call this conspiracy. If the government of another country maintains a predatory army, such as Buonaparte's, with a view to hostility and conquest, your interference is just. He may call

this internal government, but I call this a preparation for war. No doubt he will accompany this with offers of peace, but such offers are nothing more than one of the arts of war, attended most assuredly by charging on you the odium of a long and protracted contest, and with much commonplace, and many good saws and sayings of the miseries of bloodshed, and the savings and good husbandry of peace, and the comforts of a quiet life; but if you listen to this, you will be much deceived; not only deceived, but you will be beaten.

Again, if the government of another country covers more ground in Europe, and destroys the balance of power, so as to threaten the independence of other nations, this is a cause of your interference. Such was the principle upon which we acted in the best times; such was the principle of the grand alliance; such was the triple alliance, and such the quadruple; and by such principles has Europe not only been regulated, but protected. If a foreign government does any of those acts I have mentioned, we have a cause of war; but if a foreign power does all of them,—forms a conspiracy for universal empire, keeps up an army for that purpose, employs that army to overturn the balance of power, and attempts the conquest of Europe,—attempts, do I say? in a great degree achieves it (for what else was Buonaparte's dominion before the battle of Leipsic?)—and then receives an overthrow, owes its deliverance to treaties which give that power its life, and these countries their security, (for what did you get from France but security?)—if this power, I say, avails itself of the conditions in the treaties which give it colonies, prisoners, and deliverance, and breaks those conditions which

give you security, and resumes the same situation which renders this power capable of repeating the same atrocity,—has England, or has she not, a right of war?

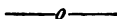
Having considered the two questions,—that of ability and that of right,—and having shown that you are justified on either consideration to go to war, let me now suppose that you treat for peace. First you will have peace upon a war establishment, and then a war without your present allies. It is not certain that you will have any of them, but it is that you will not have the same combination, while Buonaparte increases his power by confirmation of his title and by further preparation; so that you will have a bad peace and a bad war. Were I disposed to treat for peace, I would not agree to the amendment, because it disperses your allies and strengthens your enemy, and says to both, we will quit our alliance to confirm Napoleon on the throne of France, that he may hereafter more advantageously fight us, as he did before, for the throne of England.

Gentlemen set forth the pretensions of Buonaparte; gentlemen say that he has given liberty to the press; he has given liberty to publication, to be afterwards tried and punished according to the present constitution of France, as a military chief pleases; that is to say, he has given liberty to the French to hang themselves. Gentlemen say he has in his dominions abolished the slave-trade: I am unwilling to deny him praise for such an act; but if we praise him for giving liberty to the African, let us not assist him in imposing slavery on the European. Gentlemen say, Will you make war upon character? But the question is, Will you trust a government without one? What will you

do if you are conquered, say gentlemen? I answer, the very thing you must do if you treat—abandon the Low Countries. But the question is, in which case are you most likely to be conquered—with allies or without them? Either you must abandon the Low Countries, or you must preserve them by arms; for Buonaparte will not be withheld by treaty. If you abandon them, you will lose your situation on the globe; and instead of being a medium of communication and commerce between the new and old, you will become an anxious station between two fires—the continent of America, rendered hostile by the intrigues of France, and the continent of Europe, possessed by her arms. It then remains for you to determine, if you do not abandon the Low Countries, in what way you mean to defend them—alone or with allies.

Gentlemen complain of the allies, and say they have partitioned such a country, and transferred such a country, and seized on such a country. What! will they quarrel with their ally who has possessed himself of a part of Saxony, and shake hands with Buonaparte who proposes to take possession of England? If a prince takes Venice, we are indignant; but if he seizes on a great part of Europe, and stands covered with the blood of millions and the spoils of half mankind, our indignation ceases; vice becomes gigantic, conquers the understanding, and mankind begin by wonder, and conclude by worship. The character of Buonaparte is admirably calculated for this effect: he invests himself with much theatrical grandeur; he is a great actor in the tragedy of his own government; the fire of his genius precipitates on universal empire, certain to destroy his neighbours or himself; better formed to acquire empire than to keep

it, he is a hero and a calamity, formed to punish France and to perplex Europe.



# LESSON 52.

## GRATTAN: AGAINST NAPOLEON IN 1815.

*(Continued.)*

The authority of Mr. Fox has been alluded to—a great authority, and a great man ; his name excites tenderness and wonder. To do justice to that immortal person, you must not limit your view to this country : his genius was not confined to England ; it acted three hundred miles off, in breaking the chains of Ireland ; it was seen three thousand miles off, in communicating freedom to the Americans ; it was visible, I know not how far off, in ameliorating the condition of the Indian ; it was discernible on the coast of Africa, in accomplishing the abolition of the slave-trade. You are to measure the magnitude of his mind by parallels of latitude. His heart was as soft as that of a woman, his intellect was adamant ; his weaknesses were virtues—they protected him against the hard habit of a politician, and assisted nature to make him amiable and interesting. The question discussed by Mr. Fox in 1792 was, whether you would treat with a revolutionary government ; the present is, whether you will confirm a military and a hostile one. You will observe that when Mr. Fox was ready to treat, the French, it was understood, were ready to evacuate the Low Countries. If you confirm the present government, you must expect to lose them. Mr. Fox objected to the idea of driv-



ing France upon her resources, lest you should make her a military government. The question now is, whether you will make that military government perpetual. I therefore do not think the theory of Mr. Fox can be quoted against us ; and the practice of Mr. Fox tends to establish our proposition, for he treated with Buonaparte, and failed. Mr. Fox was tenacious of England, and would never yield an iota of her superiority ; but the failure of the attempt to treat was to be found, not in Mr. Fox, but in Buonaparte.

On the French subject, speaking of authority, we cannot forget Mr. Burke,—Mr. Burke, the prodigy of nature and acquisition ! He read everything, he foresaw everything. His knowledge of history amounted to a power of foretelling ; and when he perceived the wild work that was doing in France, that great political physician, intelligent of symptoms, distinguished between the access of fever and the force of health ; and what other men conceived to be the vigour of her constitution, he knew to be no more than the paroxysm of her madness ; and then, prophet-like, he pronounced the destinies of France, and in his prophetic fury admonished nations.

Gentlemen speak of the Bourbon family. I have already said we should not force the Bourbon upon France ; but we owe it to departed (I would rather say to interrupted) greatness to observe that the house of Bourbon was not tyrannical : under her, everything, except the administration of the country, was open to animadversion ; every subject was open to discussion,—philosophical, ecclesiastical, and political,—so that learning, and arts, and sciences made progress. Even England consented to borrow not a little from the temperate

meridian of that government. Her court stood controlled by opinion, limited by principles of honour, and softened by the influence of manners ; and, on the whole, there was an amenity in the condition of France which rendered the French an amiable, an enlightened, a gallant and accomplished race. Over this gallant race you see imposed an Oriental despotism. Their present court (Buonaparte's court) has gotten the idiom of the East as well as her constitution ; a fantastic and barbaric expression ; an unreality which leaves in the shade the modesty of truth, and states nothing as it is, and everything as it is not. The attitude is affected, the taste is corrupted, and the intellect perverted. Do you wish to confirm this military tyranny in the heart of Europe ?—a tyranny founded on the triumph of the army over the principles of civil government, tending to universalize throughout Europe the domination of the sword, and to reduce to paper and parchment Magna Charta and all our civil institutions : an experiment such as no country ever made, and no good country would ever permit—to relax the moral and religious influences ; to set heaven and earth adrift from one another, and make God Almighty a tolerated alien in His creation ; an insurrectionary hope to every bad man in the community ; and a frightful lesson of profit and power, vested in those who have pandered their allegiance from king to emperor, and now found their pretensions to domination on the merit of breaking their oaths and deposing their sovereign. Should you do anything so monstrous as to leave your allies in order to confirm such a system ; should you forget your name, forget your ancestors, and the inheritance they have left you of morality and

renown ; should you astonish Europe by quitting your allies to render immortal such a composition, would not the nations exclaim, 'You have very providently watched over our interests, and very generously have you contributed to our service, and do you falter now ? In vain have you stopped in your own person the flying fortunes of Europe ; in vain have you taken the eagle of Napoleon, and snatched *invincibility* from this standard ; if now, when confederated Europe is ready to march, you take the lead in the desertion, and preach the penitence of Buonaparte and the poverty of England.'

As to her poverty, you must not consider the money you spend in her defence, but the fortune you would lose if you were not defended ; and further, you must recollect you will pay less to an immediate war than to a peace with a war establishment, and a war to follow it. Recollect, further, that whatever be your resources, they must outlast those of all your enemies ; and further, that your empire cannot be saved by a calculation. Besides, your wealth is only a part of your situation. The name you have established, the deeds you have achieved, and the part you have sustained, preclude you from a second place among nations ; and when you cease to be the first, you are nothing.



## LESSON 53.

## FAMOUS SPEECHES.

## III. BROUGHAM: ON LAW REFORM.

code, laws collected and arranged  
 constituents, those who vote for a member of Parliament  
 condemn, despise  
 emoluments, gains, profits  
 imperiously, with authority  
 import, importance

Justinian, a Roman emperor who drew up a code of civil law  
 perfidies, treacheries  
 posterity, succeeding generations  
 superfluous, more than enough

advocate  
 co-operation  
 deliberation

eclipsed  
 encumbrance  
 industrious

patrimony  
 patronage  
 representatives

severed  
 surveying  
 vanquished

After a long interval of various fortune, and filled with vast events, we are again called to the grand labour of surveying and amending our laws. For this task it well becomes us to begird ourselves, as the honest representatives of the people. Despatch and vigour are imperiously demanded; but that deliberation, too, must not be lost sight of which so mighty an enterprise requires. When we shall have done the work, we may fairly challenge the utmost approval of our constituents, for in none other have they so deep a stake.

In pursuing the course which I now invite you to enter upon, I avow that I look for the co-operation of the king's Government. But whether I have the support of the ministers or no, to the House I look, with confident expectation, that it will control them, and assist me,—if I go too far, checking my progress; if I go too fast, abating my

speed ; but heartily and honestly helping me in the best and greatest work which the hands of the lawgiver can undertake. The course is clear before us ; the race is glorious to run. You have the power of sending your name down through all times, illustrated by deeds of higher fame and



LORD BROUGHAM.

more useful import than ever were done within these walls. You saw the greatest warrior of the age—conqueror of Italy, humbler of Germany, terror of the North,—you saw him account all his matchless victories poor compared with the triumph which you are now in a condition to win!—saw

him condemn the fickleness of fortune, while, in despite of her, he could pronounce his memorable boast, 'I shall go down to posterity with my code in my hand!' You have vanquished him in the field; strive now to rival him in the sacred arts of peace! Outstrip him as a lawgiver, whom in arms you overcame! The lustre of the regency will be eclipsed by the more solid and enduring splendour of the reign. The praise which false courtiers feigned for our Edwards and Harrys,—the Justinians of their day,—will be the just tribute of the wise and good to that monarch under whose sway so mighty an undertaking shall be accomplished. Of a truth, sceptres are chiefly to be envied for that they bestow the power of thus conquering and ruling. It was the boast of Augustus—it formed part of the glare in which the perfidies of his earlier years were lost—that he found Rome of brick and left it of marble; a praise not unworthy a great prince, and to which the present reign has its claim also. But how much nobler will be our sovereign's boast, when he shall have it to say that he found law dear, and left it cheap; found it a sealed book, and left it an open letter; found it the patrimony of the rich, and left it the inheritance of the poor; found it the two-edged sword of craft and oppression, and left it the staff of honesty and the shield of innocence! To me, much reflecting on these things, it has always seemed a worthier honour to be the instrument of making you bestir yourselves in this high matter, than to enjoy all that office can bestow—office, of which the patronage would be irksome encumbrance, the emoluments superfluous, to one content, with the rest of his industrious fellow-citizens, that his own hands minister to his wants; and as for the power supposed to follow it,

I have lived nearly half a century, and I have learned that power and place may be severed. But one power I do prize—that of being the advocate of my countrymen here, and their fellow-labourers elsewhere, in those things which concern the best interests of mankind. That power, I know full well, no Government can give, no change take away!

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LESSON 54.

## FAMOUS SPEECHES.

### IV. SHERIDAN: ON INDIA

accelerate, hasten	pestiferous, destructive		
Begums, native Indian princesses	prolific, fruitful		
benignant, kind, gracious	resuscitation, coming to life again		
congenial, suitable	vestige, trace, mark		
depopulated, deprived of inhabitants	voracious, greedy		
dissensions, strifes	Zenana, apartments set apart for the ladies		
opulent, rich, wealthy.			
arrogant	devastation	ferocity	tyrannize
delegated	enthusiasm	incantations	unobtruding
delirium	exasperated	paroxysm	usurped
demolished	extinguished	reservoirs	verdure

Had a stranger at this time gone into the province of Oude, ignorant of what had happened since the death of Surajah Dowlah—that man who, with a savage heart, had still great lines of character; and who, with all his ferocity in war, had yet, with a cultivating hand, preserved to his country the riches which it derived from benignant skies and a prolific soil;—if this stranger, ignorant of all that

had happened in the short interval, and observing the wide and general devastation, and all the horrors of the scene,—of plains unclothed and brown, of vegetables burned up and extinguished, of villages depopulated and in ruins, of temples unroofed and perishing, of reservoirs broken down and dry,—he would naturally inquire, ‘What war has thus laid waste the fertile fields of this once beautiful and opulent country? What civil dissensions have happened thus to tear asunder and separate the happy societies that once possessed these villages? What disputed succession, what religious rage, has, with unholy violence, demolished those temples, and disturbed fervent but unobtruding piety in the exercise of its duties? What merciless enemy has thus spread the horrors of fire and severe visitation the face of the earth has dried up the fountain, and taken from the face of the earth every vestige of verdure? Or, rather, what monsters have stalked over the country, tainting and poisoning with pestiferous breath what the voracious appetite could not devour?’



SHERIDAN.

To such questions what must be the answer? ‘No wars have ravaged these lands and depopulated these villages—no civil discords have been felt—no disputed succession—no religious rage—no merciless enemy—no affliction of Providence, which, while it scourged for the moment, cut off the sources of resuscitation—no voracious and poisoning monsters. No! all this has been accomplished by the friendship, generosity, and kindness of the



English nation. They have embraced us with their protecting arms, and, lo! those are the fruits of their alliance.'

What then! Shall we be told that under such circumstances the exasperated feelings of a whole people, thus goaded and spurred on to clamour and resistance, were excited by the poor and feeble influence of the Begums? When we hear the description of the fever—paroxysm—delirium, into which despair had thrown the natives, when, on the banks of the polluted Ganges, panting for breath, they tore more widely open the lips of their gaping wounds to accelerate their dissolution; and, while their blood was issuing, presented their ghastly eyes to heaven, breathing their last and fervent prayer that the dry earth might not be suffered to drink their blood, but that it might rise up to the throne of God, and rouse the eternal Providence to avenge the wrongs of their country;—will it be said that this was brought about by the incantations of those Begums in their secluded Zenana? or that they could inspire this enthusiasm and this despair into the breasts of a people who felt no grievance and had suffered no torture? What motive, then, could have such influence in their bosom? What motive! That which nature, the common parent, plants in the bosom of man, and which, though it may be less active in the Indian than in the Englishman, is still congenial with, and makes part of, his being;—that feeling which tells him that man was never made to be the property of man; but that when, through pride and insolence of power, one human creature dares to tyrannize over another, it is a power usurped, and resistance is a duty;—that feeling which tells him that all power is delegated for the good, not for the injury,

of the people ; and that when it is converted from the original purpose, the compact is broken, and the right is to be resumed ;—that principle which tells him that resistance to power usurped is not merely a duty which he owes to himself and to his neighbour, but a duty which he owes to his God, in asserting and maintaining the rank which He gave him in creation ; to that common God, who, where He gives the form of man, whatever may be the complexion, gives also the feelings and the rights of man ;—that principle which neither the rudeness of ignorance can stifle, nor the enervation of refinement extinguish ;—that principle which makes it base for a man to suffer when he ought to act ; which, tending to preserve to the species the original designations of Providence, spurns at the arrogant distinctions of man, and vindicates the independent quality of his race !



## LESSON 55.

**FAMOUS SPEECHES.****V. MACAULAY: ON EDUCATION AND THE STATE.**

alternative, the other of two things		ingenious, clever, skilful	
anarchy, being without law		prohibition, act of forbid- ding	
animosities, hatred, bitter feelings		retribution, punishment	
disputants, those disputing		revere, honour, reverence	
functions, offices, duties		sumptuary, regulating ex- pense	
censorship	expenditure	literature	proposition
constitutional	inquisition	paralysed	tattooed
definition	legitimate	predecessor	unanimously

I believe that it is the right and the duty of the state to provide means of education for the common people. This proposition seems to me to be implied in every definition that has ever yet been given of the functions of a Government. About the extent of those functions there has been much difference of opinion among ingenious men. There are some who hold that it is the business of a Government to meddle with every part of human life,—to regulate trade by bounties and prohibitions, to regulate expenditure by sumptuary laws, to regulate literature by a censorship, to regulate religion by an inquisition. Others go to the opposite extreme, and assign to Government a very narrow sphere of action. But the very narrowest sphere that ever was assigned to Governments by any school of political philosophy is quite wide enough for my purpose. On

one point all the disputants are agreed. They unanimously acknowledge that it is the duty of every Government to take order for giving security to the persons and property of the members of the community.

This being admitted, can it be denied that the education of the common people is a most effectual means of securing our persons and our property? Let Adam Smith answer that question for me. He has expressly told us that a distinction is to be made, particularly in a commercial and highly civilised society, between the education of the rich and the education of the poor. The education of the poor, he says, is a matter which deeply concerns the commonwealth. Just as the magistrate ought to interfere for the purpose of preventing the leprosy from spreading among the people, he ought to interfere for the purpose of stopping the progress of the moral distempers which are inseparable from ignorance. Nor can this duty be neglected without danger to the public peace. If you leave the multitude uninstructed, there is serious risk that their animosities may produce the most dreadful disorders.

The most dreadful disorders! Those are Adam Smith's own words; and prophetic words they were. Scarcely had he given this warning to our rulers when his prediction was fulfilled in a manner never to be forgotten. I speak of the riots of 1780. I do not know that I could find in all history a stronger proof of the proposition, that the ignorance of the common people makes the property, the limbs, the lives of all classes insecure. Without the shadow of a grievance, at the summons of a madman a hundred thousand people rise in insurrection. During a whole week

there is anarchy in the greatest and wealthiest of European cities. The Parliament is besieged. Your predecessor (the Speaker of the House of Commons) sits trembling in his chair, and expects every moment to see the door beaten in by the ruffians, whose roar he hears all round the house. The peers are pulled out of their coaches. The bishops in their lawn are forced to fly over the tiles. The chapels of foreign ambassadors, buildings made sacred by the law of nations, are destroyed. The house of the Chief Justice is demolished. The little children of the Prime Minister are taken out of their beds and laid in their night clothes on the table of the Horse Guards,—the only safe asylum from the fury of the rabble. Highwaymen, housebreakers, murderers, come forth to swell the mob by which they have been set free. Thirty-six fires are blazing at once in London. The Government is paralysed ; the very foundations of the empire are shaken.

Then came the retribution. Count up all the wretches who were shot, who were hanged, who were crushed, who drank themselves to death at the rivers of gin which ran down Holborn Hill, and you will find that battles have been lost and won with a smaller sacrifice of life. And what was the cause of this calamity—a calamity which in the history of London ranks with the Great Plague and the Great Fire? The cause was the ignorance of a population which had been suffered, in the neighbourhood of palaces, theatres, temples, to grow up as rude and stupid as any tribe of tattooed cannibals in New Zealand—I might say as any drove of beasts in Smithfield Market.

The ignorance is striking ; but it is not solitary. To the same causes are to be ascribed the riots of

Nottingham, the sack of Bristol, all the outrages of Lud, and Swing; and Rebecca;—beautiful and costly machinery broken to pieces in Yorkshire, barns and haystacks blazing in Kent, fences and buildings pulled down in Wales. Could such things have been done in a country in which the mind of the labourer had been opened by education,—in which he had been taught to find pleasure in the exercise of his intellect, taught to revere his Maker, taught to respect legitimate authority, and taught at the same time to seek the redress of real wrongs by peaceful and constitutional means?

This, then, is my argument: It is the duty of Government to protect our persons and property from danger; the gross ignorance of the common people is a principal cause of danger to our persons and property; therefore it is the duty of the Government to take care that the common people shall not be grossly ignorant.

And what is the alternative? It is universally allowed that, by some means, Government must protect our persons and property. If you take away education, what means do you leave? You leave means such as only necessity can justify,—means which inflict a fearful amount of pain, not only on the guilty, but on the innocent who are connected with the guilty. You leave guns and bayonets, stocks and whipping-posts, tread-mills, solitary cells, penal colonies, gibbets. See, then, how the case stands. Here is an end which, as we all agree, Governments are bound to attain. There are only two ways of attaining it. One of those ways is by making men better, and wiser, and happier; the other way is by making them infamous and miserable. Can it be doubted which we ought to prefer?

## LESSON 56.

**FAMOUS SPEECHES.****VI. GLADSTONE: ON THE WAR WITH CHINA.**

diplomatist, one who treats of state matters with foreign nations	misconstrued, wrongly in- terpreted
executive, acting	paramount, supreme
functionaries, officials	predicament, bad position
harrowing, very distressing	prerogative, exclusive right
illegitimate, contrary to law	retaliation, returning like for like
metamorphosed, changed	subordinate, inferior

abominable	capacity	discountenanced	mischievous
atrocities	consciousness	formalities	surrounded
avowals	deliberation	hostility	violation

There is not war in China. No, sir, there is not war with China ; but what is there ? There is hostility. There is bloodshed. There is a trampling down of the weak by the strong. There is the terrible and abominable retaliation of the weak upon the strong. You are occupied in this House by revolting and harrowing details about a Chinese baker who poisoned bread, by proclamations for the capture of British heads, and the waylaying of a postal steamer. And these things you think strengthen your case. Why, they deepen your guilt. War, taken at the best, is a frightful scourge to the human race ; but because it is so, the wisdom of ages has surrounded it with strict laws and usages, and has required formalities to be observed which shall act as a curb upon the wild passions of man, prevent that scourge from being let loose unless

under circumstances of full deliberation and from absolute necessity. You have dispensed with all these precautions. You have turned a consul into a diplomatist, and that metamorphosed consul is, forsooth, to be at liberty to direct the whole might of England against the head of a defenceless people.

While war is a scourge and a curse to man, it is yet attended with certain compensations. It is attended with acts of heroic self-sacrifice and of unbounded daring. It is ennobled by a consciousness that you are meeting equals in the field, and that while you challenge the issue of life or death, you at least enter into a fair encounter. But you go to China, and make war upon those who stand before you as women or children. And what do these people, who are as mere women and children, when you make war with them? They resort to those miserable and detestable contrivances which their weakness teaches them. It is not the first time in the history of the world. Have you never read of those rebellions of the slaves, which have risen to the dignity of being called wars, and which stand recorded in history as the servile wars? And is it not notorious that among all the wars upon record these have been the most terrible, ferocious, and destructive? And why? Because those who have been trampled upon adopt in their turn the practices of their oppressors. And that is the character of the war which we are prosecuting in China. Every account that we shall read in the journals, or hear recited in this House, will tell of calamity heaped upon calamity, and of cruelty heaped upon cruelty.

But I find an appeal has been made to this House which appears to me to be a false and illc-



gitimate appeal. It is an appeal to fear, which is seldom a rightful and noble sentiment ; and it is to that fear which is the basis of the worst kind of fear—the fear of being thought afraid. The Government are afraid of the mischievous impression that will be produced upon the Chinese if the acts of our officials are disavowed. Sir, let us consider fairly, impartially, and at large the moral impressions that must be produced ; let us weigh the evil upon one side and the other, and I have no fear of the result. Hereafter we shall be told by the noble lord of the wise caution that we ought to display, of the solemn predicament in which we are placed, of the political mischief which may ensue. Shadowy pictures will be drawn of the dangers, the confusion, the weakness, and the paralysis of the British power in the East. But what is the foundation of British power in the East ? what is the foundation of the promise to be permanent and useful of that British power ? It is not now a question as if the Chinese alone are concerned, for the debate has been prolonged night after night, and your words have gone forth to the whole world. The confessions and avowals of the supporters of the Government have been, it appears to me, perfectly fatal either to the continuance of that policy, or else to the character and fame of England. Talk of the consequences, and talk of injustice, and then say that we must go on with that injustice. When you speak of the necessity of applying the law of force to the Chinese, and that it is by force that your influence must spread, I am bound to admit, and I do admit, that you have not power to prevent the language of this debate from being read.

The opponents of the resolution of my honour-

able friend have not generally ascended to the height of boldness. Few have justified the proceedings that have taken place. Members, more than I could name, have condemned the proceedings. I will ask what the effect will be throughout the world, if it goes forth that in the debates held in the two Houses of Parliament the majority of speakers condemned the proceedings, and that even among those who sustained the Government with their vote there was a large number who condemned these proceedings. Why, sir, the opinion will be that England is a Power which, while it is higher and more daring in its pretensions to Christianity than any other Power on the face of the globe, yet that in a case where her own interests were concerned, and where she was acting in the remote and distant East, when fairly put to it and asked whether she would do right or wrong, she was ready to adopt, for fear of political inconvenience, the principle—‘I will make the law of wrong the law of my Eastern policy, and will lay the foundation of that empire which is my proudest boast in nothing more nor less than gross injustice.’

Sir, this is not my opinion. I will not believe that England will lay the foundations of its Eastern empire on such miserable ground as this. I believe, on the contrary, that if you have the courage to assert your prerogative as the British House of Commons, you will pursue a course which is more consistent with sound policy as well as the eternal principles of justice. Sir, how stands the case at present? I have just now supposed that the House is going to affirm that resolution which will be the seal of our disgrace. But let me reverse the picture, and suppose that the House will adopt the other resolution, and then what will the House do, and

what will be the history of this case? Its history will read well for England, and well for the nineteenth century. Its history will then be this: 'The subordinate officers of England, in a remote quarter of the globe, misconstrued the intentions of their country; they acted in violation of the principle of right; the Executive Government failed to check them. The appeal was next made to the House of Lords, and made as such an appeal ought to be made, for the House was worthy of the eloquence, and the eloquence was worthy of the cause. It was made to nobles, and it was made to bishops; and it failed. But it does not rest with subordinate functionaries abroad, it does not rest with the Executive Government, it does not rest with the House of Lords, finally, and in the last resort, to say what shall be the policy of England, and to what purpose her power shall be directed. That function rests with the House of Commons.'

Every member of the House of Commons is proudly conscious that he belongs to an assembly which in its collective capacity is the paramount power of the state. But if it is the paramount power of the state, it can never separate from that paramount power a similar and paramount responsibility. The vote of the House of Lords will not acquit us; the sentence of the Government will not acquit us. It is with us that it lies to determine whether this wrong shall remain unchecked and uncorrected; and in a time when sentiments are so much divided, every man, I trust, will give his vote with the recollection and the consciousness that it may depend upon his single vote whether the miseries, the crimes, the atrocities, that I fear are now proceeding in China, are to be discountenanced or not. We have now come to the crisis of the case. England is not

yet committed ; but if an adverse division reject the motion of my honourable friend, England will have been committed.

With every one of us it rests to show that this House, which is the first, the most ancient, and the noblest temple of freedom in the world, is also the temple of that everlasting justice without which freedom itself would be only a name, or only a curse to mankind. And, sir, I cherish the trust and belief that when you rise in your place to-night to declare the numbers of the division, from the chair which you adorn, the words which you speak will not only go forth from the walls of the House of Commons as a message of mercy and peace, but also as a message of prudence and true wisdom, to the farthest corners of the world.

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### LESSON 57.

## THE ARMADA.

Anrigny, or Alderney  
Beaulieu, at the mouth of  
the Exe  
Castile, a province of Spain  
Cranbourne, an old town in  
Dorsetshire  
Edgecumbe, a nobleman's  
seat

Gaunt, John of Gaunt  
Longleat, in Wiltshire, the  
seat of the Marquis of  
Bath  
Picard, Picardy  
Pinta, a Spanish ship  
Semper eadem, always the  
same

alarum  
blazon  
burghers  
couriers  
Eddystone  
embattled  
especial  
halberdiers

herald  
invincible  
reeling  
sentinel  
swarthy  
unbonneted  
volcanoes  
yeomen

Attend, all ye who list to hear our noble England's  
praise ;  
I tell of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in  
ancient days,

When the great fleet invincible against her bore in  
vain  
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of  
Spain.

It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day  
There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to  
Plymouth Bay ;  
Her crew hath seen Castile's black fleet, beyond  
Aurigny's isle,  
At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many  
a mile.  
At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial  
grace ;  
And the tall *Pinta* till the noon had held her close  
in chase.  
Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along  
the wall ;  
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgumbe's  
lofty hall ;  
Many a light fishing-bark put out to pry along the  
coast,  
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland  
many a post.  
With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old  
sheriff comes ;  
Behind him march the halberdiers ; before him  
sound the drums ;  
His yeomen round the market cross make clear an  
ample space ;  
For there behoves him to set up the standard of  
her grace.  
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance  
the bells,  
As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon  
swells.

Look how the Lion of the sea lifts up his ancient  
crown,  
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay  
lilies down !  
So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that  
famed Picard field,<sup>1</sup>  
Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's  
eagle shield.  
So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he turned  
to bay,  
And crushed and torn beneath his claws the  
princely hunters lay.  
Ho ! strike the flagstaff deep, Sir Knight : ho !  
scatter flowers, fair maids :  
Ho ! gunners, fire a loud salute : ho ! gallants,  
draw your blades :  
Thou sun, shine on her gloriously ; ye breezes, waft  
her wide ;  
Our glorious *Semper eadem*, the banner of our  
pride.

The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's  
massy fold ;  
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty  
scroll of gold ;  
Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the  
purple sea,  
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er  
again shall be.  
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to  
Milford Bay,  
That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the  
day ;

<sup>1</sup>The battle of Crecy, fought in 1346, when the French were defeated, the King of Bohemia killed, etc.

For swift to east and swift to west the ghastly war-  
flame spread ;  
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone ; it shone on  
Beachy Head.  
Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each  
southern shire,  
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twink-  
ling points of fire.  
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glitter-  
ing waves :  
The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's  
sunless caves :  
O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the  
fiery herald flew :  
He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers  
of Beaulieu.  
Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out  
from Bristol town,  
And ere the day three hundred horse had met on  
Clifton Down ;  
The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into  
the night,  
And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill the streak of  
blood-red light.  
Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the deathlike  
silence broke,  
And with one start, and with one cry, the royal  
city woke.  
At once on all her stately gates arose the answer-  
ing fires ;  
At once the wild alarum clashed from all her  
reeling spires ;  
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud  
the voice of fear ;  
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a  
louder cheer :

And from the farthest wards was heard the rush of  
hurrying feet,  
And the broad streams of pikes and flags rushed  
down each roaring street ;  
And broader still became the blaze, and louder still  
the din,  
As fast from every village round the horse came  
spurring in :  
And eastward straight from wild Blackheath the  
warlike errand went,  
And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant  
squires of Kent.  
Southwards from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those  
bright couriers forth ;  
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they  
started for the north ;  
And on, and on, without a pause, untired, they  
bounded still :  
All night from tower to tower they sprang ; they  
sprang from hill to hill :  
Till the proud peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwin's  
rocky dales,  
Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the stormy  
hills of Wales,  
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's  
lonely height,  
Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's  
crest of light,  
Till broad and fierce the stars came forth on Ely's  
stately fane,  
And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the  
boundless plain ;  
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln  
sent,  
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide  
vale of Trent ;



Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's  
embattled pile,  
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers  
of Carlisle.

MACAULAY.

— 0 —  
LESSON 58.

# LOCHINVAR.

brake, broken ground covered with bushes, briars, etc.	Lochinvar, named after a loch in Kirkcudbrightshire
craven, spiritless, cowardly	Netherby, a fortified place in the north-east of Cum-
dastard, coward	berland
gallant, lover	scaur, a bare place or rock
galliard, lively dance	

bridal  
croupe

dangling  
dauntless

goblet  
laggard

quaffed  
whispered

Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the west !  
Through all the wide Border his steed was the  
best ;  
And save his good broadsword, he weapons had  
none ;  
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone !  
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,  
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar !

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for  
stone,  
He swam the Esk river where ford there was none ;  
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,  
The bride had consented,—the gallant came late !  
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,  
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar !

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,  
'Mong bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and  
all :

Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his  
sword,

For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,  
'Oh, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,  
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochin-  
var?'

'I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied :  
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide !  
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine  
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.  
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,  
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar.'

The bride kissed the goblet. The knight took it up,  
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.  
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,  
With a smile on her lip, and a tear in her eye.  
He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar ;  
'Now tread we a measure !' said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,  
That never a hall such a galliard did grace ;  
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,  
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and  
plume :

And the bride-maidens whispered, 'Twere better  
by far  
To have matched our fair cousin with young Loch-  
invar !'

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,  
When they reached the hall door, and the charger  
stood near ;

So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,  
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!  
'She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and  
scaur!  
They'll have fleet steeds that follow!' quoth young  
Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby  
clan;  
Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and  
they ran;  
There was racing and chasing on Canobie Lea,  
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.  
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,  
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

SCOTT.



## LESSON 59.

## UP THE RHINE.

## I. FROM COLOGNE TO BONN.

compensate, make amends  
for  
emphatically, strongly, most  
certainly  
facilities, means that render  
anything easy to be done  
intersected, cut into parts  
nationality, national cha-  
racter

partition, separating coun-  
tries  
preponderating, outweigh-  
ing  
simultaneously, at the same  
time  
tapestry, a kind of figured  
carpet-work for adorning  
walls of rooms

architecture  
avenue  
distilleries

luxuriant  
magnificent  
pilgrimage

Scheevingen  
Schiedam  
scrupulously

traditionary  
uninteresting  
Utrecht

A little while ago a friend and myself had a very cheap and pleasant trip 'up the Rhine,' a brief account of which may not prove uninteresting to my young readers. A few sentences will suffice to show how we reached Cologne, from which city our Rhine journey commenced.

Instead of taking the ordinary route for the Continent, *via* Harwich, Dover, or Newhaven, we made the sea-passage from Goole to Rotterdam. This passage, which is usually made in twenty-three or twenty-four hours, occupied some thirty-two hours, on account of our being just too late to cross the bar at the mouth of the Maas, and having to anchor there all night. Taking advantage of the first tide, we weighed anchor at four o'clock in the morning, and after a two hours' run up the river, landed at Rotterdam. This town of some 120,000

inhabitants presented a clean and healthy appearance. The women mostly wore muslin caps, every one scrupulously clean. The clogs—large wooden boats—which did duty for shoes, are sure to strike the attention of strangers. The whole town is intersected by the river and numerous canals. This offers facilities for washing, to the poor people and laundresses, which are not neglected ; so they bring their linen in a box, kneel on a square board, and do their washing in the public streets. Large numbers of small carts are there drawn by dogs, these dogs being harnessed and yoked together like horses. They seemed to be of the mastiff breed, and looked as strong as young lions.

About fourteen miles from Rotterdam is *The Hague*, which we took the opportunity of visiting. Passing *Schiedam*, famous for its Hollands gin, we saw clouds of white beetles feeding on the fumes of the distilleries. The Hague is the seat of the government, and the political capital of the country. The King's Palace has some very fine family portraits ; the Royal Museum, too, with its library of 100,000 volumes, is well worth a visit. Connected with this town, by a double avenue of trees, is the small bathing-place of *Scheerdingen* ; this ride (tram-car) of about three miles being as pleasant as any on the Continent.

Without staying to notice further what we saw in Holland, let me proceed to say that we took train from Rotterdam to Cologne. The railway travelling on the Continent we found to be superior to that in England ; the carriages were better, and the fares lower. The principal town we passed was *Utrecht*, where the celebrated treaty of 1713 was signed, in which France acknowledged Queen Anne as sovereign of Great Britain, and recognised

the succession of the House of Hanover. At a small place called *Elten* we came into Prussian territory, and here we had to halt and dismount for the examination of luggage. Passing *Emmerich*, *Dusseldorf*, and *Mulheim*, we found ourselves, in due time, at *Cologne*.

This town is known all over the world by its celebrated perfumed water, 'Eau de Cologne.' But it is by no means the pleasantest town in the world. Its streets are very narrow and crooked, badly paved, and badly lighted. The drains might be greatly improved; and all its famous waters are not sufficient to compensate for other odours which meet you at every turn. The town has a population of about 130,000, and is connected with another town (*Deutz*) of about 12,000 inhabitants, on the other bank of the Rhine, an iron bridge and a bridge of boats forming the means of communication. The principal object of interest in Cologne is its famous Cathedral or Dom. It is a magnificent pile, and when completed will be the most splendid and perfect specimen of Gothic architecture in the world. Its foundation-stone was laid in 1248, and for six and a half centuries the building has been going on more or less. During the last forty years more than £500,000 have been spent upon it. Great efforts were being made to finish it as speedily as possible.<sup>1</sup> The cathedral is in the form of a cross, about 520 feet long by 250 feet wide; the height of the central tower is 357 feet, and the two towers of the west front each more than 500 feet high. In this church (as in nearly all the churches of the Continent) we found some grand

<sup>1</sup> While these sheets are going through the press, this famous building has been completed.

paintings by the old masters. Its stained windows, and the beautiful tapestry work done by the ladies of Cologne, deserve special mention. There are no less than eight chapels in the cathedral, and to see these, with the numerous shrines, choirs, and holy relics, you pay several shillings in fees. Many of the tombs are richly adorned with figures in solid silver and gold. Some of them we saw had been rudely torn and disfigured : upon inquiry, we found that Napoleon the First had seized upon these treasures, and had them melted down to pay his soldiers ; reminding us of the time when Cromwell turned the stalls of Canterbury Cathedral into stables for the horses of his troops. Cologne is emphatically the city of churches, there being at least twenty of note. In St. Peter's there is the celebrated picture of Reubens, ' The Crucifixion of St. Peter ; ' close by is the house where the great painter was born. In the church of St. Ursula you may see the skulls of eleven thousand virgins adorning its walls ; these eleven thousand virgins are said to have been the attendants of St. Ursula, an English princess, who, with them, was barbarously murdered here on her return from a pilgrimage to Rome. Of course you will all learn the moral of this story, viz. if you ever make a pilgrimage to Rome, don't come back through Cologne, neither take eleven thousand young ladies with you.

From Cologne we took steamboat tickets for Mayence and back. Let me say for your guidance that in taking this trip be sure and go by what is called the *Schnellfahrt*, or fast boat. This only stops at a few places ; the slow boats stop at all places, and of course are much longer on the journey. The fast boats have only one fare, first-

class or saloon; but when you hear that the cost of the double journey—being over 300 miles, and occupying two whole days—is only a little over sixteen shillings, you will think it very reasonable indeed. The American saloon-steamers which run between Cologne and Mayence are deserving of great praise. They are beautifully fitted up, and have every convenience. The captains, conductors, and stewards are the most obliging of men, and, as a rule, speak English fairly.

On board we found a most motley gathering—pretty nearly every nationality represented, English tourists preponderating. Several Americans were on board, one of whom remarked, 'I guess this river ain't half so fine as the Hudson;' not having seen the Hudson, I couldn't *guess* at all.

The country between Cologne and Bonn is not particularly interesting, being rather flat; but there are many pretty villages, and everywhere well-cultivated fields. The chief objects of attraction are the *Siebengebirge* (Seven Mountains), the peaks of which are seen simultaneously only from this point. As the river winds along these are seen, first on one side of the stream and then on the other, covered with forests or luxuriant herbage, all of them having been upheaved by volcanic agency. Whilst our steamer is on its way to Bonn (of course you imagine yourselves on the boat with us), it may not be amiss to give a general short description of this river,—a river more often visited than any other by tourists from all parts of the world.

For variety and beauty of scenery, for historical and traditionary associations, the *Rhine* may be considered one of the first, if not *the* first, in Europe. It rises in the Alps, at a height of nearly 7000 feet,



and has a course of nearly 800 miles, draining an area of 70,000 square miles. From the neighbourhood of Mount St. Gothard it flows northward into the Lake of Constance. Thence it flows westward to Basle, where it forms a great bend ; after which it proceeds generally in a northerly direction, until it reaches the waters of the German Ocean. Between Basle and Mayence it flows through a beautiful valley, with the Black Forest on one side and the Vosges Mountains on the other. The lower part of its course is through the low marshy plains of Holland. Being a partition river, its possession has often caused bloodshed between neighbouring nations : during the late Franco-Prussian war, the first outbreak was the blowing up of the bridge at Kiel which crossed the river. The Germans are passionately fond of their river, and the most inspiring of their national songs are about the Rhine or Rhineland.

But here we are at *Bonn*. We will only stay to note that it is a pretty town of about 26,000 people, has a great number of English visitors, and is the seat of a university. Once more imagine yourselves on board with us. As we leave Bonn and proceed up the stream, we approach one of those scenes often met with on the Rhine—a huge towering rock or mountain crag, overshadowing some peaceful hamlet which nestles at its base. This rock is the *Drachenfels* (Dragon's rock), and the village at its foot is *Königswinter*. This rock is about a thousand feet high ; it is one of the Seven Mountains noticed before, and the one nearest the river. In connection with it is a legend which will serve to fix the spot on your memories. We shall not be able to have all the legends we heard in our journey ; that would occupy nearly all

this book. Scarcely any short journey is so full of marvellous stories and legends as this; at every turn you see a dark lowering rock or a ruined castle, with which there is connected some wonderful romance of the dark or Middle Ages. Two or three, however, shall be given, to spice our journey with a little amusement. This legend says that at the foot of this rock was the den of a dreadful dragon, to whom human sacrifices were offered. Two chiefs having quarrelled about the possession of a beautiful female prisoner, she was condemned to be offered to the dragon. When the fatal day arrived, the horrid beast rushed from the cavern; but the poor maiden, who was a Christian, presented the crucifix to it, upon which the dragon took to flight, dashed into the river, and was never seen again. The wine from the vineyards on the slopes of this mountain is called *Drachenblut* (Dragon's blood). Byron makes reference to this locality in these lines:—

‘The castled crag of Drachenfels  
Frowns o’er the wide and winding Rhine,  
Whose breast of waters broadly swells  
Between the banks that bear the vine;  
And hills all rich with blossomed trees,  
And fields which promise corn and wine,  
And scattered cities crowning these,  
Whose far white walls along them shine,  
Have strewed a scene which I should see  
With double joy wert *thou* with me.

‘The river nobly foams and flows,  
The charm of this enchanted ground,  
And all its thousand turns disclose  
Some fresher beauty varying round;

The haughtiest breast its wish might bound  
 Through life to dwell delighted here ;  
 Nor could on earth a spot be found  
 To nature and to me so dear,  
 Could thy dear eyes in following mine  
 Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine !'

THE EDITOR.

## LESSON 60.

## UP THE RHINE.

## II. FROM BONN TO BINGEN.

adequately, fully, sufficiently	foliage, clusters of leaves		
affianced, engaged to be married	metamorphosed, changed		
appreciated, properly estimated	retrospect, look behind		
basaltic, composed of <i>basalt</i> , a hard, dark-coloured stone of volcanic origin	siren, in mythology, the <i>sirens</i> were birds with the faces of virgins, found in S. Italy, and who enticed sailors to their destruction		
appropriately	Coblentz	incomparable	picturesque
capsized	community	innumerable	precipitous
cavaliers	grandeur	memorial	stratagem
Charlemagne	inaccessible	obelisk	summoned

Between Bonn and Bingen, a distance of about a hundred miles, is the most enchanting part of the Rhine. The Germans call it the 'Paradise of Germany,' and no wonder they choose such an expressive phrase. To describe it adequately is beyond my skill ; it must be seen, and seen more than once, to be thoroughly appreciated. Apart from the scenery on its banks, the Rhine itself is a noble river, varying from 1200 feet to 1600 feet wide in this part of its course. It is studded with innumerable islands ; some of them very pictur-

esque. On either bank are slopes covered with vine-clad terraces, every inch being under cultivation ; while the sombre mountains form a dark but effective background. Of these vineyards, more presently. Once more you are supposed to be with us on the boat.

The island we approach in the middle of the river is Rolandswerth or *Nonnenwerth*, whose beautiful gardens come right down to the water's edge... Overlooking this island, upon the summit of a basaltic rock, stand the ruins of the castle of *Rolandseck*. And now for the legend connected with it :—Roland, a peer of France, and a brave young knight, being in search of adventure, became enamoured of Hildegunde, daughter of Count Heribert, lord of the Seven Mountains. Shortly after they were affianced, Roland was summoned by his king, Charlemagne, to join the crusade. Time sped on, and the sad tidings came that Roland had fallen in battle. His lady-love's grief was extreme, and she shut herself out from the world by taking the veil as a nun in the cloister on the little island of Nonnenwerth. It so happened that the rumours of Roland's death were unfounded ; he had only been badly wounded. Returning to claim his bride, he found her lost to him for ever. In despair he built this castle, and lived in solitude, catching a glimpse now and then of his fair one as she attended her devotions in the little chapel of the island. After her death, it is said he never spoke again. One morning his attendant found him dead, with his eyes turned towards the convent chapel.

The boat is now rapidly passing several small villages, from one of which, *Oberwinter*, the retrospect is exceedingly fine. As the guide-books say,

'Rolandseck, and the Drachenfels with its castle, the cliffs of the Wolkenburg, and the entire range (upwards of thirty) of the peaks of the Seven Mountains, form a chain of incomparable beauty, while the lovely island of Nonnenwerth, and the grand river itself, constitute the foreground.' It is such scenery as this that justifies Lord Byron's description of the Rhine generally, when he affirms it to be—

'A blending of all beauties; streams and dells,  
Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, cornfield, mountain, vine,  
And chiefless castles breathing stern farewells  
From grey but leafy walls where Ruin grimly  
dwells.'

Passing *Unkel* and *Remagen*, we come to *Lintz*, opposite which is *Krippe*, where the waters of the Ahr flow into the Rhine. The rock we have just passed, near a place called *Erpel*, is a basaltic mountain, some 700 feet high; and yet on its slopes vineyards abound, the vines being planted in baskets and forced into the clefts of the rock.

Another short stage and we are at *Andernach*, an ancient town founded by the Romans, and a free city of the empire. A kind of mortar, or cement, is made here which will resist the action of fire and water, and which is used in the dykes of Holland. On our left we pass the ruined castle of Friedrichstein, and a little farther on we come to a place called *Neurweid*. This small town of 8000 inhabitants is the settlement of the Moravian Brethren. It would take up too much space to describe the customs and dress of this peculiar, but excellent, community. Their schools are in such good repute as to command pupils from England and all parts of Germany.

Just opposite this settlement is *Weissenthurm*, or White-tower, as it is called, from the old square watch-tower at the end of the village. The obelisk which we notice on an eminence is a memorial to General Hoche, who crossed the river with his army in 1797, and died soon afterwards. A few more miles, and we hear a whisper among the passengers that we are nearing *Coblentz*. Long before we reach that city, however, we can descry the world-famed fortress of *Ehrenbreitstein*, which stands directly opposite. This dark-looking, massive fortress, which is the Gibraltar of the Rhine, is built on a precipitous rock, rising 400 feet above the Rhine, and nearly 600 above the level of the sea; and is capable of holding 100,000 men. Twice only has it yielded to an enemy: once taken by stratagem, and once reduced by famine. Its latest fortifications were added from 1816 to 1826, at a cost of one million and a quarter pounds (£1,250,000). The little town at its foot is connected with Coblentz by a bridge of boats four hundred yards long. We will leave Coblentz until our return journey, merely remarking now that here the river Moselle flows into the Rhine. For some little distance you may distinctly see the two streams, until gradually the clear blue waters of the Moselle mingle with the muddier waters of the Rhine.

Not far from Coblentz is the *Stolzenfels*, a fine castle of the Middle Ages, but now converted into a royal summer residence by the late King of Prussia.

And now we enter what is called the *Rhine-gorge*, which extends some twenty or thirty miles, the grandeur of which surpasses description. Here the mountains descend on each side almost perpendicularly to the edge of the water. If you have

travelled in Derbyshire, some parts of Millar's Dale, or Monsal Dale, might remind you, but very feebly, of it. The first place of importance we come to is *Boppart*, on the right bank. The approach to it can never be forgotten. By a look at the map, you see the Rhine makes here a most beautiful curve. At the time of our visit the weather was delightful, the various crops were ripe for harvest; and as we entered Boppart, the sun lit up everything with a golden beauty. Two peaks of a lofty rock on the left attract our attention; they are called the 'two brothers,' and are the subjects of a legend which we cannot stay to recount. That castle to the left, and now falling into ruins, is the *Mouse*; and the one peeping over at it, a little farther on, is appropriately called the *Cat*.

The town we see to the right is *St. Goar*. The extensive ruins on the hill were once the immense stronghold of Rheinfels. Most people have heard of the *Lurlei*, with its legend of the siren who had her dwelling on a rock, and enticed sailors and fishermen to their destruction in the rapids below. That imposing rock in front, rising 450 feet above the channel of the river, is the *Lurlei*; but if you want to hear its famous echo, which repeats fifteen times, you must step ashore, as it cannot be heard from the steamer.

A little ahead is a cluster of rocks, seven in number, in the bed of the river. A little story is also connected with these. Tradition says that once upon a time seven beautiful countesses lived in a castle close by. Surrounded by lovers, they merely played with their feelings. The suitors at length resolved to force them to choose husbands; the maidens consented to choose by lot. Singularly, the seven ugliest cavaliers were chosen; but when

they went to receive their brides, they found only the portraits of them. A loud laugh was heard from the river, whither the faithless countesses had fled. Tradition says that the god of the river was so angry at their wicked conduct, that he capsized the boat, and metamorphosed them into seven rocks, which bear the name of the *Seven Maidens* to this day.

Soon we pass *Oberwesel*, with the picturesque ruins of *Schönburg*, the birthplace of Marshal Schomberg; and then the little town of *Caub*; and arrive at *Bacharach*. When the water is low, a large stone may be seen, called the 'Altar of Bacchus.'

As we approach Bingen, old castles become more numerous, and remind us of those hard iron times when might was right, and the strong oppressed the weak. The one we are now supposed to be looking at is the *Rheinstein*. It was fitted up as a summer residence for Prince Teck of Prussia; it is pleasantly situated on a rock, rising nearly perpendicularly out of the water to a height of 264 feet. Opposite is the village of *Assmanshausen*, so famous for its red wines.

The wines of the Rhine provinces are of world-wide celebrity. For scores of miles we travelled through a country literally laden with vines. On the slopes of the mountains, in terraces one above another, and as far as the eye could reach on either bank of the river, vineyards abounded. Every foot of ground seemed carefully cultivated, even to what appeared to be inaccessible heights. In fact, at this place, where some of the terraced ridges were more than a thousand feet above the river, the rich clusters could only be gathered in baskets hung over the tops of the cliffs. It was the great Charlemagne who, in his castle not far from here



noticed that the snow always melted first on a certain mountain, and therefore caused vines to be brought from France and planted there.

But whilst we have been talking, our boat has all but reached Bingen. It has also passed out of the Rhine-gorge. The channel we are now in is called the *Bingerloch*, and for centuries obstructed the navigation of the river, the narrowness of the rocky channel producing a rapid. The Prussians, between 1830 and 1832, widened the passage from 21 feet to 210 feet ; and the rock, that was taken from the river-bed by blasting, forms the memorial (which you may see on the road-side) erected to King William III. of Prussia, who caused the operation to be performed. There is some little skill even yet required in piloting a vessel, especially in piloting a raft, of which more by and by. But we are safely through, and there is the beautiful little town of *Bingen*.

*Ibia.*



## LESSON 61.

## UP THE RHINE.

## III. FROM BINGEN TO MAYENCE.

austere, harsh, stern  
 ballad, a popular song, a  
 short narrative poem  
 confluence, junction  
 eclipses, outshines  
 embellished, adorned, decorated

frescoes, paintings on freshly-plastered walls  
 quartz, rock-crystal  
 semi-aquatic, half living in the water  
 sombre, dull, gloomy

accommodation  
 additional  
 arcades  
 Coblenz

Cologne  
 contemplation  
 garrison  
 geologists

granaries  
 notoriety  
 partially  
 promenading

reluctantly  
 rheumatism  
 synagogue  
 unenviable

Bingen is known to most young people in connection with the charming ballad by the Hon. Mrs. Norton. But, first, you may want to know what that tower is which you see standing on a quartz-rock in the middle of the river. That is the celebrated *Mouse Tower*, which derives its name from the legend which the poet Southey has so cleverly put into rhyme, and which you may read in the next lesson (p. 298). At present we will have the story briefly in prose. It is said that Hatto II., archbishop of Mayence, having refused to give to his starving people any corn from his well-stocked granaries, shut a number of them up in a barn, and set fire to it, mocking their agony, and calling their cries 'the whistling of mice;' immediately legions of mice infested his palace, and tormented him day and night; to escape them he built a

tower on this island, but the mice followed him and devoured him alive.

You observe that the river now makes a considerable curve to the east. The scenery around is attractive in the highest degree. The country between here and Mayence is called the *Rhinegau*, and is thought by geologists to have once been a lake. The two places we pass on our left, *Rudesheim* and *Geisenheim*, have curious legends attached, but space forbids our dwelling on them. That lovely spot, with its stately castle situated on a vine-clad eminence, is the *Schloss Johannisberg*, the residence of the late Prince Metternich. The vines cover an area of sixty-five acres, producing a wine highly esteemed in these parts.

About four miles from Mayence the boat stops at a little place called *Biebrich*, to give passengers the opportunity of visiting *Wiesbaden*. Here again let me recommend the arrangements of these German boats. You are allowed to break your journey at any station where they stop, on the condition that you resume it within a certain number of days. This enables you to go off at various points, and visit objects of interest, with very little additional expense. The mile's ride from Biebrich to Wiesbaden is a very pleasant one, being through an avenue of chestnut trees.

Wiesbaden is one of the oldest watering-places in Germany; it has many handsome buildings, and fine streets lined with trees. The hot springs are the chief attraction; the *Kochbrunnen* (boiling spring) is the principal. The chloride of sodium in the water is considered good for people suffering from rheumatism or gout. We visited the spring early in the morning (five o'clock), and found hundreds of people promenading to the enlivening strains

of an excellent band, and sipping the waters from vessels of every size, pattern, and material. The chief resort of visitors is the Kursaal, with its fountains, gardens, and arcades. Its gambling saloons, which gained for it an unenviable notoriety, were closed years ago by royal command. Two other places attracted our attention,—the costly ducal palace of the Duke of Nassau, and a new Jewish synagogue.

The next day we took the steamer, and in less than an hour were at *Mayence*. It was rather singular, but until then we had not seen one of those large floating rafts which are often met with on the Rhine. We had passed a large number of small ones on our way, but the only one of considerable size we saw was at the close of our journey. This raft was about a thousand feet long, nearly half as wide, and several feet thick. It was composed of thousands and thousands of trees, lashed together in smaller rafts. Some forty or fifty people were on it, and six or seven wooden houses built for their accommodation. The children were running about in a half-naked state, regardless of the danger of drowning or of being crushed between the floating logs. We were told that some families pass their whole existence in this semi-aquatic fashion. The trees are cut down in the forests, and tumbled into the nearest stream. When sufficient small rafts arrive at the river, they are then lashed together; these people then take charge of them, and pilot them to their destination.

Mayence, or Mainz (as the Germans call it), is a strongly fortified town of 50,000 inhabitants. Soldiers seemed everywhere, 10,000 being at that time in the garrison on the opposite side of the river. Like Cologne, it has many beautiful churches

but the cathedral eclipses them all. It has been partially destroyed by fire no less than six times, and each time restored on an increased scale of grandeur. It is built of red sandstone, and embellished by rich gilding and numerous frescoes. The large interior is filled with paintings and costly ornaments of silver and gold. Near the cathedral is the statue of Gutenberg, the inventor of printing, erected by subscriptions from all parts of Europe.

Twenty-four hours in this city were quite enough, so next day we began our return journey. Many people who make this little trip go back to Cologne by rail. We thought this a mistake, for, if anything, the sail back was the more enjoyable of the two. The scenes as they reappear are better appreciated, and you have the opportunity of testing your memory in a very pleasant manner. The ticket system which has been alluded to enabled me to break my journey at *Coblentz*, while my companion continued the journey to Cologne.

For beauty of situation, Coblentz may be considered the first town on the Rhine, situated (as its name indicates) at the confluence of the two rivers before named. A short examination of a few schools convinced me that German schools are neither better nor worse than English schools, and that boys and girls are much the same all the world over.

We will now bid adieu to the Rhine, at least for the present ; and we cannot do better than quote once more the language of Lord Byron :—

‘Adieu to thee, fair Rhine ! How long, delighted,  
The stranger fain would linger on his way !  
Thine is a scene alike where souls united,  
Or lonely contemplation, thus might stay ;

And could the ceaseless vultures cease to prey  
On self-condemning bosoms, it were here,  
Where nature, not too sombre, nor too gay,  
Wild but not rude, awful yet not austere,  
Is to the mellow earth as autumn to the year.

‘Adieu to thee again! a vain adieu!  
There can be no farewell to scenes like thine;  
The mind is coloured by thy every hue;  
And if reluctantly the eyes resign  
Their cherished gaze upon thee, lovely Rhine!  
’Tis with the thankful glance of parting praise;  
More mighty spots may rise, more glaring shine,  
But none unite in one attaching maze  
The brilliant, fair, and soft,—the glories of old days.’

A few lines will be sufficient to say how you may shortly reach England again from Cologne. By passing through Belgium to Antwerp, you will have an opportunity of visiting Brussels, from which city you would, no doubt, spare a day to visit the plains of Waterloo. Should you have a few hours to wait in Antwerp, you would find many objects of interest to occupy the time. The name is said to be derived (*ant*, a hand, and *werpen*, to throw) from a giant who used to cut off the hands of all who would not pay toll, and throw them into the river Scheldt; this explains the city arms, which are two hands, and which smokers may see on cigar boxes which come from Antwerp. The Cathedral is an object of special interest; one painting in it, the ‘Descent from the Cross,’ said to be the masterpiece of Rubens, is almost enough to repay a visit to the Continent. The summit of the famous spire is 466 feet high, which you reach by 616 steps. The view from it is extensive and

fine, the fortifications of the city being seen to perfection.

If you are not pressed for time, perhaps the better way would be to come from Germany through France, and call at Paris on the way. But whatever new joys may await you, in addition to the charming scenes you may have witnessed, you will find, as thousands have done before you, that, take it all in all, there is 'no place like home.'

*Ibid.*

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LESSON 62.

## UP THE RHINE.

### IV. LEGEND OF THE MOUSE TOWER.

The summer and autumn had been so wet,  
That in winter the corn was growing yet ;  
'Twas a piteous sight to see all around  
The grain lie rotting on the ground.

Every day the starving poor  
Crowded around Bishop Hatto's door ;  
For he had a plentiful last year's store,  
And all the neighbourhood could tell  
His granaries were furnished well.

At last Bishop Hatto appointed a day  
To quiet the poor without delay ;  
He bade them to his great barn repair,  
And they should have food for the winter there.

Rejoiced such tidings good to hear,  
The poor folk flocked from far and near ;  
The great barn was full as it could hold  
Of women and children, and young and old.

Then when he saw it could hold no more,  
Bishop Hatto he made fast the door ;  
And while for mercy on Christ they call,  
He set fire to the barn and burned them all.

'I' faith, 'tis an excellent bonfire,' quoth he,  
'And the country is greatly obliged to me  
For ridding it, in these times forlorn,  
Of rats that only consume the corn.'

So then to his palace returned he,  
And he sat down to supper merrily ;  
And he slept that night like an innocent man,—  
But Bishop Hatto never slept again.

In the morning as he entered the hall,  
Where his picture hung against the wall,  
A sweat like death all over him came,  
For the rats had eaten it out of the frame.

As he looked there came a man from his farm,  
He had a countenance white with alarm.  
'My lord ! I opened your granaries this morn,  
And the rats had eaten all your corn.'

Another came running presently,  
And he was pale as pale could be.  
'Fly ! my Lord Bishop, fly !' quoth he,  
'Ten thousand rats are coming this way ;  
The Lord forgive you for yesterday !'

'I'll go to my tower on the Rhine,' replied he,  
'Tis the safest place in Germany ;  
The walls are high, and the shores are steep,  
And the stream is strong, and the waters deep.'

Bishop Hatto fearfully hastened away,  
And he crossed the Rhine without delay,



And reached his tower, and barred with care  
All the windows, doors, and loopholes there.

He laid him down and closed his eyes, . . .  
But soon a scream made him arise.  
He started and saw two eyes of flame  
On his pillow, from whence the screeching came.

He listened and looked. . . . It was only the cat,  
But the bishop he grew more fearful for that ;  
For she sat screaming mad with fear  
At the army of rats that were drawing near.

For they have swam over the river so deep,  
And they have climbed the shores so steep,  
And up the tower their way is bent,  
To do the work for which they were sent.

They are not to be told by the dozen or score ;  
By thousands they come, and by myriads and more :  
Such numbers had never been heard of before,  
Such a judgment had never been witnessed of yore.

Down on his knees the bishop fell,  
And faster and faster his beads did he tell,  
As louder and louder drawing near  
The gnawing of their teeth he could hear.

And in at the windows, and in at the door,  
And through the walls, helter-skelter they pour,  
And down from the ceiling, and up through the floor,  
From the right and the left, from behind and before,  
From within and without, from above and below,  
And all at once to the bishop they go.

They have whetted their teeth against the stones,  
And now they pick the bishop's bones ;  
They gnawed the flesh from every limb,  
For they were sent to do judgment on him !

SOUTHEY.

## LESSON 63.

STORIES FROM  
WILLIE'S STUDY.

## I.

conducive, leading, promoting  
 elongated, lengthened  
 incorrigible, beyond reform  
 potions, medicine draughts  
 precautions, care beforehand  
 propensity, disposition, bent of mind  
 protruded, pushed out  
 sombre, dark, gloomy  
 stipend, wages, salary  
 supervision, care, oversight

apology  
 appropriating  
 dimensions  
 experimental  
 knickerbocker  
 mechanism

mischievous  
 occasional  
 patronise  
 practised  
 privileged  
 suspicious

You will remember our brother Willie, who used to be allowed occasional admission into our workroom? I told you, in *Standard IV.*, of his propensity for appropriating our scissors and



cotton to his own experimental purposes. He was very small at that time, and therefore not quite so accountable for his mischievous behaviour as an elder boy would have been. But Father Time had the same effect upon Willie as he exercises upon all other boys. Under his changing influence, the pinafores which were experimented upon with our scissors gave way to knickerbocker suits, out of which arms and legs protruded to a marked degree in the course of a year. Then came the long trousers; next followed the apology for a manly coat which big boys wear; and at last came the man's coat itself, for Willie had now arrived at the age and dimensions which warranted his putting off childish things, especially as far as clothes were concerned.

Now Willie had made up his mind to adopt the very hard-working profession of a doctor. This would entail much study, and it became absolutely necessary that a room should be appropriated to his sole use. As our dear old workroom was the only available one, we willingly gave it up for the benefit of the best of brothers, and its future designation was 'Willie's Study.'

We were privileged to spend an hour here occasionally, and not without much profit to ourselves.

Upon several occasions old Dr. Hopeful, whose favoured pupil our brother was, came in for an hour's chat while we were there. We gathered many useful hints from his conversation, notably amongst them being rules for the preservation of health.

'Now, young ladies,' said the doctor one evening, 'if every one took as much care of their health as you do here, there would not be so much chance

of your brother making a fortune by the profession he has chosen. I am getting an old man now, and in my time have had hundreds of patients, who might have done very well without me had they only taken the precaution of remembering that the human body is one of the most finely adjusted pieces of mechanism we have to manage, and therefore is easily put out of order by bad usage. But as long as people will get their bodies out of order by making greater demands upon them than they are able to meet, trusting to the doctor and his potions to set the whole machine in order again, then there will be plenty of work in our profession.'

'I am told,' said Gertie, 'that the Emperor of China pays his medical attendant so much a year to keep him in health, and that the doctor's stipend is stopped if the emperor falls ill. Don't you think, Dr. Hopeful, it would have paid some of your patients better to have entered into a similar contract with you, instead of having such long illnesses, and paying you so much to restore their health?'

'Ah! I see how it is, Miss Gertie,' said the doctor; 'you are suspicious that we doctors can make people better, or keep them ill, to suit our own convenience. That is too bad. I declare I will not undertake such an incorrigible patient, should you fall ill.'

'I think,' said Willie, 'that it is better to let matters be as they are with us, than to patronise the doctor, either for the purpose of keeping us well, or restoring us when ill.'

'You must bear in mind,' said Dr. Hopeful, 'that many patients who come under our supervision are not personally accountable for their want of health. They are so delicately constituted, that

ill-health is natural to them. But whoever is blessed with a good constitution will seldom trouble the doctor, if the simple rules for health be duly observed and practised.

‘As far as your home is concerned, everything conducive to health is arranged to a nicety. You have plenty of sunshine, abundance of fresh air, well-ventilated rooms, strict cleanliness, good drains, and good water. If to all these advantages you add personal cleanliness, temperance in eating and drinking, proper clothing, with a fair amount of work, exercise, and rest, then you will have done all in your power to preserve health. I ought to have said, too, that a cheerful disposition goes a long way toward the preservation of health. I am not for a moment presuming that your merry faces will ever become elongated into a fiddle shape by bad tempers, or anything so dreadful ; but as you grow older you may meet with cares which will have a tendency to depress you, and will need to meet them cheerfully and courageously. You cannot do this unless you cultivate a cheerful disposition. If cheerfulness were a drug, I should administer it most largely to some of my sombre-looking patients, who trouble me sadly with their evil forebodings. But I see my hour is gone, and it is time to say *good-night*. Take care of your health, my young friends. Have some definite aim in life ; work at it with a hearty goodwill ; take your fair share of the proper enjoyments of life ; attend strictly to the simple rules for health we have mentioned ; and may you live to be a blessing to the world when old Dr. Hopeful’s visits have ceased to be made !’

E. M. G.

## LESSON 64.

**STORIES FROM WILLIE'S STUDY.**

## II.

accrue, arise from	disinfectants, substances		
amenable, liable to be	which destroy the cause of		
called to account	infection		
anathemas, curses	elicit, draw out		
competent, able, fit	retard, hinder		
considerate, thoughtful	scrupulously, exceedingly		
conspicuous	irritate	probable	responsibility
curiously	lamentable	professional	satisfactorily
hospital	neighbourly	qualifications	sobriety

On a cold frosty day in December, Dr. Hopeful called to take our brother for the first time through the hospital wards, and to visit some of his private patients. They did not return until evening, and as we had had tea, Willie requested, as a special favour, that some should be brought into the study for himself and the doctor. I went in to pour out for them, while Gertie and Ethel brought in their work, and sat down to join in the conversation.

We were curiously anxious to elicit from Willie what he had seen and learnt during the day.

'To tell you all I have seen,' said he, 'would not be considerate on my part; but the great fact I have learnt will benefit you quite as much as myself, so here it is. I have learnt how much invalids are at the mercy of those who attend or nurse them, and that the position of a sick-nurse entails a vast amount of responsibility.'

‘We have seen nurses of all kinds to-day,—hospital nurses, strictly amenable to the rule and orders of the doctors and surgeons; neighbourly nurses, who go in and out to their sick neighbours who cannot afford to pay any one for so doing; and professional nurses, some of whom, alas! profess



NURSING THE SICK.

much more than they are competent to perform. Then we have seen some first-rate *home nurses*, in the shape of wives, mothers, daughters, and sisters, and as it is more than probable that it will be your lot to belong to this last class of nurses, you cannot do better than take this opportunity of asking Dr.

Hopeful what qualifications it will be necessary for you to possess in order to fill the office satisfactorily.'

'I shall be very much pleased to tell them,' said the doctor, 'as I have half an hour to spare before leaving for home.'

'And we shall be delighted to hear,' said Gertie.

'Well, then,' said the doctor, '*intelligence, gentleness, firmness, and patience* are the main points I should look for in choosing a nurse. If I had to look outside my own home for one, of course I should add *sobriety* and *honesty*, for unhappily these qualifications are sometimes lacking in hired sick-nurses.

'Every medical man will tell you that a good nurse is sometimes more essential to a patient's recovery than a good doctor. The sick-nurse is with a patient day and night, and is responsible for all the surroundings which tend to his recovery or retard it. She should be very careful not to irritate the patient by undue bustle and noise; thoughtful to rearrange the room occasionally, so as to present a little change; scrupulously clean, neat, and cheerful in her appearance; and diligently careful to present everything to her patient in its nicest style. Sick people are often tempted to eat a dainty morsel if served up nicely, when they would not taste it if not temptingly prepared and brought to them. Whatever they cannot eat should be taken out of the room immediately, or the sight of it will often prevent their eating the next thing that is brought.

'A sick-nurse's intelligence is often put to the test, and not least so in the proper ventilation of a sick-room. Pure air is highly essential in all cases of sickness, and a nurse must know the difference between ventilation and draughts. I have know-



some lamentable results to accrue from lack of knowledge upon this point. Remember, cleanliness and fresh air in a sick-room are most powerful enemies of fever, and must go hand in hand with disinfectants in order to prevent the disease from spreading.

‘But while a nurse’s first care must be for her patient, she must not entirely forget herself and others. She must be careful not to inhale the patient’s breath, especially if he be suffering from a contagious disease, and watchful that nothing from the sick-room may come in contact with anything or anybody in the house. All linen from the sick-room should be plunged into water containing some disinfectant, such as *chloride of lime*, directly it is taken from the patient or the bed, and the same precaution should be taken with regard to the nurse’s own clothing. Carpets and curtains should be conspicuous by their absence from a sick-room where any infectious disease is.’

‘I suppose, Dr. Hopeful,’ said I, ‘you would scold a nurse if you thought she had dared to put damp linen on her patient or the bed when changing?’

‘*Scold*, did you say? That word does not half express what I should do. She would not care to meet me any more, I can assure you, after saying all I should say upon such a subject.

‘But our old enemy, *time*, bids me remember that I must reach home to-night, and I must leave you to digest my remarks on sick-nursing at your convenience. We might well spend another hour on the subject, but time forbids at present, so I must wish you good evening. If ever it falls to your lot, my young friends, to become sick-nurses, mind that your patients shall not have to complain

of your want of care and thoughtfulness, nor the doctor hurl his anathemas at you for your ignorance or stupidity in failing to carry out his orders.'

E. M. G.

# LESSON 65.

## STORY FROM JOHN SPEEDWELL'S COTTAGE.

aspect, look, appearance.  
ascertain, obtain certain  
knowledge  
demonstrations, evidences  
enamoured, in love with  
exceeded, gone beyond

fritter, waste away by bits  
picturesque, fit to make a  
picture  
suffices, is sufficient  
thrift, economy, manage-  
ment of means or property

addition  
consumption  
determined

economy  
essential  
leisurely

management  
production  
relishable

tenant  
uninhabited  
unqualified

One fine summer's evening, when taking a leisurely stroll into the country, I came up to a charming little cottage about two miles from the town in which I lived. The very picturesque appearance of the spot attracted my attention, and as I was somewhat tired with my walk, I stopped to rest and peep over the gate at the well-kept garden.

A respectable-looking man, who was busy weeding, very kindly asked me to step inside and rest on the garden seat. I had not sat there long before a clean, neat little woman, and three equally clean-looking children, came out of the cottage to ascertain who the newly-arrived stranger was.

They all seemed highly delighted with my unqualified praises of their pretty home, while

was personally impressed with the whole scene of house, garden, and family, as forming one of the best demonstrations of industry, economy, and thrift that I had ever witnessed.

I had heard the merry-faced little wife call her husband John, and as I was not aware what other name he bore, I ventured to address him by the same one.

'Who is your landlord, John?' I said; 'for evidently he has a good tenant, whoever he may be.'

'The place is our own,' said he with a look of honest pride; 'we purchased it about three years ago, when our old landlord died.'

'Indeed,' said I; 'then there is great credit due to you for having been so industrious and thrifty as to possess it. I daresay my income has far exceeded yours, and yet I have not yet been able to purchase a home for myself. I think I must try to learn a few lessons from you while I stay.'

'Well, madam,' said John, 'when we were married, our income was very small, and is so still; but we determined to save a little out of it from the commencement. We found we could live much cheaper a little way out of town, and that fact induced us to search out this little place. It was in a sad condition when we took it, for it had been uninhabited for two years. However, my wife set to work inside, and I outside, and soon things presented a different aspect. We soon became so enamoured of our little home, that we wished it might one day become our own.'

'But I presume it was not the *wishing* that bought the house, John?'

'No, madam; I am afraid we should have been wishing still had that been the only step we had

taken towards it. We began to save at once, and put so much a month into a building society. In a year or two's time, our garden became very productive, so that we had more than sufficient vegetables and fruit for our own consumption, and sold all we did not require. Then we always keep two pigs, and these are also very profitable. My wife earns a few shillings every week by needlework, and all these extra sums we put away, in addition to the small sum we first began to save. In seven years' time these savings have purchased our cottage. It is but small, but it is healthy, and in every way suffices for our wants. It is my opinion, madam, that every working-man might live in his own house if he chose. But as long as working-men help the brewers and publicans to build grand houses, by spending their hard-earned money with them, it is not likely they can purchase a house for themselves too.'

'But you see, John, those who live in town have not quite so much chance of saving as you have here; they have so many more temptations to spend their money, in addition to the fact that house-rent is higher and gardens scarce.'

'True, madam; but if they would come to the determination to do without what is not essential to health and comfort, they might save something in time.'

'After all, John, I suppose a great deal depends upon the wives of working-men, as to whether they shall save or not?'

'Very much depends upon the wife, madam, as I have great reason to acknowledge. It matters little how hard a man works, if there is no management in the household. I know men who earn more money than I, whose homes are simply miser-

able. The reason is evident. Their wives have no idea of *managing* the money, much less of *saving* any of it. They don't know how to cook a cheap relishable dinner, nor how to turn the clothing to the best account. They fritter away their time in idleness and gossip, leaving their homes and children untidy, and the food badly prepared, or perhaps they buy something ready cooked to save themselves trouble. Then they often buy what they do not really need, and go into debt for the necessities of life. You see, madam, we should never have possessed this cottage, had we not made it a rule that our expenditure should be less than our income. We still stick to that rule although we have secured our home. We do not forget that our three children will become more expensive as they grow older; nor do we fail to remember that our parents are getting very old, and will probably have to look to us for some little assistance, should long illness overtake them.'

It was now time for me to retrace my steps homeward. I thanked my unexpected friend for his kind entertainment, and this was not my last visit to him, by a long way. When I reached home, I found my expectant husband wondering what had become of me. While we supped, I related the adventure of the evening with my friend John. It set us both thinking. The result was, we set to work to see where we could cut down our expenditure, so as not to spend all our income, and save enough in time to buy a house. With paper and pencil we put down our expenses, both necessary and unnecessary. The relative proportion of the unnecessary expenses caused us to feel alarmed, ashamed, and I don't know how many more unpleasant things I might add; so we

resolved 'to turn over a new leaf.' We have kept our resolve for some years now, and the consequence is, we have a house of our own, with a charming little garden, which my friend John keeps in order in his spare time.

E. M. G.

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LESSON 66.

## STORIES FROM THE KITCHEN.

### I.

diet, food, victuals  
expert, skilful, experienced  
judicious, wise, prudent  
monotonous, the same thing  
over and over again  
prejudicial, injurious

preliminaries, introduction,  
first parts  
recipes, written directions  
for a mixture or combina-  
tion of materials  
reprimanded, reproved

apprenticed  
awkwardness.  
essential

excessively  
extravagance  
mathematical

mechanical  
nourishment  
occasionally

potatoes  
scrupulous  
tolerably

As my two sisters and I completed our education at school, we were, as mother used to say, apprenticed to Peggy in the kitchen for twelve months.

You must not arrive at the conclusion that we became expert cooks in that short time. We got pretty well grounded in the preliminaries essential to a good knowledge of cookery, but practice and experience (not Peggy) made us become tolerably well accomplished in this domestic art.

We always commenced our apprenticeship by preparing and cooking potatoes. How Peggy used to laugh at and scold us for our ignorance and awkwardness sometimes! We dirtied our hands all over with the potatoes, and then discovered

that we ought to have washed them well before peeling them. Then it was some time before we could manage to peel them thinly, and Peggy used to say she would not like to have to live on our potatoes, for we peeled away all ~~the~~ nourishment, which is next the skin. We were often reprimanded, too, for our extravagance in peeling them away so.

Then we learnt to prepare and cook all other kinds of vegetables, Peggy always impressing upon us that scrupulous cleanliness must be observed in washing them. Then came lessons in sauce-making, soup-making, pastry and pudding making, using up cold meat, potatoes, vegetables, and scraps of bread.

Great was our astonishment at times upon finding what nice dishes might be made almost out of nothing by a little management, not to mention the amount of money saved in a year by a judicious using up of everything usable.

But feeling assured you are curious to know how things in the kitchen were turned to account, I shall just put down a few of Peggy's recipes, such as we used to practise from. It would be an easy matter to fill a book with this important subject of cookery, but as my space is somewhat limited, I must treat it accordingly. Before giving you the recipes, let me say it is *every* girl's duty to learn to cook, not in a mere mechanical fashion, but with a common-sense reason for every step in the process. It is well to have a good reason for everything we do, and cooking is by no means an exception to this rule.

Peggy used to say the public-houses would not be half so full if poor men could get well-cooked food, and greater variety in it. The diet of a large

number of the working-classes is excessively monotonous, owing to the ignorance of the wives. But girls have every advantage in the present day of obtaining a good knowledge of cookery, and it is to be hoped they will make good use of it.

Mother used to spend an hour with us in the kitchen occasionally, and used to impress upon us that badly-cooked food is prejudicial to health, because if badly cooked it cannot be properly digested, and therefore fails to perform its functions.

This is a fact requiring our serious consideration, and I hope, girls, you will ponder it well. But here I am preaching away to the *girls* only, and at the same time am fully convinced that there is no really good reason why my more mathematical friends, the *boys*, should not study this subject. It might some time prove very useful to them, for 'we never know what we may come to,' as the frog said to the tadpole, and it is well to be able to trust to ourselves under all circumstances.

I know perfectly well that the boys into whose hands these books fall will exclaim, when they reach the Domestic Economy Section, 'Oh, that is for the girls!' and pretend to take no further notice of this section. But I have seen enough of boys to know that they are *quite* as curious to know what is in a thing as girls are, and herein lies my hope that they *will* read the section in each book, and be almost as much interested as the girls.

E. M. G.





## LESSON 67.

## STORIES FROM THE KITCHEN.

## II.

**appropriated**, set apart  
**basis**, foundation, chief ingredient

**caraway** (sometimes spelt *carraway*), seeds to flavour cakes

**Colosseum**, the largest amphitheatre in the world

**dilapidated**, wasted, decayed

**palatable**, pleasant tasting

**Pisa**, a town in Italy

**rotundity**, roundness

**solicitous**, careful, anxious

**sultanas**, a small kind of raisin

**catalogue**

**delicious**

**dessert-spoonful**

**economical**

**effectually**

**gravy**

**liquor**

**missionary**

**omitting**

**pasties**

**potato**

**tea-cupful**

The first thing that struck us as being wonderfully economical, was the way in which Peggy taught us to use up cold meat bones with very little meat on. First of all, we cut off from the bones every scrap of meat, and set it aside for the time being. Then the bones were chopped into pieces, and put on to boil for four or five hours, with a pint and a half of cold water to each pound of bone. The liquor was then strained and set aside in a large basin until next day, when the fat which had risen to the top was taken off, and a good clear stock remained, which formed the basis of a good soup. To this was added onions, carrots, turnips, a sprig of parsley, pepper, salt, and cloves, together with a little sago, pearl-barley, or rice; and after an hour's gentle boiling, the result was a nourishing, palatable soup.

Of course Peggy took care of the bones, and dis-

posed of them to the rag-and-bone merchant, the money received for them being appropriated to the missionary-box.

The scraps of meat which were cut from the bones before boiling, Peggy made into a most delicious pie. I will give you her directions for making—

*Potato Pie.*—Lay the pieces of meat in a pie-dish; season them with pepper, salt, and a small onion finely chopped. Let the seasoning be well mixed with the meat; then add a tea-cupful of cold water, or better still, some gravy or stock. Then boil about a pound and a half of potatoes; mash them well, with a small piece of dripping and half a tea-cupful of boiling milk. Lay them on the top of the meat in the dish, and shape into a crust with a knife, which should be dipped in boiling water to prevent the potatoes sticking to it. Brown in a hot oven.

There are many other ways of using up scraps of meat, but this used to be our favourite recipe. Gertie spoiled the first potato pie she made by omitting to put salt in the potatoes; and her mistake made Ethel so solicitous on behalf of the salt, that *she* forgot to put the *pepper* in her pie. And so we went on with a long catalogue of blunders when making our first attempt at cooking. We often discovered, when it was too late, that brains as well as hands must be exercised in cooking.

I am not going to waste time in relating to you our adventures in the pastry and cake-making department. But have you not heard or read of the leaning tower of Pisa, and the ruins of the Colosseum at Rome? Well, I *could* tell you of puddings and pies looking just as ready to fall as

that celebrated tower ever did, and cakes whose rotundity and elevation presented as dilapidated a condition as the ruins mentioned above. But time, patience, and perseverance—those patent removers of all obstacles—worked wonders, and it was not very long before we could make what Peggy called *respectable-looking* pies, puddings, and cakes. I shall give you a few of the simple recipes we used to use, in the hope that you will try them, not being discouraged if you fail to work them out effectually the first time.

*Economical Pastry.*—1 lb. flour, salt-spoonful of salt, tea-spoonful baking-powder, 6 oz. dripping, enough cold water to mix into a stiff paste. The flour, salt, and baking-powder must be first mixed well together, then the dripping lightly rubbed in with the tips of the fingers, then the water added, until a stiff paste is formed. When rolled out, it is ready for use.

*Cornish Pasties.*—Take half of the paste you have made as above; roll it out rather thin, and cut it into pieces about nine inches square. Wash, peel, and cut into very small pieces two moderate-sized potatoes, mix them with  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. of rather fat meat cut up very small and an onion chopped very finely. Season this mixture with pepper and salt, place a little of it on each of the pieces of paste, wet the edges slightly, close them together well, and bake in a moderate oven for about half an hour. The other half of the paste may be used for pies or tarts.

*Plum Cake.*— $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. flour, 1 tea-spoonful baking-powder, two good table-spoonfuls sugar, 2 oz. dripping, 2 oz. currants, 2 oz. sultanas, 1 oz. candied peel, 1 egg, a pinch of salt, and enough cold milk to mix the whole into a light moist paste. Mix

the flour, salt, and dripping well together, then add the cleaned currants and sultanas, also the finely-shred peel and the sugar. Then add the baking-powder and egg, and mix with the milk. Have ready a well-greased tin, pour the mixture into it, and bake at once in a good oven.

*Seed Cake* may be made in the same manner, by substituting a tea-spoonful of caraway seeds for the currants and sultanas. Three or four drops of essence of lemon will give it a nice flavour.

E. M. G.

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LESSON 68. .

## THINGS PEGGY MADE FOR THE SICK-ROOM.

*Gruel*.—A dessert-spoonful of oatmeal, mixed with two table-spoonfuls of cold milk, and a pinch of salt. Pour on it half a pint of boiling water, stirring all the time; then put it into the saucepan again, and boil from ten to twenty minutes, according to the fineness or coarseness of the meal. Pour into a basin, sweeten to taste, and add a grating of ginger.

*Barley-water*.—A good table-spoonful of pearl barley, three pints of water, the thin rind of half a lemon, a tea-spoonful of sugar. Wash the barley, and boil it very slowly in the water for about two hours. Put the lemon rind and sugar into a jug, strain the barley-water into it, stir it well, and allow it to stand till cold.

*Apple-water*.—Three moderate-sized apples, half an ounce of lump sugar, pint of boiling water. Cut the apples into thin slices, put them into a jug with the sugar, and pour on the boiling water.

Serve cold. A tea-spoonful of lemon juice is an improvement.

*Beef-tea.*—A pound of gravy beef, a pint of cold water, a pinch of salt. Cut the meat into *very* small pieces, removing all the fat. Put the salt and cold water to it, and allow it to stand twenty minutes. Then pour it into a saucepan, and boil gently for ten minutes. Strain it, and serve with a piece of nice crisp toast.

*Mutton Broth.*—A pound of neck of mutton (the scrag), one quart of cold water, half a salt-spoonful of salt. Put them into a saucepan, cover closely, and simmer for an hour, taking care to remove the scum as it rises. Then pour into a basin, and allow it to stand until cold, when the fat may be easily removed. Return it to the saucepan, and add a dessert-spoonful of pearl-barley. Simmer gently for another hour, and serve hot, with toast or bread. If liked, an onion might be added with the barley.

E. M. G.



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